CE… …TY MAKEOVERS ✦ SEX ✦ …SPORTS ✦ BEER

SILKY HAIR
Tips for the best blow-dry ever! p.18

MAXIM

NOVEMBER 2003

SHINE-TASTIC!

25 DAZZLING KITCHENS AND BATHS!

Potty training parrots—messy business

SAVOR THE FLAVOR
The incredible edible eggplant!

BEN & JENNIFER
All the secret wedding details!

ECO-DWELLINGS
Shelter the soul—and protect the planet!

The Tao of... JESSICA ALBA!

DELICIOUS!

MAXIM EDITORS
Too lazy to write their own cover lines!

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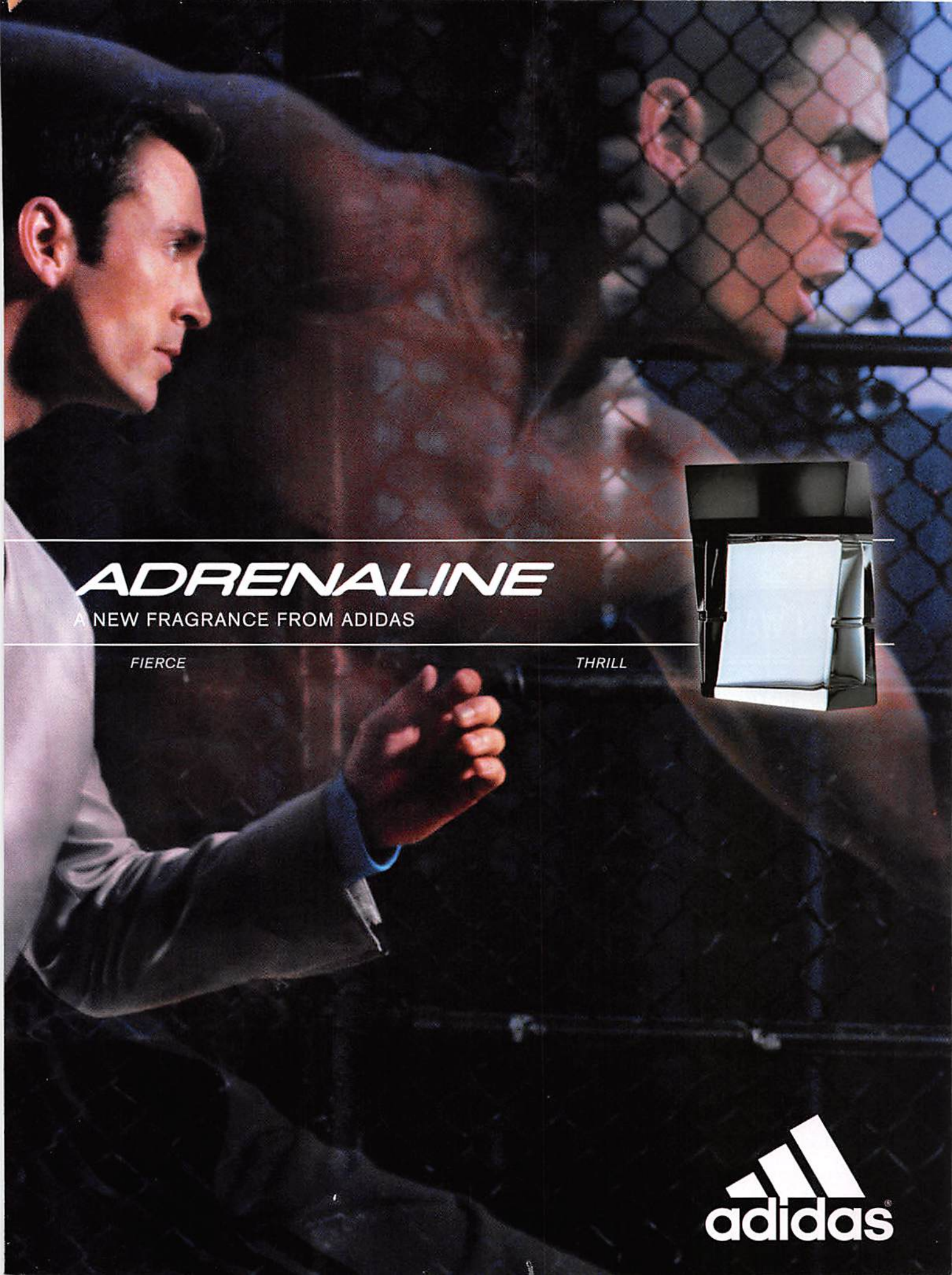
ADRENALINE
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Dear Mr. Webster defines *want* as "inclination; lack; require" and *deserve* as "to have a right to because of acts or qualities; to be worthy of; merit."

Inclination vs. worthiness.

Requirement vs. merit.

Herein, dear reader, lies the difference between wanting a drink and deserving a Belvedere, Poland's finest rye-crafted vodka.

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Those words are at once poetic, proverbial, public and sentimental; in other words, those words are a Polish toast simply meaning *cheers.*

However, there is nothing simple about the well-offered *na zdrowie* toast. It is an elegant medium through which such feelings as love, respect and admiration can be deeply and sincerely expressed.

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Because, most important, it has to be earned.

Socrates earned his *na zdrowie.*

® earned its *na zdrowie.*

$E=mc^2$ earned its *na zdrowie.*

Liverpool earned its *na zdrowie.*

Secretariat earned his *na zdrowie.*

And, more recently, New York City earned its *na zdrowie.*

Recalling our friend dear Mr. Webster again, he defines *earn* as "to get as a result of merit: as, 'his remarks *earned* him the praise of everyone.'"

Or, in our own Polish words, "his remarks earned him the *na zdrowie* of everyone."

Everyone, we must raise our glasses and shout *na zdrowie* to the rigorous endeavors of people, events, ah-has, institutions, dates, achievements and — in Secretariat's case — animals worthy of our embrace and acknowledgement.

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Na zdrowie!

It is, after all, only fair. We need only to recall what Longfellow wrote, as only Longfellow could write, in *The Ladder of Saint Augustine*: "The heights by great men reached and kept / Were not attained by sudden flight, / But they, while their companions slept, / Were toiling upward in the night."

Or in other words, as Noel Coward once boasted, as only Noel Coward could boast, "Success took me to her bosom like a maternal boa constrictor."

Achievement, both large and small, deserves our collective *na zdrowie*. And since we are a company involved in the making of the finest vodka in the world, yes, we have a suggestion for which rye-crafted beverage should accompany every well-offered and well-deserved *na zdrowie*:

Belvedere. It is, at once, the most public and most genteel reward for those who've earned every creamy drop and suffocated in the bosom of a maternal boa constrictor by toiling upward in the night.

Or whatever Longfellow and Coward meant.

Na zdrowie!

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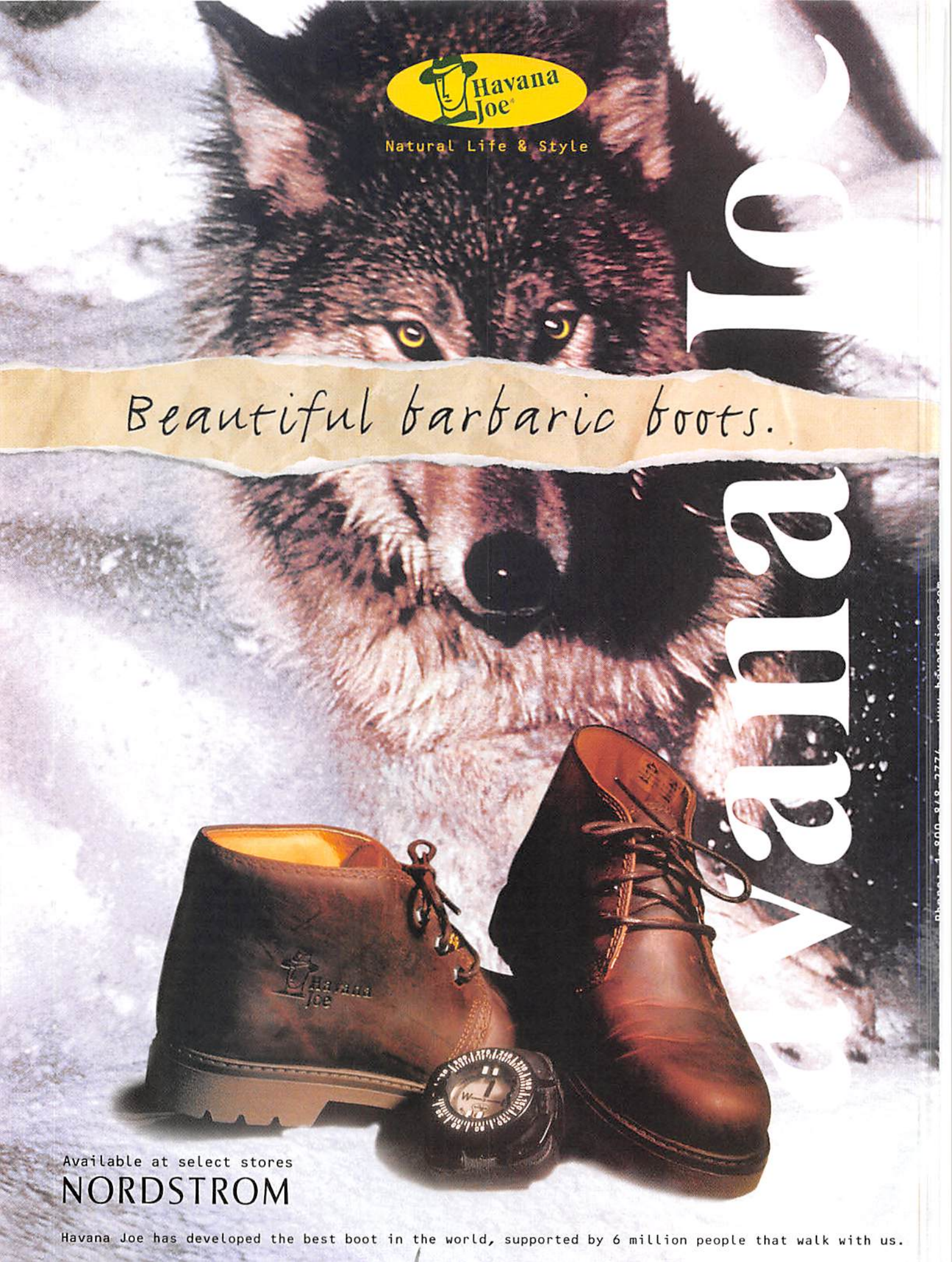
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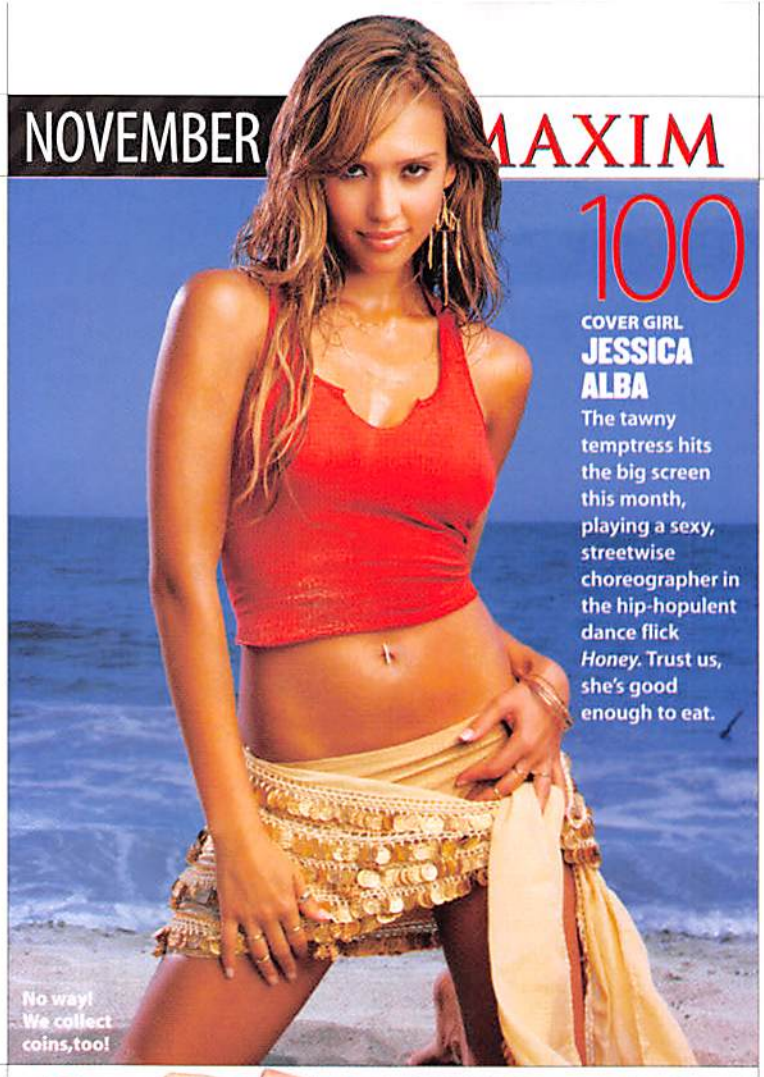


100

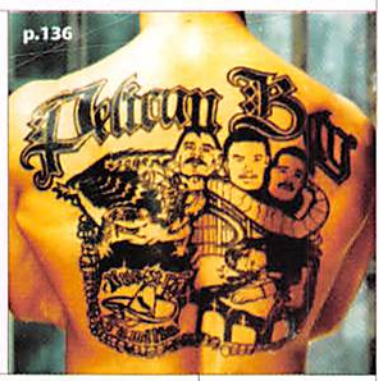
COVER GIRL

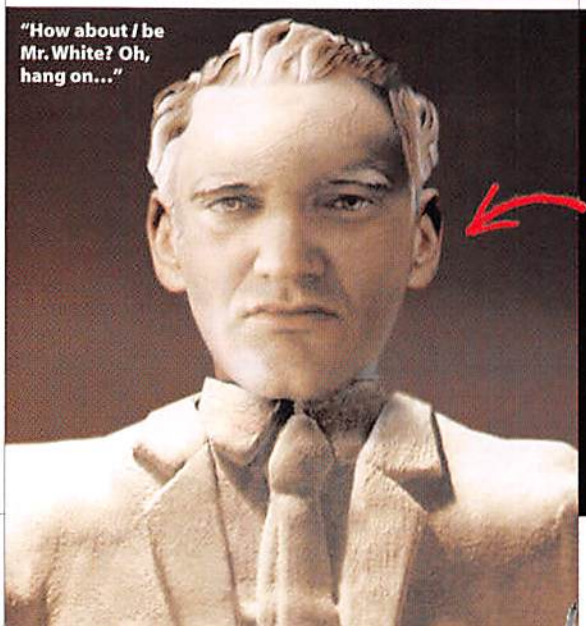
JESSICA ALBA

The tawny temptress hits the big screen this month, playing a sexy, streetwise choreographer in the hip-hopulent dance flick *Honey*. Trust us, she's good enough to eat.

No way! We collect coins, too!

Murder Inc.'s hit girl, p.148





"How about I be Mr. White? Oh, hang on..."

122

DIRECTOR'S CUT

QUENTIN TARANTINO

With *Volume 1* of *Kill Bill* out now and *Volume 2* kicking your ass in three months, the legendary writer-director gives us a piece of his sick, twisted mind.

Features

p.98

p.114

"You want us on that wall! You need us on that wall!" p.128

WE WANT ANSWERS!

98 GENERAL WESLEY K. CLARK

When your résumé includes the words *supreme commander*—and you're not a comic book character—that's way cool. What's even cooler? United States president and commander in chief. We sit down with the man who could win it all next November.

BAD TO THE BONE

114 25 BIGGEST MOVIE BADASSES

Movies come and go, but badasses live forever. Hide the women and children—we've picked the 25 toughest characters ever to beat someone to a bloody pulp on the big screen. Got a problem with that?

BASIC TRAINING

128 THREE-DAY BOOTY CAMP

Think your li'l private's all you need for a night of sexual engagement? Think again, maggot! The battlefield is rife with land mines, and you never know what's gonna set 'em off. Use our intensive three-day regimen to learn 12 new maneuvers before your next conquest. Dismissed!

HARD TIMES

136 INSIDE AMERICA'S TOUGHEST JAIL

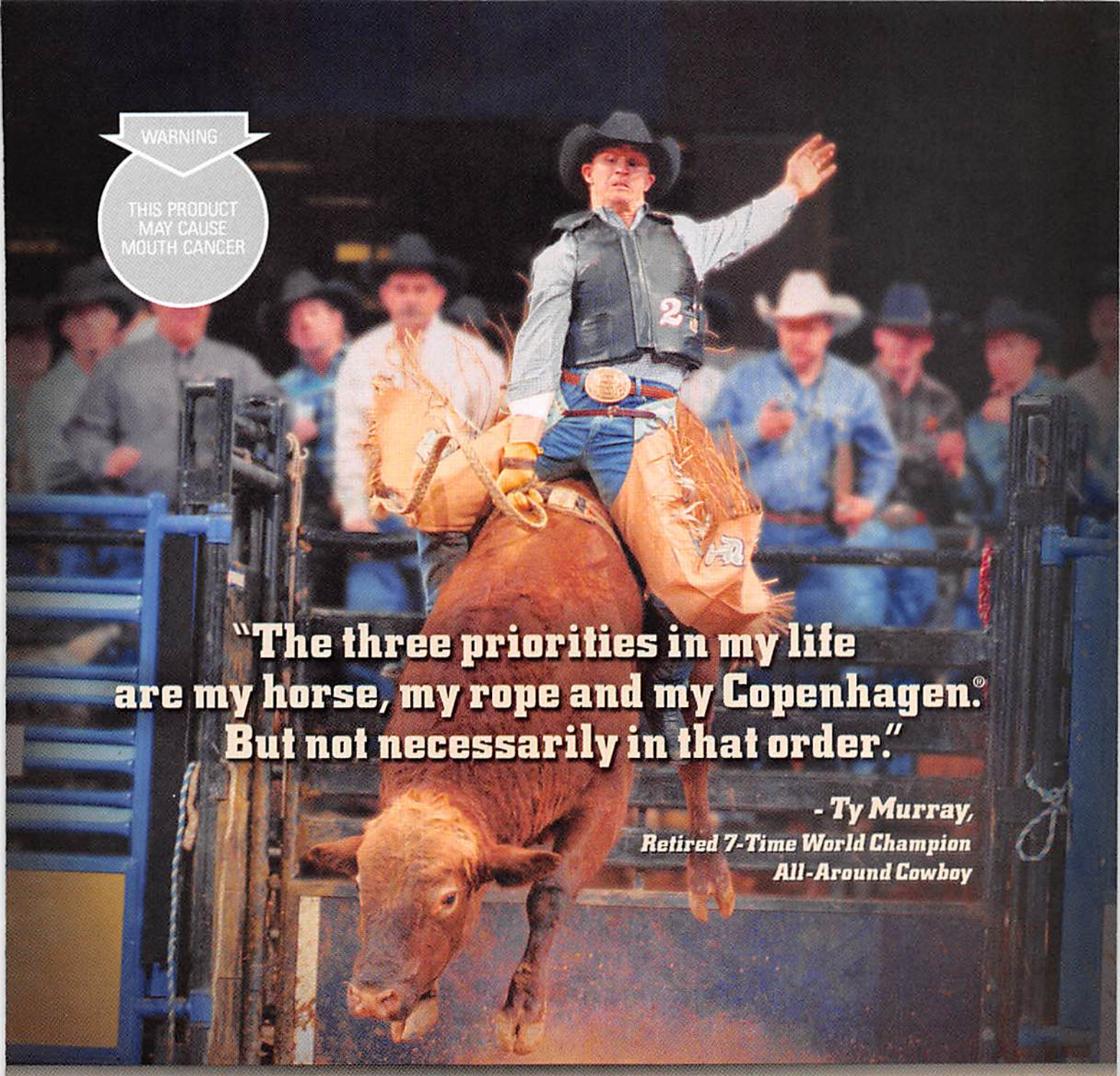
In 1998 officials at Pelican Bay State Prison in California discovered gang members on the inside ordering hits on the outside. The Feds investigated, and indictments came down. But were they in on it the whole time? *Maxim* reveals the amazing inside story.

AW-W-W BABY

148 ASHANTI

In just two years this Long Island native has become the biggest name in R&B and hip-hop with her smooth sound and seductive smile. And she wants to "Rock Wit U"? You lucky dog, U.

p.56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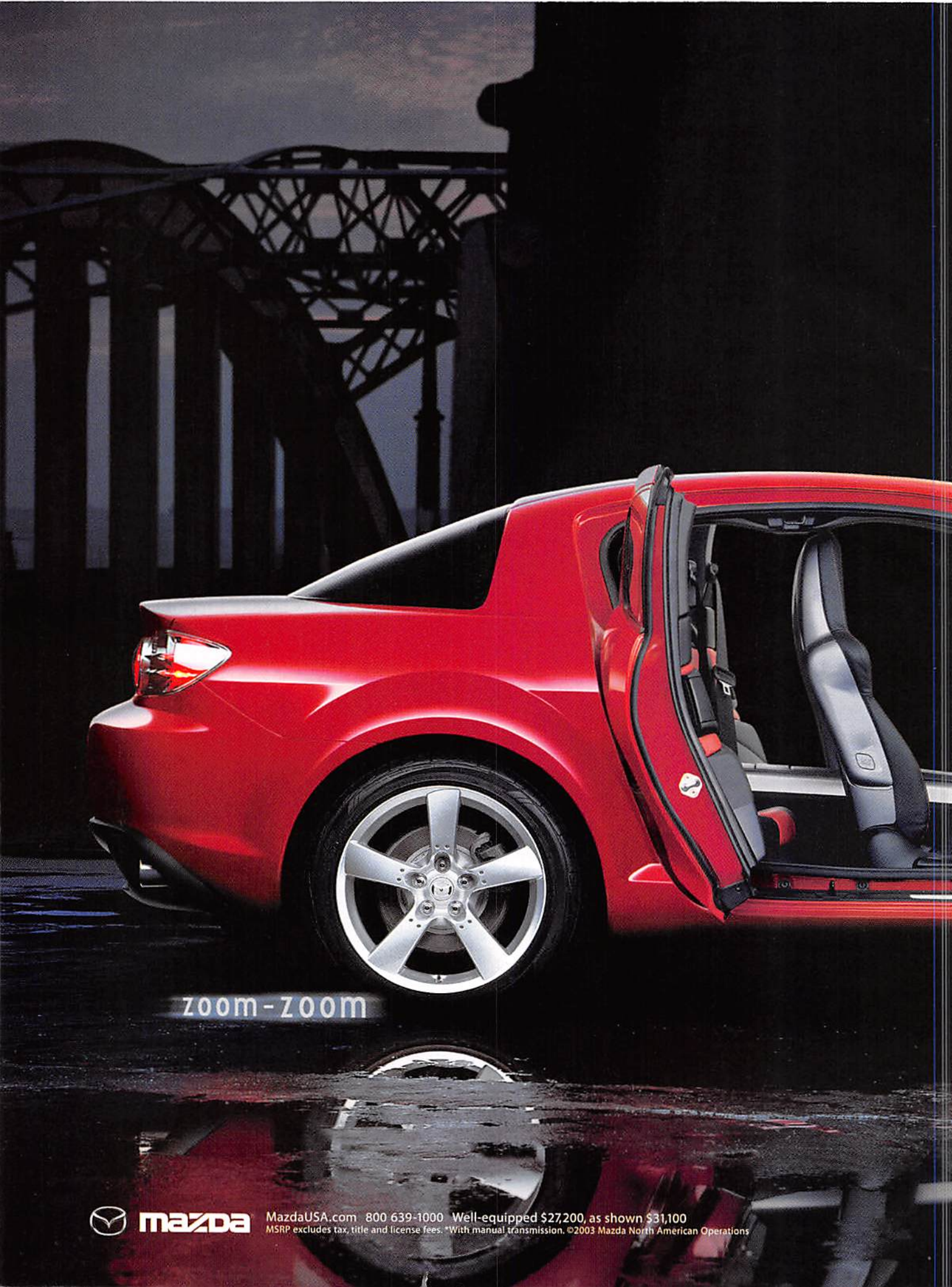

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This challenge to the sports-car world is admittedly a bold statement, but then, so is the Mazda RX-8. Consider the doors themselves. Designed "freestyle" which accommodates four full-sized adults. And power? RX-8 houses the revolutionary technology of the RENESIS rotary engine. Upon driver command, this compact power plant spins (that's right, spins) up to 9000 rpm*. Clearly, we didn't settle for less than revolutionary in a sports car. Why should you?

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International Engine of the Year 2003

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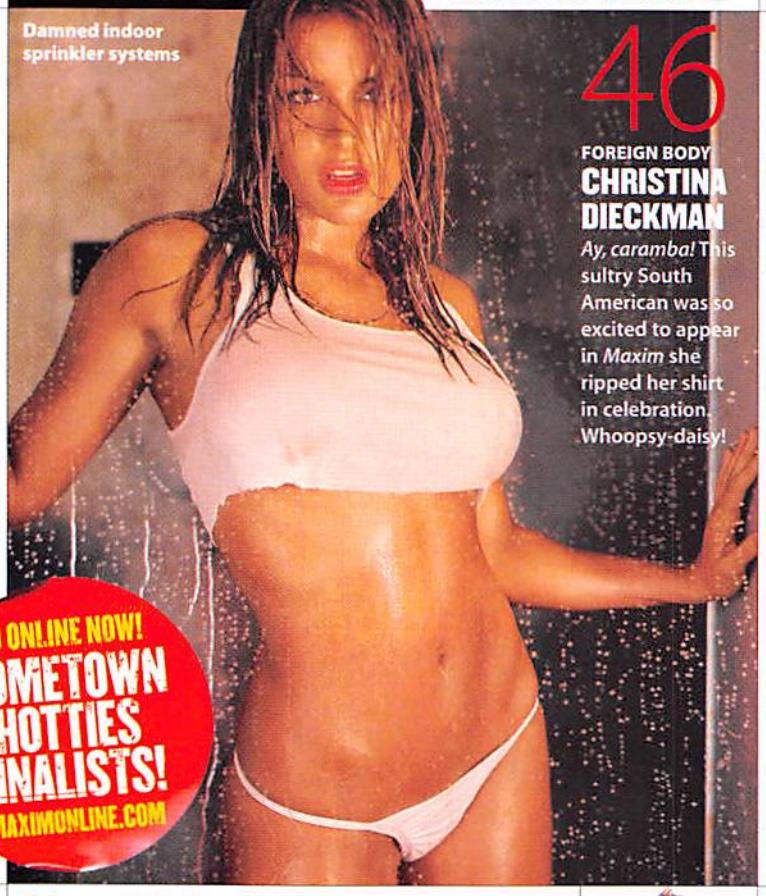

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FOREIGN BODY
CHRISTINA DIECKMAN
Ay, caramba! This sultry South American was so excited to appear in *Maxim* she ripped her shirt in celebration. Whoopsy-daisy!

GO ONLINE NOW!
HOMETOWN HOTTIES FINALISTS!
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Regulars

Crowe's pocket rocket, p.82

Unravel her, p.70

Chinese jailbirds, p.32

24 READERS' LETTERS
This month readers give three cheers for fairies, average-length penises, and short guys. So…if any actual men want to write to us next month, that'd be great. Mmmkay? Thanks.

30 JOKES
Got something you'd like to share with the class? It could be worth $150 to ya, Shecky.

32 CIRCUS MAXIMUS
Searching for inspiration? We find ours in panties and *Point Break*. Duh, where else? Plus: kung fu masters, stuff made from beer, and Hiroki in Beantown.

54 HOW TO
Be a dealer, abstain from sex, open a bar, spank a monkey, and convert a feminist. Or convert a monkey and spank a feminist.

BODY SHOP
70 ASK DR. MAXIM
Let's get physical! We've got the real scoop on those pesky yearly exams. Plus: a limp wrist fix, diet soda for the dead, and, for the ladies, sensible semen smoothies!

THE BACHELOR PARTY BIBLE
74 BOOK THREE: VANCOUVER
Goin' to the chapel and you're gonna…do *what*? Not so fast, young man. We head north of the border to show you the proper way to celebrate your last days as a free man.

Diving off New Jersey, p.174

80 HOT ZONE
The Matrix comes full circle. Plus: David Bowie, Paul Bettany, and the best cover songs ever.

159 MAXIM FASHION
Lasso yourself a lady with the latest cowboy-inspired denim duds.

171 TOP GEAR
Everything you need for wintertime fun: a snowboarding helmet, snowshoes, a snow photo printer, and a snow phone charger.

178 BAR EXAM
Executive editor James Heidenry is *not* a player. He just crushes a lot. Fo' real.

I'll get you, my pretty! p.171

65
SPORTS
ROOKIE MONSTERS
LeBron who? Darko Milicic and Carmelo Anthony are the real deal in this year's NBA crop. We throw 'em head to head for the first time.

Walk on water, p.172

71

How to catch a gentleman.
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MAXIM KINGS OF THE ROAD!

His ophthalmologist said wraparounds would make his nose look smaller

They kept going long after the Energizer bunny became road kill.

Last May we challenged y'all to hit the road, promising gleaming piles of mag swag to the highway junkies who came back with the best story. In terrorizing the country's roadways, you all did your part. Now it's time for us to dig into the *Maxim* treasure bag and live up to our end of the bargain.

1ST PLACE: JASON AND MARK'S AMERICAN ODYSSEY

The crew: Jason Boettcher (Chicago, IL) and Mark Wainwright (Columbia, CA)
Total mileage: 16,954
States visited: 18, not including Canada
Jehovah's Witnesses compromised: 1
Diary excerpts: May 16 (Boca Raton, Florida): "...While Mark was jogging up and down the beach with a giant fish head over his head, Jason took a girl into the hot tub and gave the guards watching a free show."
June 2 (Boston): "Bum tried to sell us date-rape drugs at Holocaust monument."
June 14 (Yellowstone National Park): "Saw a grizzly hit by a car get shot by rangers. A crazy lady yelled she'd kill us if we got any closer to it. We did, and she screamed, but we were still 500 yards away."

1ST PRIZES!

RALEIGH RAM XT 3500
So much for defensive driving. Raleigh built its latest all-terrain mountain bike for aggressive riders, with long-travel suspension to soak up life's biggest bumps. Value: $2,750

PIONEER MEDIA CENTER
The AVH-P6500 DVD mobile-media center turns mere cars into luxe party cribs, with on-board TV, CD, and DVD pumping through low-distortion TS-A speakers. Value: $2,010

HONORABLE MENTIONS

DRIVIN' BLIND: Adam Skiadas, Sami Abdelazim
Highlight: Being saved by the genetic replica of the mom in *The Waterboy.*

ROAD SISTERS: Annie Butlin, Emily Colbenson
Highlight: Tooling through Vail and meeting Ryan from TV's *The Bachelorette.*

The Road Trip Continues Online!
For more info on the intrepid contest winners and their prizes, go to **maximonline.com.**

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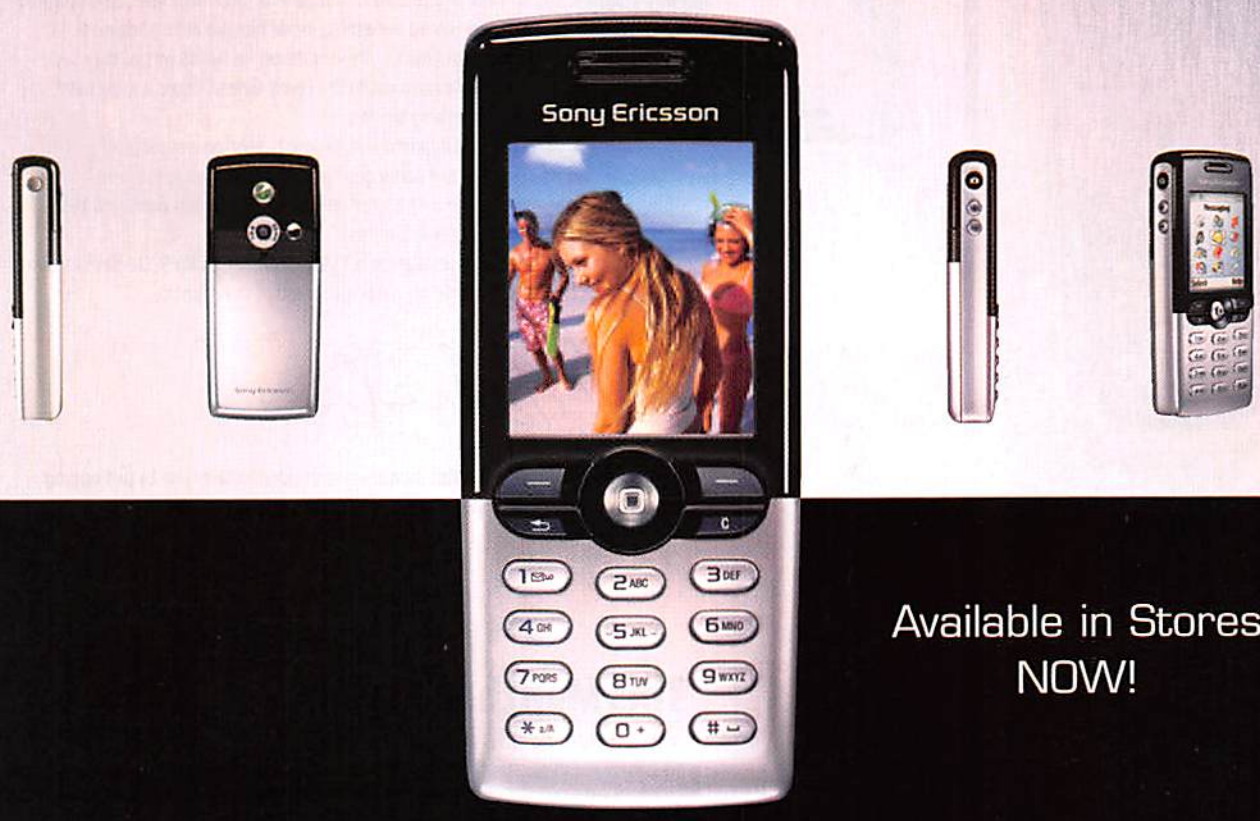

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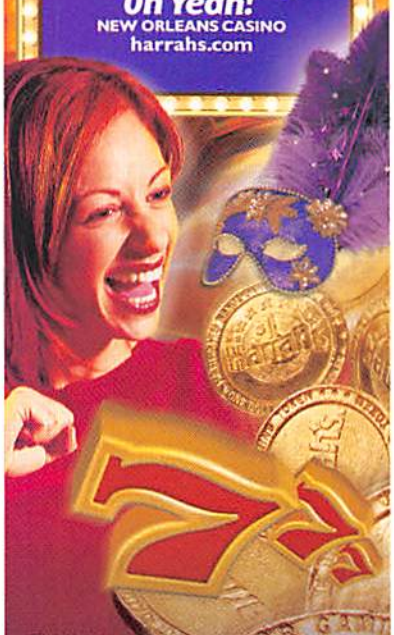

Event dates are February 23, 2004 - February 25, 2004. *Travel is valid for event dates only. Maximum $450 roundtrip airfare per person. Must be 21 to enter contest. Subject to complete official rules which can be found at www.harrahs.com/maxim. Non-negotiable, non-transferable and not redeemable for cash. Based on availability. Valid in US only. Must be 21 or older to enter casino and to gamble. Know When To Stop Before You Start.® Gambling Problem? Call 1-800-522-4700. ©2003, Harrah's Operating Company, Inc.

Tough guys don't dance.

▼ **Keith Blanchard**
Taking his "pork sushi" idea to market

First we lost Waylon Jennings. Then Richard Harris, then James Coburn...and now Charles Bronson's gone to that big dustup in the sky. America's toughest old bastards are dropping like flies, just when we need them most. (Cinnamon on that latte, mister?)

Bronson was the son of a coal miner, and one of 15 kids—seems his mom was also a big fan of the shaft. He scored his first gig, in *You're In the Navy Now,* because he could belch on cue, and it only went uphill from there. *The Great Escape. The Dirty Dozen. The Magnificent Seven.* Whenever ragtag bands of elite fighters joined forces to beat the snot out of Nazis and so forth, Bronson was there, first in line, his revolver in one holster and mustache clipper in the other.

Yes, Bronson was a team player. But he also had his softer side, as a loner vigilante dispatching dirtbags with grim efficiency in Oscar overlookees like *The Mechanic, Kinjite,* and 40 or 50 *Death Wish* sequels. He didn't ask for this duty...but he took it up like a man. Being pushed too far awakened something inside him. No hiding behind a .44 Magnum for Chuck...he liked to get his hands wet, as they say.

When Bronson got to the Pearly Gates, I figure it must have gone something like this:

ST. PETER *[palms-out, we-don't-want-no-trouble look]* "Look, Mr. Bronson—you know damn good and well I can't let you in here."

BRONSON *[sighs, hangs jacket over back of invisible chair, assumes fighting stance]* "Well, then I guess you'd better kick my ass."

Our 25 Biggest Movie Badasses feature, p.114, is dedicated to No. 9, Charles Bronson. Enjoy the issue; I'm off to dispense my particular brand of street justice.

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Valli O'Reilly for Zenobia
MANICURE BY
Melissa Washington for Seche Nail Care/ celestineagency.com
CLOTHING
Brown tank, Theory; bikini bottoms, Ashley Paige

P.S. Sorry about the cover lines this month—we decided to save time by just ripping them off from other magazines. It seemed to make sense at the time...

This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Hours an editor sat on a Vancouver mountaintop, waiting to paraglide	2
Minutes he subsequently spent hiking down, alone	20
References to Indiana Jones in this issue, including this one	6
Teeth knocked out of klutzy staffer Maria Fontoura by stupid diving board	2
Judges' score	2.9
Requests by LeBron James' agent for the hoopster to be on *Maxim*'s cover	4
Minimum number of breasts LeBron must grow to be considered	2
Square inches of hair glued to model's pits for feminist makeover (p.58)	10
Interns stuck in an elevator during the Blackout of 2003	1
Total seconds spent on decision to go drinking instead of saving him	7
Bar tab run up on *Stuff* editor's credit card during outage, in dollars	579
Alcohol-induced blackouts suffered by staffers, including this one	9

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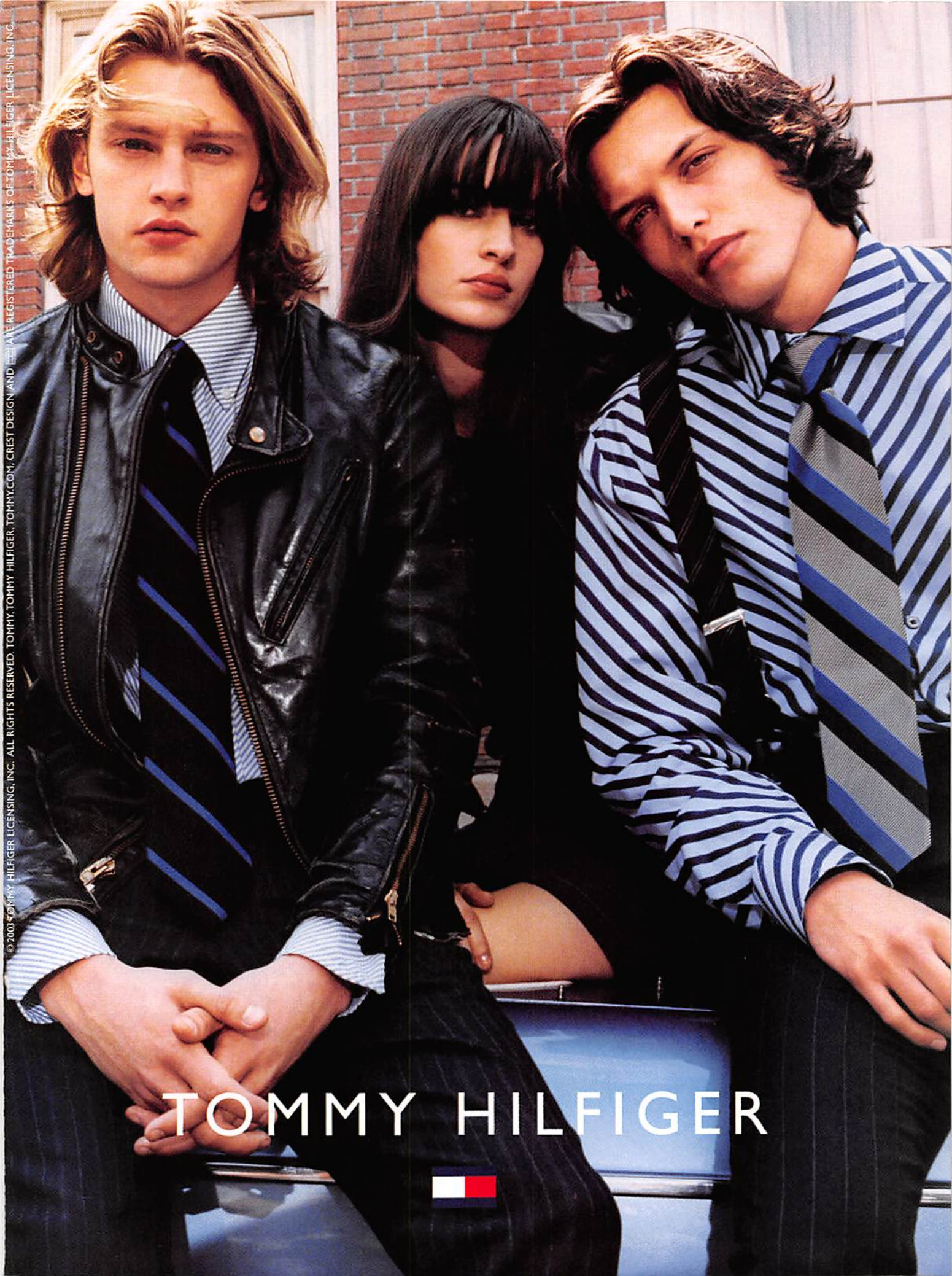

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YOU TALKIN' TO US?

Finished giving thanks? Before you fall into a tryptophanic coma, enjoy these letters from a baffled soldier, an all-too-observant Canadian, and a guy who's having trouble, er, measuring up. Send all letters and leftovers to the address at right.

DID YOU WIN?

If we printed your letter this month, we're sending you a Gillette gift pack. Want stuff? E-mail us at editors@maximmag.com or write to *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Fl., New York, NY 10018.

Mariah, we'll take that hug now

Glitter Domes

Thanks for the eye-popping Mariah Carey pictorial ["Charmed Life," September]. She's been getting so much bad press of late that I was pleased to see her in the pages of *Maxim*, receiving the respect and adoration she deserves. She gave surprisingly candid answers to your questions. Great interview! Ever since the release of *Emotions*, I've been a huge fan of her amazing voice. But, man, it's her body that's truly singing!

Travis Meusborn
Houston, TX

Yeah, that kid's got some set of pipes!

Men of War

Your article on the chaos in the Iraqi town of Al Qaim ["Iraq's Wild West," September] highlights the difficulties faced by U.S. and coalition forces on a daily basis. This is truly a place out of time, radically different from anything any military has ever faced. Not only must they worry about highly trained soldiers and terrorists armed with technologically advanced weaponry (and possibly weapons of mass destruction); they must also contend with rock-throwing mobs.

George Cowler
Philadelphia, PA

Not to mention the first-degree sunburns, week-old schwarma, and fistfuls of sand in the shorts.

Man Down!

My buddies and I are stationed in Iraq, and we have an important question to ask you. In our camp's shower tent, there are 12 shower heads—six on each side, with a slick-as-hell walkway down the middle. It's a cruel quartermaster's idea of a practical joke! Anyway, what's the protocol for helping a naked guy who accidentally slips and falls into your shower stall? Do you: *(a)* Lift his sorry ass up, *(b)* Back away, ASAP, or *(c)* Laugh nervously?

PFC. Stephen Gregg
Iraq

The correct answer is: (d) *Engage in spirited, soapy man-love. But look on the bright side—it'll get you a discharge!*

PUT ME IN MAXIM!

Fantasy Draft

Nothing tastes quite as good as a frosty brew served on tap from the ultimate beer-dispensing machine, "the Maximator." As you can see, our sacred drink vessel is a tribute to the cover girls of your magazine. But don't worry about the ladies. To protect them from beer suds and sweaty palms, we've carefully and lovingly laminated each photo.

Craig Turpin
Kent, OH

The Maximator is not a drink vessel. It's a machine. It can't be bargained with! It can't be reasoned with! It doesn't feel pity or remorse or fear. Or hangovers…

Class Action

Your "How to Build a Radio" [September] would make a perfect handout for my science class. I plan on giving copies to my students. Let it be known: *Maxim* editors are staunch supporters of the public education system.

Jeff H.
Mineola, NY

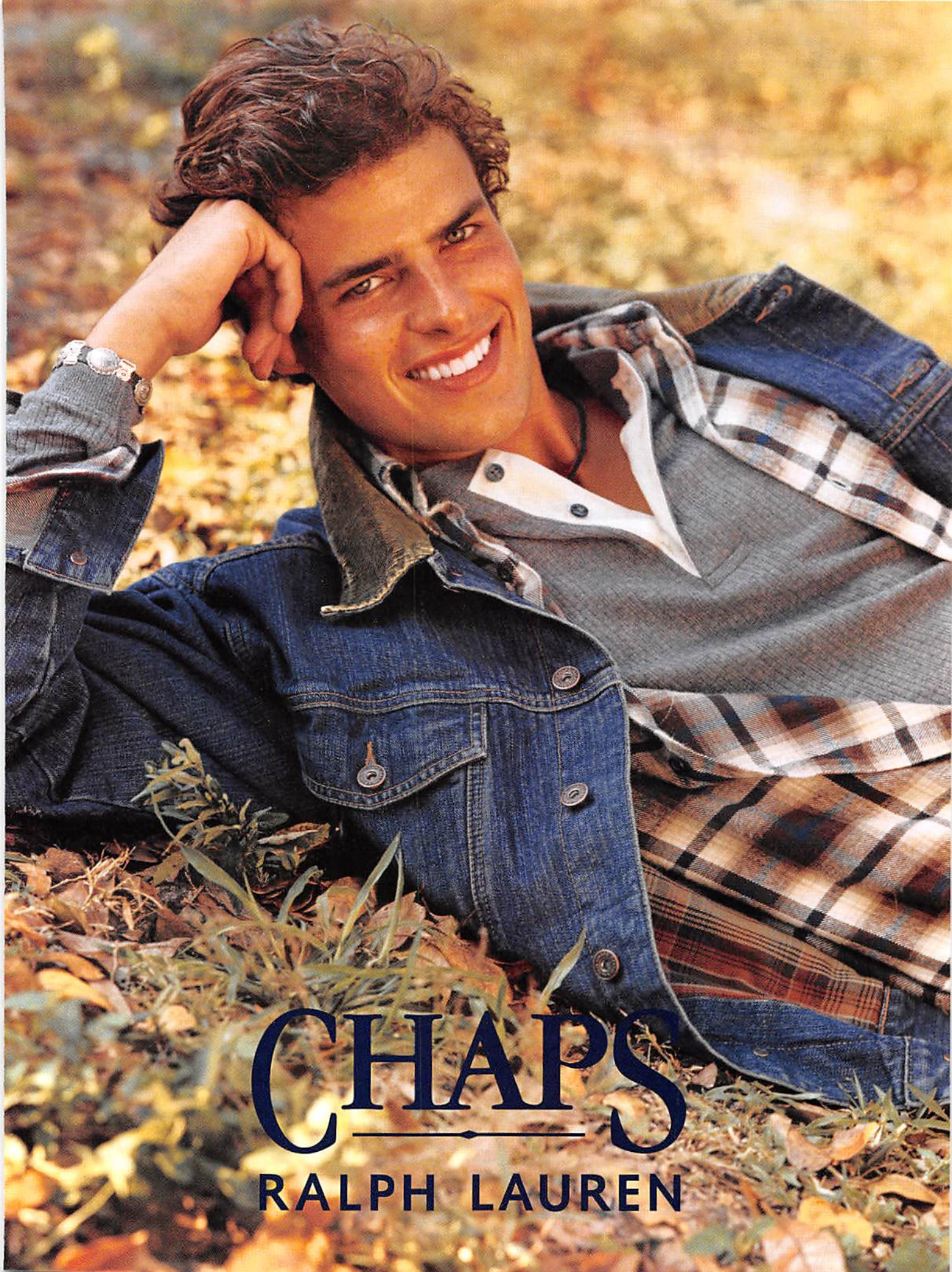
Yet proud products of the reform-school system! ▶

YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

Suspension of Disbelief

Still riding that leaf-blower-engine-powered rattletrap you purchased from the classified pages of *Boy's Life*? Listen here, scout: Crank up that junker one last time, then roll 'er off a steep gorge…'cause we're giving away a brand-new, just-off-the-flatbed 2004 Polaris Predator 500. This high-performance all-terrain vehicle ships with a five-speed transmission, a state-of-the-art adjustable suspension, and a liquid-cooled four-stroke, four-valve engine. Yeah, but is it fast? This pumped-up quad screams through corners and can hit 75 mph! For your chance to win the $6,099 monster ATV, visit maximonline.com and go to the contest page to enter. All phone calls, faxes, and walk-ins will be dressed in a clown suit and forced to cruise the strip on a Holly Hobby trike.

Photograph, Antoine Verglas (Mariah)


CHAPS
RALPH LAUREN

OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

As you huddle in bed beneath your Yoda blankie reading *Maxim*, ever get the feeling you could out-saber our caption writers? Bring it! Look at the photo above, of our summer at fat camp, and write in your best one-liner. If it beats the one we've circled, we'll ship you a stunning Oris Big Crown TT1 Diver's watch with helium valve. So contact us at caption@maximmag.com or Beat This Caption! Dept. 20, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065. All faxes will be locked out of their apartments.

SEPTEMBER'S WINNING CAPTIONS

WINNER
"In Beijing punishment for playing hooky is unorthodox but highly effective."
Carl King, Columbus, OH

RUNNERS-UP
Positioned at the far end of the line, Chang's ding-dong never stood a Chinaman's chance.
Greg Lee, New Orleans, LA

The all-new *Falun Gong Show*, with Jamie Farr!
Tony Smythe, Irvine, CA

Did that guy just say, "Brrr, there's a nip in the air?" What a racist asshole," thought Bob.
Laura Herbert, via e-mail

"Li, cover your other head!"
Kent Roberts, Bloomington, IN

Forbidden Brew

In your "Win a Job at *Maxim*" contest [Readers' Letters, September], there's a picture of a staffer sitting near a few cases of Labatt Blue and Labatt Blue Light. Aha! So you guys drink and enjoy quality Canadian suds, huh? I guess not all Americans are pussies.

Evan Couch
London, Canada

That beer was delivered here by mistake—it was actually addressed to the assisted-living facility down the block. So we forwarded it on, along with the crates of urinary incontinence products.

Stir, Crush, Frogify

On page 200 of your September issue, there's a torture test of top bar blenders ["Smoothie Operator"]. In the accompanying picture, a frog is shown inside the blender. Was Kermit liquefied into a delicious, frothy frappe? Has PETA come a-knockin' yet?

Sara Connelly
Atlanta, GA

Let's be perfectly clear: We did not blend that frog. We also did not cornhole it. Whoever said that is a frickin' liar.

Pigheaded Picks

You guys must've been high when putting together your predictions for this year's NFL season ["Crunch Time," September]. On one page you say the AFC champion Oakland Raiders won't even make this year's playoffs. Nine pages later, sports swami Danny Sheridan correctly picks the Raiders as the 2004 Super Bowl champs. Nice one.

Rod Brink
Salem, OR

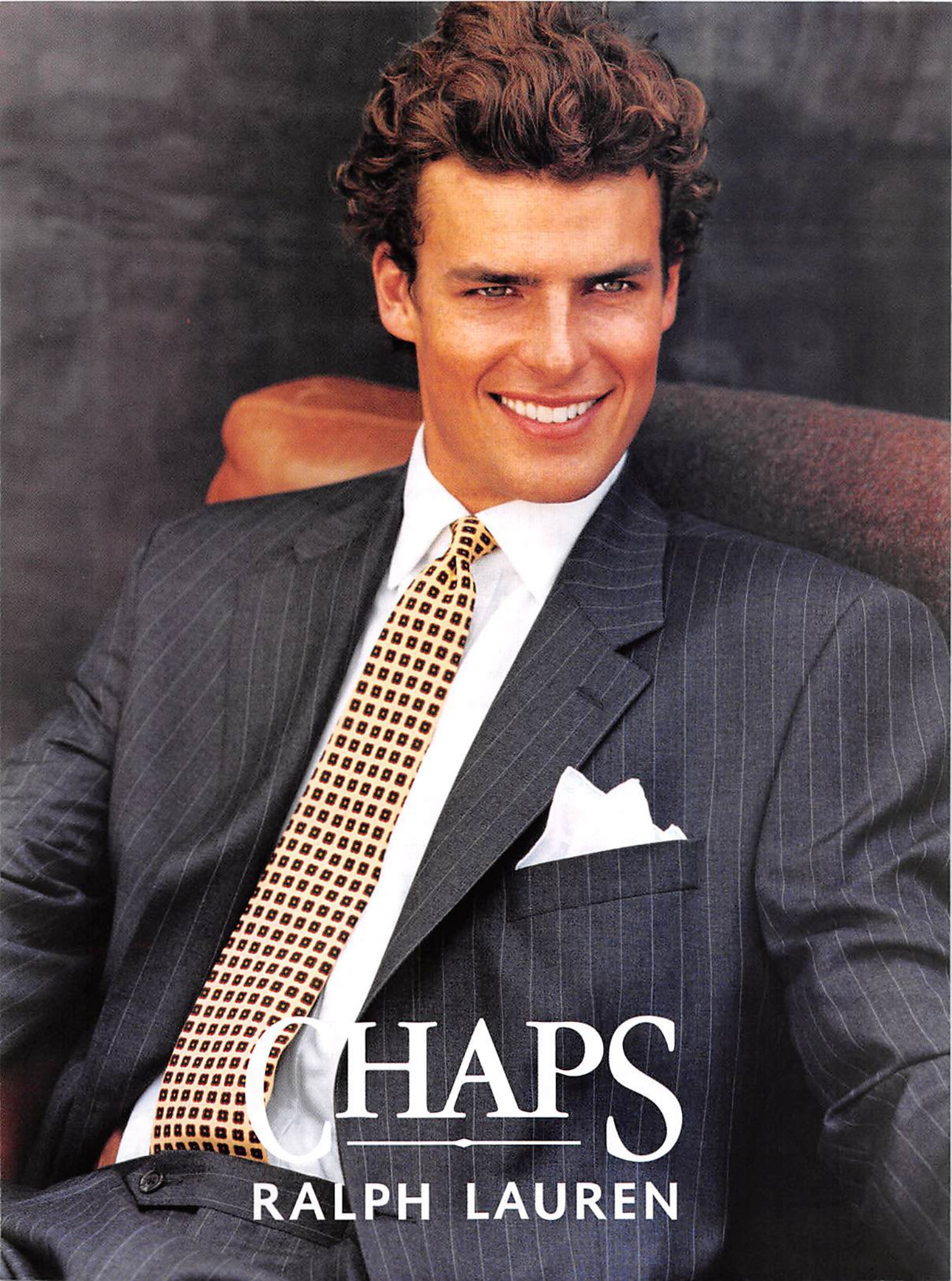
Rod, that was not an oversight on our part. It was an example of our enduring commitment to fair and balanced reporting. It's the same journalistic standard that keeps us from calling you a complete douchebag in print without first hearing arguments to the contrary.

Chan With Two Faces

According to Jackie Chan [We Want Answers, September], today's movies rely too heavily on computer-generated effects. Oh, please, have you seen *The Medallion*? That film is laden with cheesy FX, too!

Jack Grant
Scottsdale, AZ

FX? Surely you don't mean to suggest that Jackie Chan is not a flying immortal protected by the supernatural powers of an ancient talisman? 'Cause then it would be chop suey time! ▶


CHAPS
RALPH LAUREN

WINNERS CIRCLE

MAXIM'S EYE ON THE PRIZE

Two lucky readers score a date with destiny.

Last February, in a magnanimous moment (OK, we were inebriated), we directed readers to our Web site to win one of hundreds of incredible freebies, including an all-wheel-drive Subaru Baja and a date with a *Maxim* swimsuit model! More than 100,000 of you entered, and it proved to be a wise decision for two truly blessed bastards. Our grand prize winner, Kevin Chilcote, drove away with the new Baja and landed an all-access pass to our next swimsuit shoot. "This car seriously rocks," Kevin wrote us from the road. Sweet, du-u-u-de! As for our runner-up, Mike Mozingo, he snagged a trip to N.Y.C. and a private dinner date with our February cover babe, Genelle Frenoy. "We talked for three hours. I can't do that with my dad," he gushed. Yeah, but how was the lobster bisque?

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Changed your address? Missing an issue? Please write to *Maxim*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142

OR CALL 386-447-6312

Page out of Our Book

I purchased the Anna Kournikova issue [August] of *Maxim* from a local grocery store only to discover that page 55 was missing. I was so pissed off that I nearly stormed back to the bodega to demand a refund. Well, I'm glad I didn't. My girlfriend stole the page. Turns out it featured a story called "How to Get Her to Strip," and she was eager to learn some new dance moves. Wow, what a spectacular show she put on that night! I really owe you guys one.

Jared Williams
Via e-mail

What, you owe us a show? We'll pass, Jared. And now it's time for an awkward silence while we back away.

Rules of Engagement

It wasn't until after I returned home from a bachelor party in Sin City that I stumbled upon your Vegas stag party field guide ["Book 1: Las Vegas," September]. I only wish I had seen this article sooner. You had it right: Organized transportation and VIP passes are key. So where to next, boys?

Matt W.
Via e-mail

Kabul—we hear that place is da bomb!

New York's Finest

What's the deal with the beautiful Paige Butcher [Model Citizen, August]? She says she can't find a single decent guy in all of New York City. What about me?

...and then we woke up here

I'm 28 years old, live with my parents, and work as a receiving supervisor in a warehouse. I plan to go to graduate school next year, and I drive a 1998 Audi A4.

Eric Mayott
New York, NY

Eric, you had us at "live with my parents."

Tecmo Punk

Growing up, my buddies and I adopted several unspoken rules: Never put streamers on your bike; never make a move on your pal's girl; and never punt in Nintendo NES' *Tecmo Super Bowl*. This third rule has recently come into question; in a close game, my friend punted in overtime to save his miserable ass. I would appreciate some sort of confirmation that this is a flagrant violation of guy code.

Ethan Furtek
Via e-mail

Confirmed. Never punt, and always go for the two-point conversion. Next question...

Below the Belt

Last year you published an article stating that the average size of a guy's schwanson is 5 1/2 inches long. Can you tell me which issue that appeared in? I need to show it to my girlfriend.

David R.
Via e-mail

You might want instead to consult this month's feature "How to Measure Your Penis From the Bunghole." M

RELIEVED OF DUTY

Weapons of Ass Destruction

When we offered free subscriptions in July to anyone captured on film defiling Saddam's most cherished library seats, our esteemed readers in Iraq squatted to the challenge. Top honors go to Staff Sergeant Craig Singer (top) for dropping a sand monster in Saddam's Tikrit "Water Palace" crapper—then wiping with a set of prized Jacuzzi jets. Lieutenants Bryan Callaway and Robert Scavelli (middle) pulled up just shy of the target, though they swear they "left a few jewels in the palace's gold-plated happy seat." Specialist Brian Faenza and the soldiers of Camp Adder, meanwhile, are practicing with dry runs on simulated Iraqi targets. Bombs away. Good luck, and thanks for all the shitty pictures, guys. Your free issues of *Maxim* are in the mail.

Surgical strike on the royal flusher

Saddam's cache of *Maxims*, captured!

"Fire in the hole!"

ALL WE SAY IS DRINK RESPONSIBLY

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NYUK, NYUK, NYUK!

Got a joke that can top these? We'll pay $150 for the next Joke of the Month. E-mail 'em to jokes@maximmag.com, or send 'em to Jokes, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th floor, New York, NY 10018.

Native Tongue

A woman walking down the street notices a sign in a pet shop window that reads PUSSY-LICKING FROG—SEE INSIDE and steps in to see the owner.

"Hello," she says.

"*Bonjour,*" replies the owner.

—Dan Tetrault, via e-mail

Cheap Trick

A local United Way representative calls the most prominent and wealthy attorney in town.

"Sir," he says, "our records indicate that you make more than a million dollars per year. Would you be willing to make a small donation?"

"Well," the lawyer says indignantly, "do your records tell you that my mother is terminally ill and that her many medical expenses far exceed her annual income?"

"Um, no, sir," replies the rep.

"Or that my brother is a blind, wheelchair-bound Vietnam vet who has no income whatsoever?"

"I'm sorry, sir," says the rep. "I didn't know any of that."

"Well," says the attorney, "if I don't give any money to them, why the hell would I give any to you?"

—David M. Garofalo, via e-mail

Shelf Life

Q: What do you call a dead blonde in a closet?

A: The winner of last year's hide-and-seek contest.

—Eric Martin, Northglenn, CO

THE $150 JOKE

Last Rights

A man learns from his doctor that he has only 24 hours to live. Given the dire prognosis, he asks his wife for sex. She agrees, naturally, and they go at it.

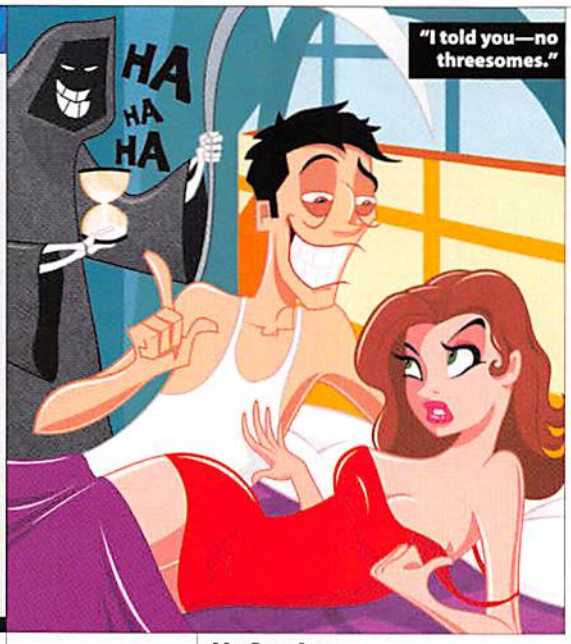
That night, as the man gets into bed, he looks at the clock and realizes he has only eight hours left. He turns to his wife and asks, "Please, honey—just one more time before I die."

"Sure, dear," she replies, and they make love for the second time.

After tossing and turning for another four hours, he sees that he's down to his last few hours. He rouses his wife and says, "Do you think we could…"

"For God's sake!" his wife snaps. "I have to get up in the morning. You don't."

—Jim Fenimore, Morris Plains, NJ



Shore Thing

An aircraft carrier is coming into port after months at sea when the captain notices a sailor standing on the flight deck. He is gesturing wildly with semaphore flags to a woman on shore who's also waving semaphore flags.

The captain walks to the flight deck to find the sailor.

"Seaman," shouts the captain, "who is that woman on the pier, and why the hell are you exchanging the signals 'Foxtrot-Foxtrot' to her 'Echo-Foxtrot'?"

"Sir, that's my wife, sir," the sailor replies. "And she's saying that she wants to eat first."

—Jim Van Huyck, via e-mail

Bright Idea

Q: How many psychiatrists does it take to change a light bulb?

A: One, but the bulb has got to want to change itself.

—Jeremy Ramseyer, via e-mail

Q: What is E.T. short for?
A: Because he's got little legs.

Lip Service

Q: Why do Italian guys all wear mustaches?

A: So they can look like their mothers.

—Alastair Honeybun, via e-mail

Take My Wife

Two old men are in a bar discussing how kids today have sex at such a young age.

"I didn't sleep with my wife before we got married," says one. "Did you?"

"I'm not sure," the other replies. "What was her maiden name?"

—Kevin Smith, Carlsbad, CA

Nose Candy

Q: Why did the blonde snort lines of Sweet and Low?

A: She thought it was diet coke.

—Rob Boucini, Westboro, MA

Read hundreds of jokes and submit some of your own at **maximonline.com.**

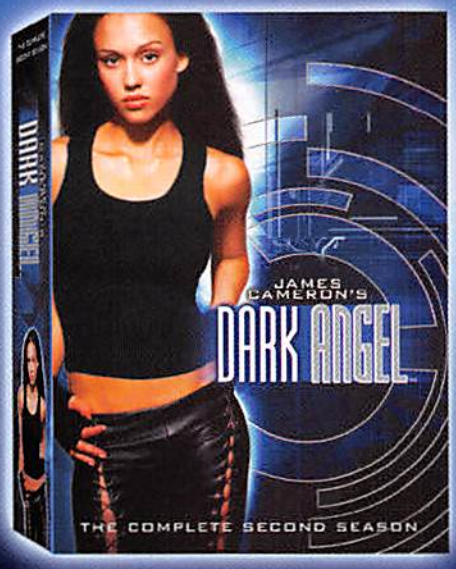
HISTORY DIORAMA THEATER presents
THE NATIONAL EMBLEM THAT ALMOST WASN'T
TOM, THIS CAT SHOULD BE THE MASCOT OF OUR NEW NATION.
OLDE FOOL! 'TIS THE MUTT THAT BEST SYMBOLIZES OUR DIVERSE PEOPLES.
BUT WE'RE ALOOF-YET DANGEROUS.
NO, WE'RE LOYAL AND-LOOK OUT!
NOW WHERE WILL WE FIND AN ANIMAL THAT EPITOMIZES LIBERTY?
CHECK IT OUT! I JUST SHOT THIS EAGLE TRYING TO EAT MY POT PLANTS. WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH IT?

Illustrations, Gary Ham

NEXT MONTH: WHY THERE ARE NO GAY ROBOTS

ENGINEERED TO RAISE HELL

THE SECOND – AND FINAL SEASON
OF JAMES CAMERON'S ACTION-THRILLER
AVAILABLE ON DVD



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CIRCUS M

MORTAL COMBAT

Not all supernatural martial arts is computer generated.

In movies kung fu masters can shoot fire from their hands, fly, and break-dance atop bamboo trees. It turns out reality isn't much different. The monks of China's Shaolin order—the inspiration for Neo, Morpheus, and David Carradine—have been the world's ultimate warriors since 520 A.D. To help separate fact from fiction, we sent a photographer to the Henan Province's Shaolin Temple, the birthplace of martial arts. These students, who, thankfully, did not kill him, must train for 20 years in order to harness their life force, or *qi*, as they mold themselves into hardened monks. In the old days training culminated in the legendary Corridor of Death: a gauntlet with 108 Indiana Jones–worthy booby traps whose exit was blocked by a red-hot 300-pound cauldron. Sadly, the corridor is no more, and modern grasshoppers have it easy: breaking concrete slabs with their heads, thrusting fingers through tree trunks—even taking nappy naps atop sharpened spears! Kids are so coddled these days.

Make one Benihana joke and you're a dead man

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADRIAN BRADSHAW

AXIMUS

A Maxim View of the World

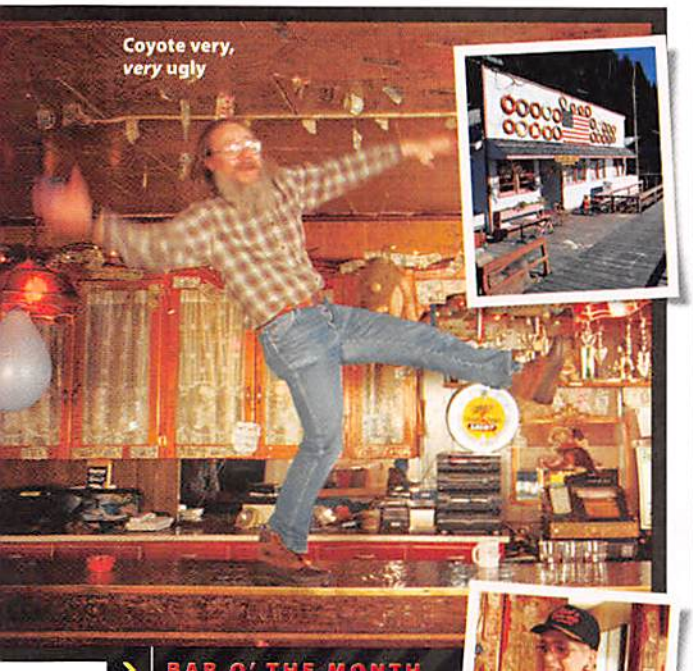
▲ The result of seven hours of training a day.

▲ Students must master 18 deadly weapons.

▲ Monks meditate daily. *After* limbering up.

▲ "The whole body is the fist." As is the fist.

Coyote very, *very* ugly



BAR O' THE MONTH

ROSE'S BAR AND GRILL

You won't be a fish out of water in this chummy Alaskan pub.

But where's Gilligan?

Like your taverns off the beaten path? Well, paths don't get less beaten than the one leading to Pelican, Alaska, population 115. "It's a first-class city," insists Rose Miller, owner of the port town's bar since 1973. "We had a police department until just recently!" Long a favorite of salmon fishermen, seafaring tourists, and diversion-starved locals, Rose's is a homey joint where the customer can truly leave his mark. Ever since a blade-wielding patron named—we're not kidding—Fred Krueger carved his initials into the bar 29 years ago, nearly everyone who's hoisted an Alaskan Amber here has done the same before 5 A.M. last call, leaving the interior pockmarked from floor to ceiling with chicken scratch. Pelican has no roads, so drunk driving is never a problem—just dock your dinghy and stroll on in. "Once these well-dressed old ladies came in on a boat from New York," Rose recalls. "I told everyone to be on their best behavior, but one of our regulars rode through on his motorbike. Naked." For your own northern exposure, drop anchor at One Salmon Way, or dial 907-735-2288.—*Submitted by Jonathan Chase of Portland, Oregon*

27

Percentage more likely women are than men to wash their hands after using a public bathroom.

"Where the hell is the honey?"

WILD KINGDOM

SHOCKER!

This mama bear goes for a climb, with grizzly results.

1 A black bear scales a New Mexico telephone pole in search of her lost cub.

2 Is *that* her lost baby? Nope, it's a transformer pumping 7,200 volts!

3 A crackling shower of sparks—and bear—plunges 30 feet to the ground.

4 Shockingly, the bear not only survives but is later reunited with her cub.

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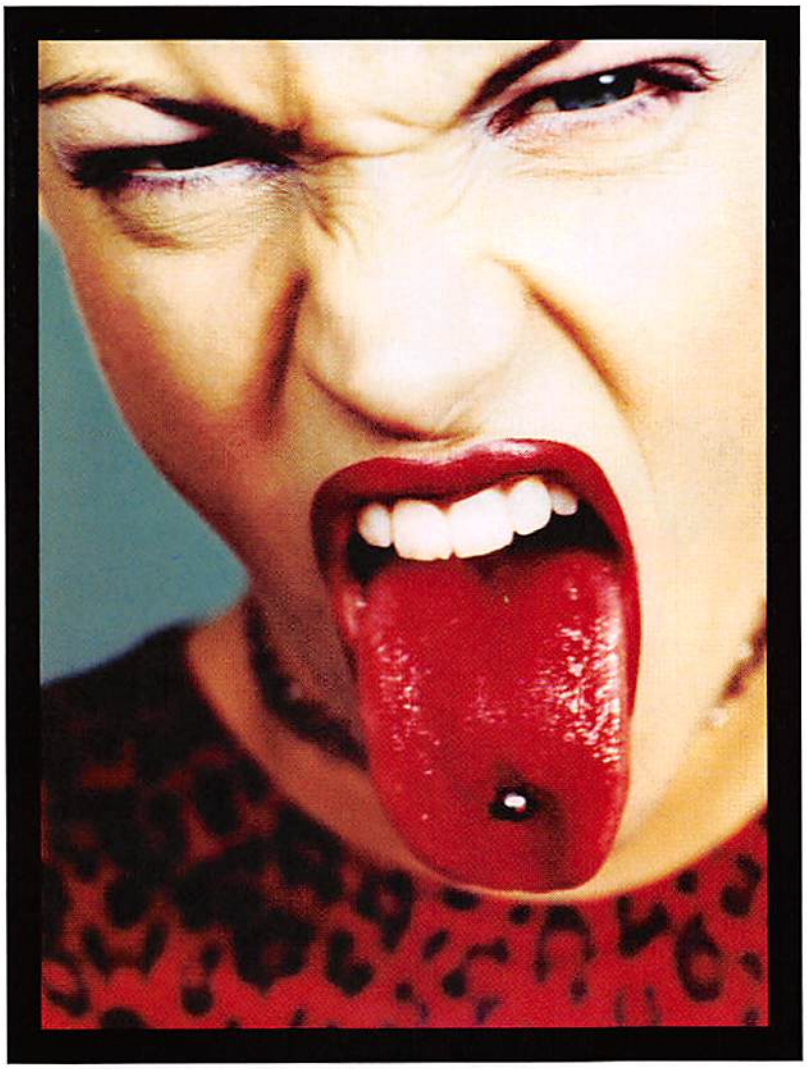

- [x] IMPROVES PERFORMANCE
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- [x] IMPROVES REACTION SPEED
- [ ] TASTES GREAT

Red Bull does everything it says on the can. And nothing it doesn't.

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> WORKING GIRL

PUSHER WOMAN

We score a hit from America's hottest pharmaceutical rep.

Name: Kristy Anderson
Experience: We turned on the charm, hoping to bag some prescription treats from this 26-year-old Brooklyn beauty, but it seems there was some miscommunication. "I only handle medications for blood pressure, diabetes, and constipation," Kristy insists. Still, doesn't she get accosted by Allegra junkies now and then? "Last winter a thief broke into my trunk, took a look at the samples, and left without taking anything. I guess I don't sell drugs with street value, like Viagra." Hey, do we look like we need Viag…Never mind.
Qualifications: Having pushed pills to doctors in some of N.Y.C.'s dumpiest 'hoods, Kristy's used to fending off unwanted advances—from the doctors. "I tell them I have a boyfriend." Making Doogie Howser drool over a hot rep like Kristy is part of pharmaceutical companies' plans. "They tend to hire young, attractive girls," she explains. "If you're taking up a doctor's time, who else would he rather talk to?" Genius! Got any chewable morphine?

> HELP WANTED

- Know a hot smoke jumper?
- A frisky cop?
- Or any hottie with a cool job?
- E-mail her pics and info to workinggirl@maximmag.com and we'll give her a page in *Maxim*!

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

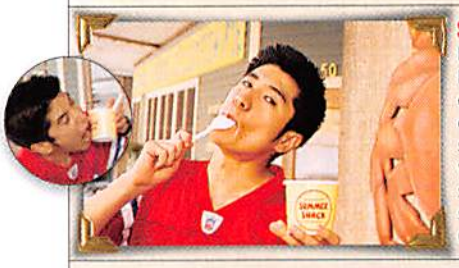
Subscribers see more photos for free in the *Maxim* Lounge at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Denise Grieco; hair and makeup, Steven Ramsey for artistsbytimothypriano.com

HIROKI! EATS AMERICA!

WICKED CHOWDAH!

This month we sent our Japanese art assistant to Boston to rate clam chowder. Don't worry, his English is *way* better this time.



Summer Shack

Price: $4

Hiroki wrote: "First smell curry. Second smell cheddar—that's weird. Very drink soup. I found bacon in it, and that's key master. Unique soup, a lot of sandy clams. Is sand optional item?"

★★★★★

Legal Sea Foods

Price: $4.50

Hiroki wrote: "Hiroki is so hungry. This looks white sea ocean, real many clams and dice of potatoes. Too salty? Or pepper? It's muddy. Did you make by canned soup? Oops, clam is chewy."

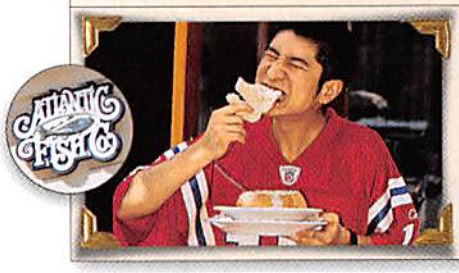
★★★★★

Barking Crab

Price: $4

Hiroki wrote: "Too salty, is this taste from sweat? Need water. Onion or cabbage is in—that mistakes. Do you want me to be gout? My pee will be white tonight. This trip I swam in milky way.

★★★★★



Atlantic Fish Co.

Price: $6

Hiroki wrote: "With bowl bread! Looks cheese melty, yellowish. Tastes adultic flavor, exactly for me. I gentleman, not for kids. (Secret seasoned is butter I think.) New French clam chowder is."

★★★★★

Jimmy's Harborside

Price: $5

Hiroki wrote: "Ichiban best chow in Boston, not heavy. Momma mia! The volume of clams is king. This was waiting for me, and I was waiting for this. BANZAI! For clam is dancing in my mouth."

★★★★★

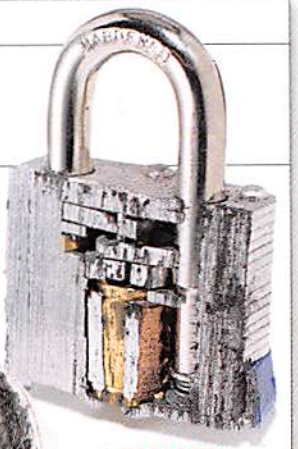
HALF 'N' HALF

SUPER CUTS

Household item + chain saw = science!

▼ MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL

The core is a rubber ball with a yummy cork center, wrapped with 121 yards of wool yarn, 45 yards of white string, and covered with Holstein cowhide.



▲ PADLOCK

The nearly impenetrable layers of steel plates, bolts, springs, and rivets keep the doobage safe in your locker.

▲ BATTERY

Crammed into this molten mess are heaps of zinc powder, alkaline, magnesium dioxide, and carbon.

16,667

Bathtubs Niagara Falls could fill in one second.

COST CUTTING

CASH 'N' BURN

Ever wonder why it costs so damned much to be shoehorned between two nitwits on your way to Cleveland?

Taxes 13%
Our government would crumble if it didn't levy a flight segment tax!

Airplanes 9%
That wildly careening bucket of bolts you're strapped into costs about $200 million brand-new—and that's not even including custom rims or fuzzy dice.

Labor 32%
We're down with pilots and maintenance crews, 'cause we need them to keep the plane in the air—but witches in face paint handing out $5 headsets? Yikes.

Overhead 17%
Operational costs like computerized reservation systems, airport rental fees, and lots of hair-of-the-dog scotch to calm the nerves of hung-over pilots.

Fuel 11%
How else could Mideast sheiks afford to import all that Swedish beaver?

Security 6%
Uncle Sam is now helping out beleaguered airlines with security costs. Turns out the Afghans napping by the X-ray machines are actually federal employees!

Travel agent commissions 2%
Guess those Persian Gulf cruise packages ain't selling.

Profit 2.5%
What a measly profit margin—then again, in-flight rights to Sandra Bullock movies cost money.

Landing fees 2%
Reparations demanded by airports to fund essentials like moving walkways.

Maintenance 2%
Money for parts and the grease monkeys who install 'em. In other words, dudes with duct tape.

Insurance 2.5%
And you thought it cost a lot to cover your beat-up Ford Escort.

Advertising 1%
Madison Avenue's finest are working around the clock to convince customers that planes *aren't* vacuum-sealed death traps just one screw away from breaking apart 50,000 feet over a cactus farm. Now, who needs a hot towel?

BUSINESS

66

Percentage of Norwegians who've had sex in a public place. (A mere 21 percent of Americans have done it.)

TRUE LIES

FALSE PRETENSES

The Truster detects b.s. on a scale of 1 (true) to 9 (false). Or does it?

YUSEF Cabbie

Q: How much does it cost to get to the airport?
A: JFK? $35, plus toll.
1: *Wow, an honest cabbie!*
Q: Is that the same amount you charge tourists?
A: Sorry, I not understand.
4: *The Truster's abilities appear hampered by language barriers.*
Verdict: BIG, FAT LIAR

KATRINA Chef

Q: Do employees wash their hands before cooking?
A: Yes, of course.
9: *A lie. Dear Lord, our meat loaf may have herpes!*
Q: Has anyone ever busted a nut in the buffet?
A: No. Never.
2: *Still, we'll be gargling with kerosene tonight.*
Verdict: BAMBOOZLER

JOHN Professor

Q: Have you ever slept with a student?
A: No way. Absolutely not.
1: *Better check the batteries; this thing's on the fritz.*
Q: Have you at least thought about it?
A: Nope.
3: *This guy is either a eunuch or a liar. Clearly, the Truster has failed.*
Verdict: BULLSHITTER

Illustration, Graham Murdoch

HERE'S TO FOOTBALL.

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NFL

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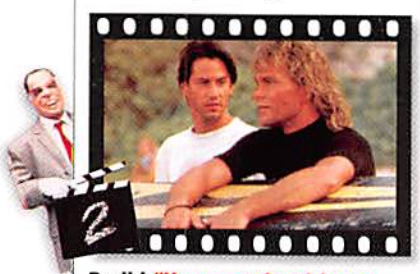
> DOUBLE TALK

THE TAO OF *POINT BREAK*

In his greatest (and, for all we know, *final*) role, mullet-headed Patrick Swayze gets, like, Zen.

Bodhi: "Fear causes hesitation, and hesitation will cause your worst fears to come true."
Meaning: The meditating bank robber preaches Cyclical Growth: If one wishes to remain a movie star, one must take roles in shitty films, but taking roles in shitty films will result in one's no longer being a movie star.



Bodhi: "You want the ultimate, you've gotta be willing to pay the ultimate price."
Meaning: Johnny Utah learns the tenets of Harmonious Action, gaining wisdom through personal sacrifice. Risk death to appreciate life; risk career obsolescence to hold on to your heinous 1985 hairstyle.

Bodhi: "100 percent pure adrenaline. All you gotta do is jump."
Meaning: Bodhi realizes the need to embrace one's fear of failing. Similarly, when one accepts the end of one's success, one can then do a demeaning cameo in *Dirty Dancing: Havana Nights*, yet be at peace.

"Stop or I'll eat!"

1. LAGER CABIN
Wondering what to do with the empties from your *Sex and the City* party? Follow the example of tipsy folk artist John Milkovisch, who spent 18 years covering his Houston home with nearly 50,000 flattened beer cans, which he drained at the rate of six a day. *(orangeshow.org)*

> BOOZE IN THE NEWS

BEERS OF JOY

Beer-based food, shelter, and clothing? Is there anything this fermented miracle juice *can't* do...

2. FROSTY PINT
Where else but Britain, home of tubby drunks, could Newcastle Brown Ale Ice Cream have been invented? The confection combines chocolate chunks and the great caramelly taste of premium beer. Delicious with hot fudge or blood pudding! *(doddingtondairy.co.uk)*

3. SUDSY DUDS
You've soaked your clothes with beer plenty of times, but Crazy Shirts does it *on purpose*. The Hawaii-based company had already dyed shirts with chili, chocolate, and money, so the obvious next step was beer. Don't wear your heart on your sleeve—wear your liver! *(crazyshirts.com)*

63

Percentage of Americans who say they talk to their cars.

> THE MAXIM LIST

ELEVEN WORST STUFFING INGREDIENTS

"Who you callin' a...oh."

1. Asbestos
2. Healthy Feast Tofu Bluffin' Stuffin'
3. Fluffers' spittoon contents
4. Garbage from the state prison
5. Burned-out light bulbs
6. Krazy Glue
7. Winning lottery tickets
8. Feathers
9. Carnie Wilson's lipo leftovers
10. Gasoline-soaked dynamite
11. Fromunda cheese

Tastes like polyester chicken

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SHOWCASED SHOWDOWN

CRASH AND BURNOUT

We've gathered 16 movie losers to determine the silver screen's biggest waste of skin.

ROUND 1

SPICOLI
We all knew him in high school…or *were* him.

DR. GONZO
He had *Fear and Loathing* (and ether) *in Las Vegas*.

FLOYD
True Romance stoner with a honey-bear bong. Genius!

FRANK THE TANK
He won't grow up. Like Peter Pan, but drunk!

JOHN BENDER
Breakfast Club rebel never without weed.

CARL SPACKLER
His brain is so fried, a gopher outwitted him.

JAY
He looks *good* compared to fat, talentless, silent partner.

LAWRENCE
Office Space neighbor finds facial hair hero in Cheech.

ROUND 2

Spicoli mistakes the doctor for a photographer and beats the crap outta him.

On beer: "It tastes so good when it hits your lips." We have a winner!

His license to kill Varmint-Cong apparently also applies to high school bullies.

Did Lawrence land a monumentally shitty sequel all about him? Heck, no!

ROUND 3

Frank was in his movie's pool scene. Spicoli wisely deferred to Phoebe Cates.

Growing grass you can play 36 holes on, then *smoke*, means he's our kind of pathetic slob.

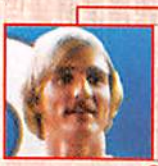
How does a true burnout spend his time? "Learning about Cuba, and having some food."

It's simple mathematics: Two potheads are better than one…despite *Nash Bridges*.

After a battle to the death, the *Dazed & Confused* über-slacker is still livin'. L-I-V-I-N!

Shaggy's burnout cred suffers due to his subsequent career as a hit recording artist.

ROUND 2



C'mon. He dates hot high school girls! And he can remember where he parked.

…and *Better Off Dead*, and *Risky Business*, and *One Crazy Summer*, and…

Lance's rifle explodes in his face after Shaggy stuffs a hoagie in its barrel.

What's lazier than a couple of doped-to-the-gills Mexicans? Exactly!

ROUND 1

WOODERSON
He gets older, high school girls stay the sa-a-a-me age.

THE DUDES
Funny movie, but that idiot Kutcher will *never* make it.

BILL & TED
They totally, like, traveled through *time*. Whoa!

BOOGER
This guy was a great burnout in *Revenge of the Nerds*…

LANCE
Apocalypse Now was too demented *not* to get stoned.

SHAGGY
Quintessential stoner: lives in a van, thinks dogs can talk.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
Easy rider fond of cemetery drug binges.

CHEECH & CHONG
Fun fact: They smoke pot occasionally!

MIDWAY

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"Twisted Metal: Black meets Grand Theft Auto..."
- Electronic Gaming Monthly

"If you're a fan of car combat... this is the only game in town."
- GameSpy

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Strong Language

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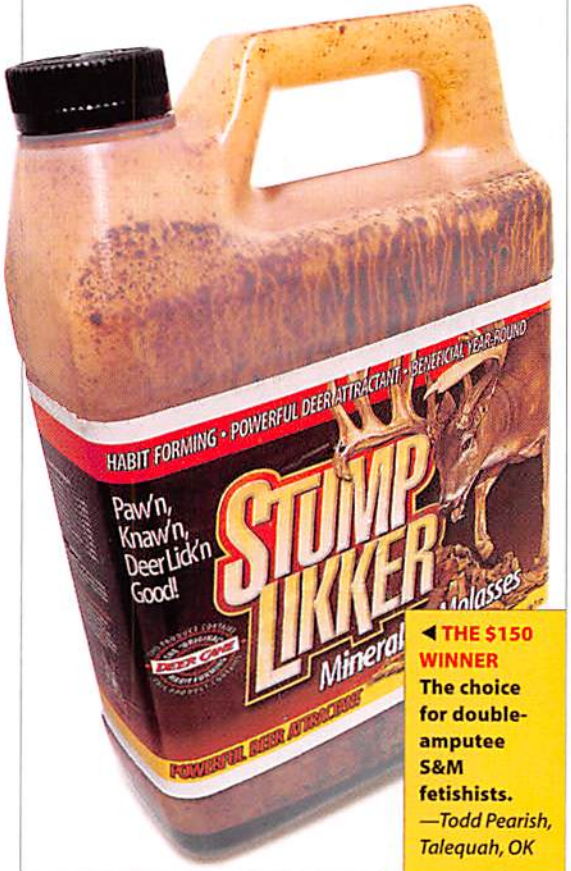
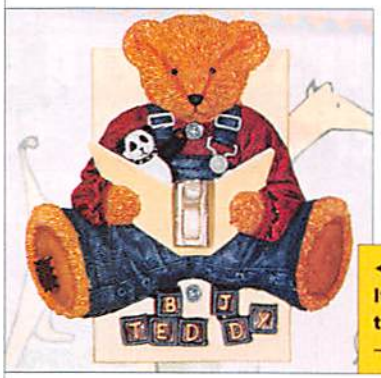
SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.



◀ **THE $150 WINNER**
The choice for double-amputee S&M fetishists.
—Todd Pearish, Talequah, OK



◀ **RUNNER-UP**
It's about time someone made a toy that's adorable *and* practical.
—C. Collazo, Fort Walton Beach, FL

RUNNER-UP ▶
"Mike check... testing, testing ...sibilance...is this thing on?"
—Temurkin Cucukov, Millville, NJ

Einziges Bananen-Museum

RUNNER-UP ▶
Ever wonder what nougat's made of? Wonder no more!
—Richard Sauther, Putnam Valley, NY

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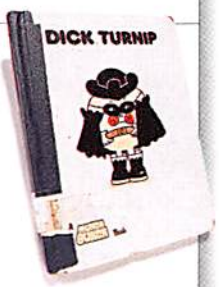
SOLMAR V

▲ **RUNNER-UP**
"Mr. DeLuise! You so *crazy*!"
—Mitchell Bagwell, Fruitland Park, FL

RUNNER-UP ▶
Eating veggies? Good for you. Getting your veggie eaten? *Great* for you!
—D.S. McClurg, Glendale, CA



HAVE YOU SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL SMUT LATELY?
If it turns us on, we'll send you $150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., New York, NY 10018.

5

Percentage of accursed human beings who have an extra rib.

WAR CHEST

THE ARMY'S NEW SUPERGUN

Bang—you're dead! As are several hundred other people.

Air rifle not giving you enough stopping power against neighborhood squirrels? Then up your bird-feeder defenses with the Metal Storm high-speed gun, a new enemy-shredding weapon that fires at an incredible rate of *one million* rounds per minute by using ballistics technology devoid of moving parts. The gun barrel serves as a magazine by housing ammo separated by tiny charges, which are in turn ignited by electrical impulses. The result? A jamproof weapon that can fire a literal wall of 9 mm rounds to obliterate incoming missiles. Currently, the Australian-invented high-speed gun is just a prototype, as is a grenade launcher that can shred terrorist infidels with 60 mm shells or level hippie protesters using—doggone it!—nonlethal ammo. "The U.S. and Australia have already given us $50 million to develop the technology," boasts Metal Storm CEO Chuck Vehlow. Look for the guns to debut in a one-sided Army ass-kicking sometime around 2005.

That'll leave a mark

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (Found Porn)

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-Paul Clinton, CNN

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FOREIGN BODY

CHRISTINA DIECKMAN

The newest export from South America: *eye* candy.

As seen in: Spanish *Maxim*, May 2003

Her story: Venezuelan hottie Christina won't laugh if you come to bed sporting a black pointy-eared mask and matching leather cape. In fact, 1997's Miss Venezuela is all for making like a superhero in the sack. "Once I dressed up as Catwoman," recalls the *muy caliente* vixen from the soap opera *Gata Salvaje*, which means, um, *Wild Cat*. "I liked feeling my animal side and making noise." It doesn't take much to get her purring either. "I don't need a man who's an ace in bed—that can be learned," she says, neglecting to offer us lessons. She does give us a ray of hope, however. "I'm fine if a guy invites me out to an expensive restaurant or just for a hot dog." We love her use of metaphor.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MISHA MAXIMOWITSCH

(Magazine not pictured actual size)

Maxim subscribers see more photos for free in the *Maxim* Lounge at **maximonline.com.**

honda.com 1-800-33-Honda EX model shown. ©2003 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.
*NHTSA NCAP frontal crash test: October 2000; side crash test: November 2000.

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HONDA

DIRTY JOBS

Not only is your job unbelievably tedious; it's also fraught with untold hidden dangers. Dazzle your bored, apathetic coworkers with these TGIF'd-up facts.

JOB SECURITY
You have a one-in-33 chance of losing your job in the next year. Bonus: The unemployed are more than twice as likely to commit suicide!
PAPER
Chemicals in carbonless copy paper can cause skin irritation, itchy eyes, and labored breathing. Not to mention painful scrotal paper cuts.
FLUORESCENT LIGHTS
Insufficient natural light can result in abnormal sleep patterns, depression, weight gain, and decreased sex drive. Like marriage, but brighter.
TYPING
Repetitive stress disorders like carpal tunnel syndrome affect 250,000 whiny assholes each year. That's nearly half of all on-the-job "illnesses."
LASER POINTERS
Momentary eye contact can cause temporary blindness, and prolonged exposure leads to permanent cornea damage. But it's *still* funny.
PRINTERS
The carbon powder inside toner cartridges can cause emphysema, bronchitis, cancer, and—good heavens!—ruined blouses.
VIOLENCE
There are two million assaults and 7,000 homicides in the workplace each year. Still want to fire that creepy Ukrainian mailroom guy?
WATER COOLERS
Parched? Nearly a third of all bottled water contains potentially dangerous bacteria, like colon-liquefying cryptosporidium. Cheers!
BATHROOMS
Just about every office in America has at least one greasy employee who fumigates the john with a noxious egg curry. Ack!
ENVELOPES
Ever wonder why you're supposed to "moisten" rather than lick? The delicious acetate glue hasn't been approved for human consumption.
VENTILATION SYSTEMS
The recirculated air in a typical office building can contain the fumes from as many as 350 volatile chemicals—just like your breath!
RETIREMENT FUNDS
Employers are repeatedly caught "borrowing" cash from their employees' 401(k) accounts. Enjoy your retirement in debtor's prison!
SODA POP
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Illustration by cojoart.com

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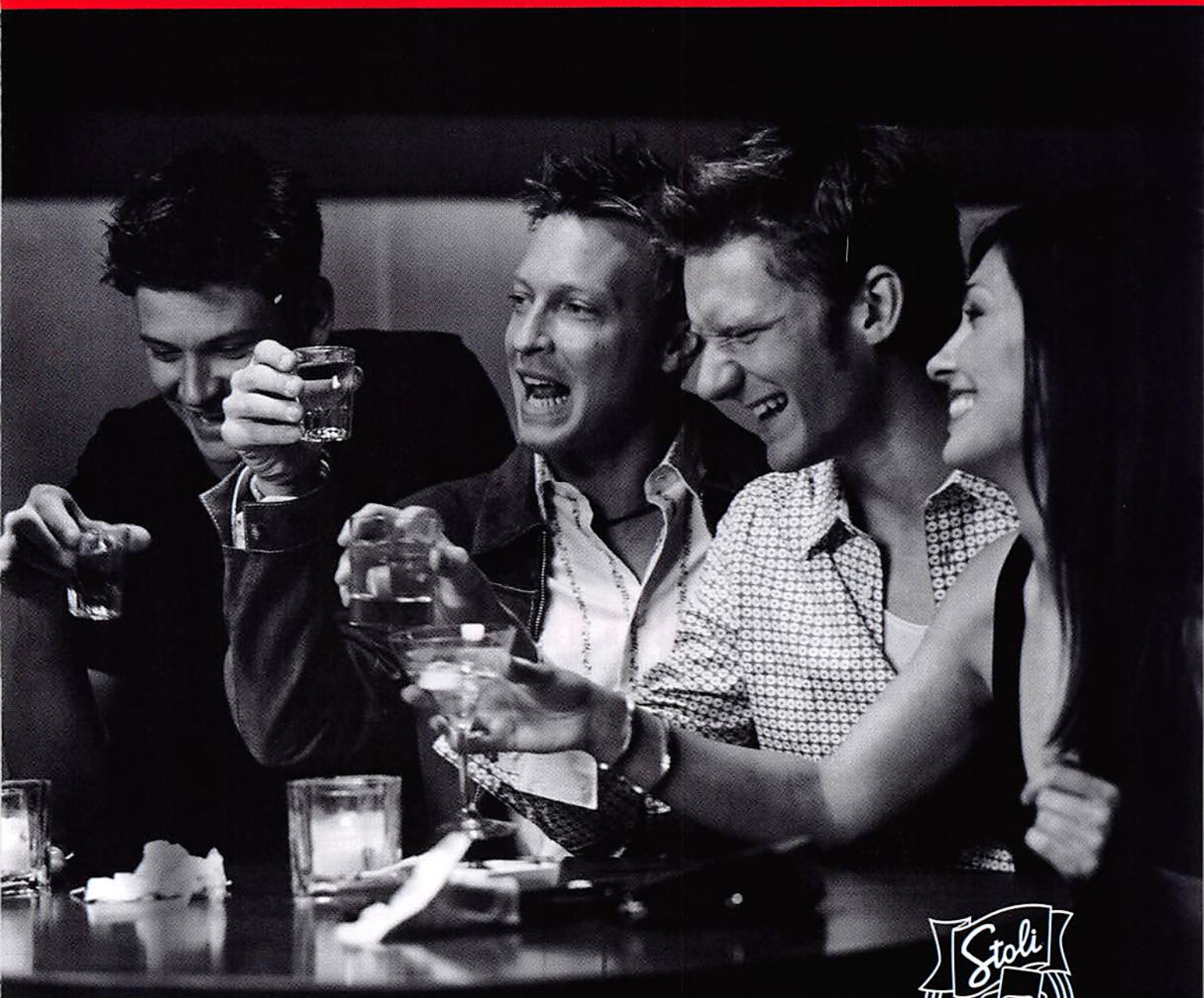

Is there anything not worth drinking to?

Stoli

Vazhna Mera
(Enjoy Stoli Responsibly.)

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RUSSIAN VODKA

WHO CARES?

"OK, ma'am. Which one tried to sell you bargain long-distance service?"

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all of your lined-up, swallowed-up, cut-up questions.

Q: Where do they get the *other* guys in police lineups?

A: Cash-strapped law enforcement agencies employ the cheapest labor they can find. No, not magazine editors—they use prisoners! "It's not like TV, where they put other cops in there," says LAPD homicide detective Bret Richards. "We just get regular inmates, then give them an extra lunch for doing it." The five jailbirds must share the suspect's sex and race; if possible, they also share other features, like tattoos or murder-crazed eyes. (About *half* of all wrongful convictions are found to be the direct result of idiot eyewitnesses fingering the wrong guy.) While blinded by floodlights, all six perps stand on a stage and turn in a circle before shouting lines like "Gimme the money!" or "Put your hands up!" or "As the CEO, I'm spending your 401(k) on a marble toilet for my summer house!" to jog the witness' memory. Then it's back to the big house.

Q: Could I live inside the belly of a whale?

A: Maybe, Ahab. But before you start taunting Moby Dick, keep in mind that you'd only survive long enough to wish you'd been ripped to pieces by a shark instead. "Larger whales do have stomachs big enough to fit a person," says Ken Ramirez, vice president of marine mammals at Chicago's Shedd Aquarium. "But they're not big caverns. It'd feel more like you're wrapped in a blanket soaked with acid." Just like when Uncle Chester tucked you in! Assuming you weren't crushed to death by the mammoth muscles pushing all the fishies and unlucky divers down the whale's esophagus, you'd be restricted to the air in your scuba tanks, since there's little oxygen in whale stomachs. Which, really, is all for the best. Corrosive stomach juices would begin irritating your skin even before you croaked, then turn your corpse into whale doo-doo within a week. Mmm…seafood.

"Careful, kids. Exiting the ride gets messy."

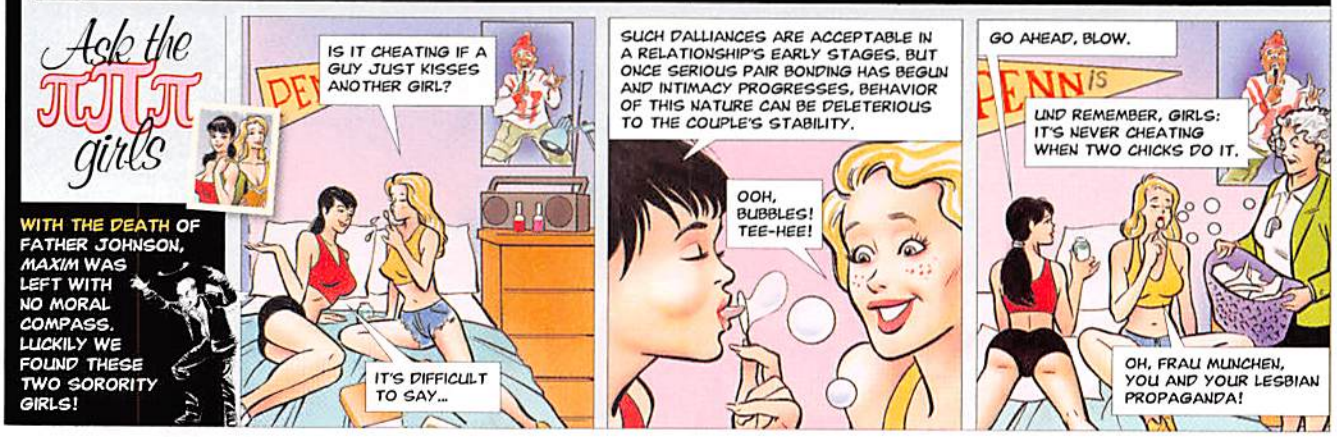
Q: How much of my body could be amputated without killing me?

A: This question was so demented we…had to answer it. Probably the most radical amputation procedure you could undergo would be a hemicorporectomy. Performed only once in the past 20 years (to remove cancer), the procedure involves hacking off the best parts of your lower body. "It takes out the bladder, rectum, anus, external genitals, bones of the pelvis, and legs," explains Dr. Kenneth Davis, professor of surgery at the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine. That doesn't mean you'd *have* to stop there. "As long as you have a functioning brain, heart, lungs, and liver, you could survive—in *theory*," Davis says. The bad news: You'd need to be fed intravenously and have most of your bodily functions performed by machines. The good news: You could fit into your skinny jeans!

"But I *still* feel fat."

GOT YOUR OWN DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS?
Send them to Ask Anything, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018, or e-mail ask@maximonline.com. Hurry up, colon breath!

MORAL AUTHORITY


Ask the ΠΠΠ girls
WITH THE DEATH OF FATHER JOHNSON, MAXIM WAS LEFT WITH NO MORAL COMPASS. LUCKILY WE FOUND THESE TWO SORORITY GIRLS!
IS IT CHEATING IF A GUY JUST KISSES ANOTHER GIRL?
IT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY...
SUCH DALLIANCES ARE ACCEPTABLE IN A RELATIONSHIP'S EARLY STAGES. BUT ONCE SERIOUS PAIR BONDING HAS BEGUN AND INTIMACY PROGRESSES, BEHAVIOR OF THIS NATURE CAN BE DELETERIOUS TO THE COUPLE'S STABILITY.
OOH, BUBBLES! TEE-HEE!
GO AHEAD, BLOW.
UND REMEMBER, GIRLS: IT'S NEVER CHEATING WHEN TWO CHICKS DO IT.
OH, FRAU MUNCHEN, YOU AND YOUR LESBIAN PROPAGANDA!

Circus Maximus/How To contributors: Mike Austin, Craig Better, Chris Connolly, Ky Henderson, Jessica Hundley, Steve Kandell, Dan Kraus, Marcy Smith, Hiroki Tada, Bahar Takhtehchian, Andrew Vontz, Jon Wilde. Life at ΠΠΠ House illustrations by Lyman Daily.

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It ain't no namby pamby fairyland, pal. It's a whole new kind of evil. Crawling with ruthless dictators, backstabbing allies and blood thirsty freaks with an appetite for extra rare meat. All pansies kindly tippy toe on out of here. This requires someone with serious ass-kicking savvy. And that someone, my friend, is Jak. This time he's pissed off and battle ready, with a frighteningly large gun, get-the-hell-outta-my-way hoverboard and a nasty case of mutant powers. So please, save yourself the detached appendages and let him handle it.

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"Poker? I barely even *know* her. Besides, she's dealing blackjack."

DEAL BLACKJACK

Don't know when to hold 'em *or* when to fold 'em? Then learn to deal 'em instead!

A dealer must do more than wear handsome tuxedo vests and hand out cards; he's an entertainer, a referee, a banker, a joker, and a midnight toker. You *could* drop hundreds on a fancy Ivy League dealing course, *or* you could save that money for the tables and pay attention.

1 MIX WELL

"The house has an edge on every hand," explains Roy Brennan, casino shift manager at the Palms in Las Vegas. "The more you deal, the more the casino makes." So you need to be quick. Open six new decks, lose the jokers, and spread half the cards across the table to mix them. Then repeat with the remaining half—this is "washing" the cards. "Anyone can learn to deal," Brennan says, "but personality keeps people at the tables." The players will instinctively see you as an adversary, so be cordial; that way they'll feel comfortable enough to blow their kids' college fund hitting on 17.

2 LOOSEN UP

Top dealers turn 500 hands *an hour*, so keep limber—hold your palms up, close your fingers one by one like unipedal Rockettes, then open them the same way (fig. A). Casinos vary in specific shuffling methods, but most take about 50 cards at a time, riffling the inside corners facing you so eagle-eyed gamblers can't see (fig. B). Offer a player the cut and put the cards in a shoe. Use your left pinkie to lift the rolling wedge and slide the card out with your left forefinger (fig. C). Quickly shift the card to your right hand, flipping it faceup in front of each player from left to right (fig. D). Yahtzee!

3 TURN TRICKS

Crazy as it sounds, scooping up money can get old. Flourishes offer a diversion and can increase tips. Try a ribbon spread during the shuffle: Hold as many cards as you can handle by the short edges in the right hand, thumb at one end and ring and middle fingers at the other. Place the left edge of the bottom card against the table and sweep to the right. Release pressure from bottom to top while using the forefinger to spread the cards in an even arc. To finish, slip the top card under the bottom and flip the spread in a smooth motion that, with luck, will make the floozies moisten in awe.

4 FIGHT CRIME

The dealer is a casino's first line of defense against fraud. You need to remember how many chips each player originally bet, lest they try and add to or take from the stack. Other devious deeds include the autistic's favorite, counting cards. This is notoriously hard to spot, but irregular betting patterns can be a tipoff. If you suspect malfeasance, discreetly tell the pit boss to "put an eye" on the player in question. Video cameras ensure that cheaters don't get away with anything twice, but let the security goons do the dirty work. God forbid you damage your dainty shuffling fingers!

Makeup, Sabrina Ziomi for Artists by Timothy Priano; hair, Rick Teal for Halley Resources; wardrobe, Denise Grieco; props, Dominique Baynes for Halley Resources

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADFORD NOBLE

OPEN YOUR OWN BAR

No longer welcome at your local watering hole? Take matters into your own trembling hands.

1. LICENSE TO SPILL

Imagine a magitastical place where the drinks are free and everybody knows your name. To make this dream come true, you'll need at least $100,000 **(1)** to start, but it's far from a safe investment; bars have about a 70 percent failure rate. Liquor licenses **(2)** generally run about $15,000, depending on the state, but don't crack open your piggy bank yet—the application process takes up to a year, even if you hire an "expediter" **(3)** to move things along for as much as $175…*an hour*. The state will do a background check, so if you have a rap sheet, plan on *not* getting that license. May we suggest a day-care center instead?

2. LOCATION, LOCATION

Tempting as it may be to set up shop in Mom's basement, cities have strict zoning laws. You'll bleed cash getting the place up to code and wired for electricity **(4)**, then set aside at least another 15 grand for insurance **(5)**. Think you want Five-O as far away from your den of iniquity as possible? Think again. "It's important to form a relationship with the police **(6)**, city council, and neighbors," says Eric James, owner of the White Lotus in Los Angeles. Go door to door assuring the community that your priority is to keep everyone safe and they'll be less likely to block your applications or shut you down on Goat Sacrifice Wednesdays.

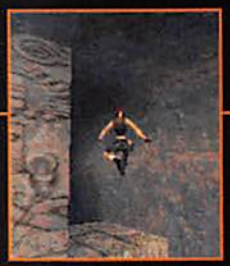
3. GET LOADED

Let's see, you've got the license, you've got the building…oh, yeah, booze! **(7)** Open an account with a local distributor to get all the hooch and neon signs you'll need. Hire a manager **(8)** to handle the day-to-day tasks, but be around, *sober*, to rule your minions with an iron fist. "Get a feel for these people, because you're trusting them with your business," James says. If you want Norm and Cliff to empty their wallets, hire a hot barmaid **(9)**, but also find one tough guy **(10)** in case you can't afford a bouncer. If you want to attract the velvet rope set, hire a promoter to deliver the pretty people. Also, buy a velvet rope. Cheers!

Illustration by rednosestudios.com

This is where
I got further with Lara
than anyone else.

TOMB RAIDER
Starring Lara Croft



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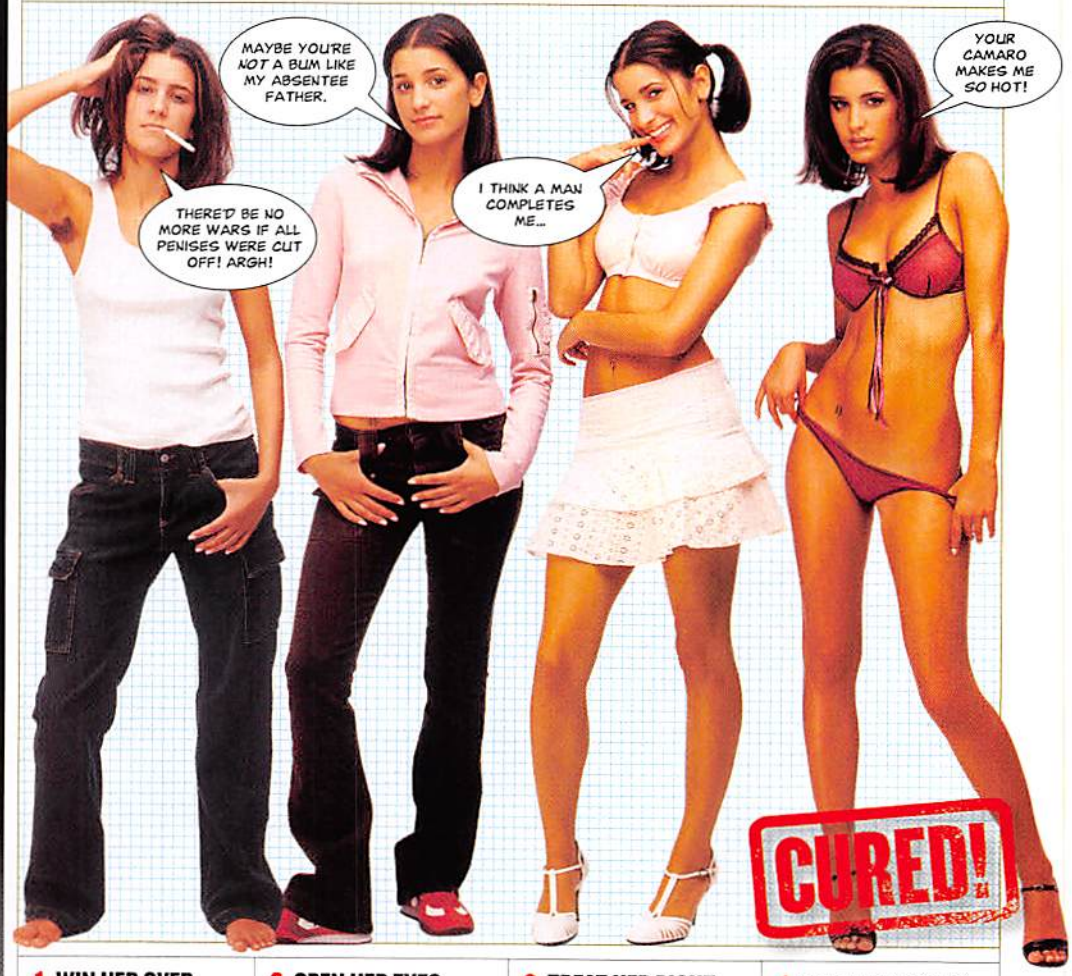
> HOW TO

CURE A FEMINIST

Turn an unshaven, militant, protesting vegan into an actual girl!


MAYBE YOU'RE NOT A BUM LIKE MY ABSENTEE FATHER.
THERE'D BE NO MORE WARS IF ALL PENISES WERE CUT OFF! ARGH!
I THINK A MAN COMPLETES ME...
YOUR CAMARO MAKES ME SO HOT!
CURED!

1. WIN HER OVER

A feminist is just like any other woman: She won't give you the time of day if you don't know how to approach her. To prove you're not part of the dreaded penisocracy, pretend to share her beliefs. But hide your lack of actual knowledge of feminist issues and show her how much you value her opinion by asking intelligent questions: "What must women do to earn equal pay for equal work?" or "Has Gloria Steinem's marriage hurt the feminist agenda?" or "Did you see *Cagney & Lacey* on Lifetime last night?"

2. OPEN HER EYES

Don't just wait for her to think differently—give her some options. Begin by discussing "lipstick" feminism, which is far more moderate than the combat-boot variety. "She can be a girly-girl and still be a feminist," explains Jennifer Baumgardner, coauthor of *Manifesta: Young Women, Feminism, and the Future*. "There's no need to eschew things like shopping, makeup, or boyfriends." Don't think she's ready for a *Maxim* subscription just yet? Sign her up for *Bust*, a feminist-lite mag that says women can be independent, strong, *and* relatively hairless.

3. TREAT HER RIGHT

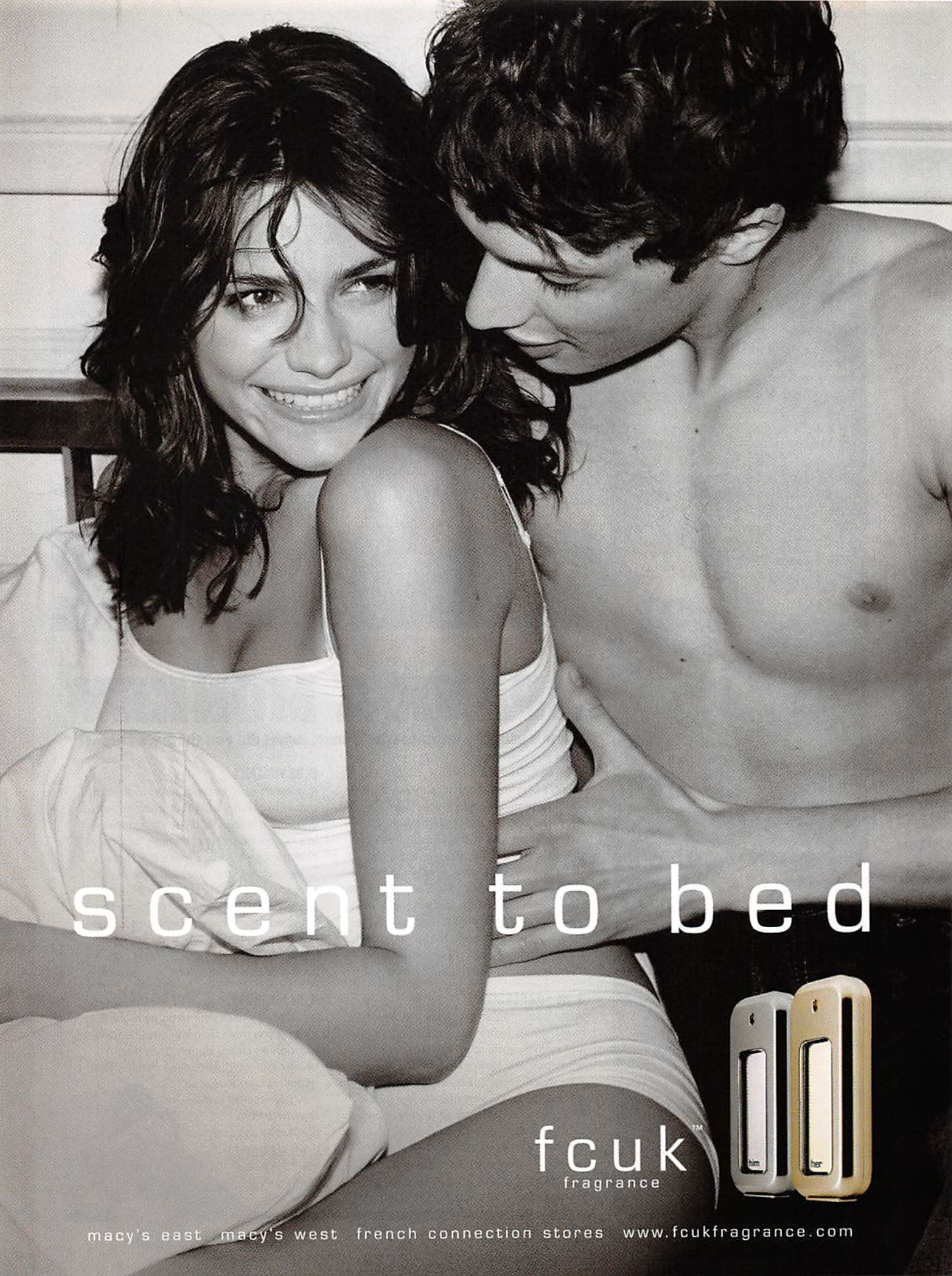
Once a relationship is established, you should treat a feminist just like you'd treat any other girl you're interested in, Baumgardner advises. As long as you're not overbearing, she won't object to your opening the occasional door or picking up a check. Next, unlock her repressed Malibu Barbie fantasies and buy her a tight tank top with FEMINIST printed on the chest from outspokenclothing.com. Tell her she looks great—but try to avoid phrases like "bodacious ta-tas."

4. SHIFT HER FOCUS

To preserve any chance of getting your chin buttered, you'll have to reshizzle her feminist-tinged interests so you can actually spend time with her. "Focus on the things you have in common," suggests Michele Weiner-Davis, author of *The Sex-Starved Marriage*. She likes pro softball? Take her to a major-league game. She's a staunch environmentalist? Go camping. She supports a woman's right to reject the outdated mores of our male-dominated society? Tell her to get closer to your mike.

Photographs, Andrew Kist; styling, Denise Grieco; hair and makeup, Ingeborg Kayser

Hey, who invited Prince?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The years have not been kind to Corey Haim

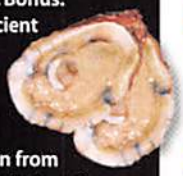
> HOW TO

ABSTAIN FROM SEX

Numb your love muscle *without* the aid of Novocain!

FOOL YOUR BODY

Since a cold shower will only cool you down until *Roseanne* comes back on, you'll need to take more drastic measures. Start by steering clear of foods high in zinc—oysters, nuts, zinc supplements, etc. Why? "Zinc is concentrated in semen," says Dr. Michael T. Murray, author of *Male Sexual Vitality*. "So when a zinc deficiency exists, the body responds by reducing sex drive." Other than that, do more of what you normally do. Drink, because alcohol numbs the nerves in your johnson and decreases testosterone. Lie on the couch, because exercise boosts testosterone levels, causing your libido to soar. Bonus: Once you're a fat, zinc-deficient waste of space, no woman will have you anyway!



FREE YOUR MIND

It'll be a lot easier to abstain from sex if you never think about it. Install an Internet porn blocker on your computer—download one for free at sexaddict.com—so you're not reminded of boot knockin' every time you e-mail the boss. Since guys desire sex most at night, take the natural sleep aid melatonin to knock you out. Still randy? Reduce your calorie intake by half. "You'll be so hungry your brain will be too busy thinking about food to think about sex," says Douglas Weiss, L.P.C., executive director of the Heart to Heart Counseling Center for sex addicts in Colorado Springs. Translation: Take it easy on the clams!

"You shall feel the sting of my wood!"

> HOW TO

SPANK A MONKEY

Show a naughty primate who's boss...what did you think we meant?

1. BE REASONABLE

First off, keep in mind that spanking the monkey should always be your last resort. Why? Not only are monkeys intelligent, feeling, downright adorable creatures who make excellent butlers; they're also much stronger than you and are known to hold grudges. So if you catch Mr. Teeny rearranging your figurine collection, simply scold him in a stern voice and threaten to stop making his favorite banana daiquiris. If the bad behavior continues, however, you'll simply have no choice but to manhandle your monkey.

2. BE VIGILANT

A spanked monkey tends never to trust the spanker again. To avoid this problem, be as gentle as possible. "Approach the monkey in a nonconfrontational manner," advises a primate supervisor at a major U.S. zoo who, for some reason, asked to remain anonymous. Avoid making eye contact, since it could make you appear threatening and expose your peepers to the monkey. (They tend to throw things, like shit, when agitated.) Angry monkeys also scream loudly; if that occurs, keep your hands the hell off your monkey.

3. BE AGGRESSIVE

When your monkey lets its guard down—a monkey will demonstrate submissiveness and calm by turning its back to you—be ready to strike. However, don't sneak up on your monkey, since the terrible surprise of the spanking will only make it fear and resent you forever. Instead, calmly approach your monkey, then pick it up in your hands—don't grab too tightly—and hold it in your lap. Dust off your spankin' paddle, crack your knuckles, and prepare to teach your monkey a lesson it won't soon forget.

4. BE MERCIFUL

Repeatedly whack your naughty monkey—it'll hurt you more than it'll hurt Cheetah—till the monkey clearly understands that it's being dominated. A spanked monkey will typically cower in fear, so you may have to wait awhile—anywhere from 10 minutes to an hour, depending on its age—for your monkey to spring to life again.

"Spank *my* monkey? Never!"

Illustrations, Dave Hine

Becareful.

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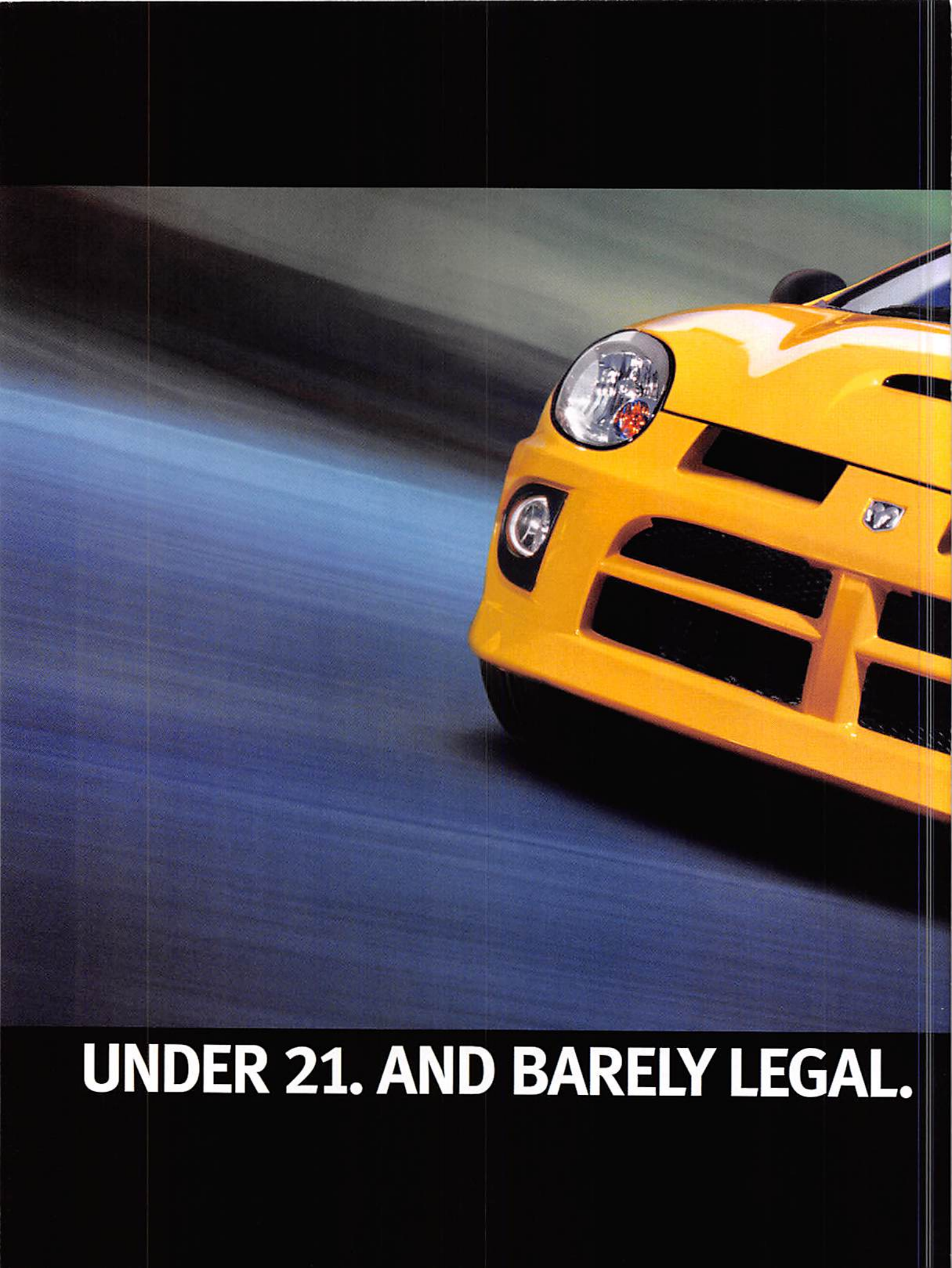
Drinking a shot with friends should be enjoyable. So please be careful.


UNDER 21. AND BARELY LEGAL.

GRAB LIFE BY THE HORNS

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See, we really all just get along

Rookie Monsters

Keep your King! Darko Milicic and Carmelo Anthony will change the future of the NBA. INTERVIEWS BY TIM STRUBY

We don't care what the league PR flacks say: The NBA is in trouble. Television ratings are sagging lower than David Stern's man-titties. Kobe's an eyewitness away from entering Sing Sing's three-point salad-tossin' competition. And every May a different Eastern Conference stooge rolls over like the Washington Generals.

But there is hope! And his name is not LeBron "King" James. As good as the $90 million man-child might be, he can't breathe life into this apathetic league of teenage one-on-one machines by himself. First off, he's a high school drop-in. And of the 22 prom babies drafted into the NBA, only Kobe has a ring; Jonathan Bender and Bill Willoughby are the only others who've even seen the NBA Finals.

But while James is all potential, the guys picked right behind him this year are proven studs. Like that famous Magic-Bird rivalry the league pulled out of its hat to escape the cocaine-snorting, arena-emptying depression of the late '70s, Darko Milicic and Carmelo Anthony are poised to reinvent the NBA.

Darko, taken second overall by the Detroit Pistons, is the highest European draft pick in NBA history. Just 18 and already dominant internationally, the seven-foot, left-handed Serbian has three-point range and a nasty disposition. Motown fans will soon know him as Bill Laimbeer with a post-up game.

If mature skills and killer instinct make Darko a lock, then Carmelo's a reinforced steel door. The 19-year-old Most Valuable Player of the 2003 NCAA Final Four can shoot, handle, pass, defend, and talk nastier trash than a trailer-park picnic.

Both were raised in tough circumstances: Darko amid one of the most brutal civil wars in modern history; Carmelo on the drug-ridden Baltimore streets that inspired HBO's *The Wire*. And while each is quick to say that they're not rivals, we didn't hook up with these guys to hear a load of lovey-dovey crap.

It's elbow-throwing time, boys!

'I shook David Stern's hand and thought, Man, this guy sure is short.'

What's the first thing you did after being drafted?

Carmelo: I hugged my mother.

Darko: I kissed my father.

Edge: Carmelo

And after that?

Carmelo: I shook Commissioner David Stern's hand and realized that he's a heck of a lot shorter than he looks on TV.

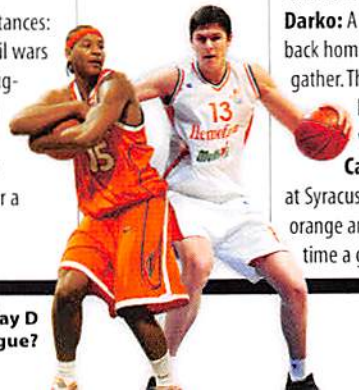
Darko: I went straight out and partied all night . . . until the sun came up.

Edge: Darko

What's the funniest thing a groupie has ever done to get your attention?

Darko: A friend was driving me around back home recently, and a crowd started to gather. Then this one girl, a real beautiful blonde, jumped on the car while it was still moving.

Carmelo: Man, most of the groupies at Syracuse were guys who painted their faces orange and white! But there was this one time a girl flashed me in class . . . and I ▶



Does anyone play D in this league?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW BRUSSO

was so focused on the lecture I didn't even pay much attention to her.

Edge: Darko, by a Serbian mile

You'll both lose more games this season than you have in your entire lives. How are you going to handle that?

Carmelo: Playing for the Denver Nuggets is just the beginning of a long process. As long as I keep improving as a player and we keep improving as a team, winning will follow.

Darko: Lose? That will not happen!

Edge: Darko

What kind of success do you predict for your teams this season?

Darko: We've got a good team in Detroit. I think we could make it far into the playoffs.

Carmelo: I predict we'll get new jerseys. Nice light blue jerseys that bring out my eyes.

Edge: Even

And three years from now?

Carmelo: In three years we're going to be one of the best and most exciting young teams in the NBA.

Darko: I don't care about being exciting. In three years I want that big ring on my finger.

Edge: Darko

Slow down, big man. Before you can think about a championship, you're gonna need a nickname. Every NBA stud has one...Big Dog, the Answer, Shaq Diesel. What's yours?

Darko: Surda. He's a Yugoslavian movie character, and everyone thinks I look like him.

Carmelo: People call me Melo.

Edge: Sometimes there are no losers...this is the opposite of that.

Surda and Melo, if you could endorse any product (which means getting it for free), what would it be?

Carmelo: A *Maxim* endorsement would be nice, 'cause I could finally get into the *Maxim* parties. But a hot car would be cool, too.

Darko: I don't even have a driver's license. So I'll say Apple computers. I love that tech stuff.

Edge: Carmelo leaves him in the dust.

If you were forced to, how would you guard yourself on the court?

Darko: No idea. I've been working out, and I'm up to about 260 pounds, so I know it would be very difficult.

Carmelo: Guard me? I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you!

Edge: Carmelo

What player would you most like to slam one down on this year?

Carmelo: Anybody! I'm ready to go.

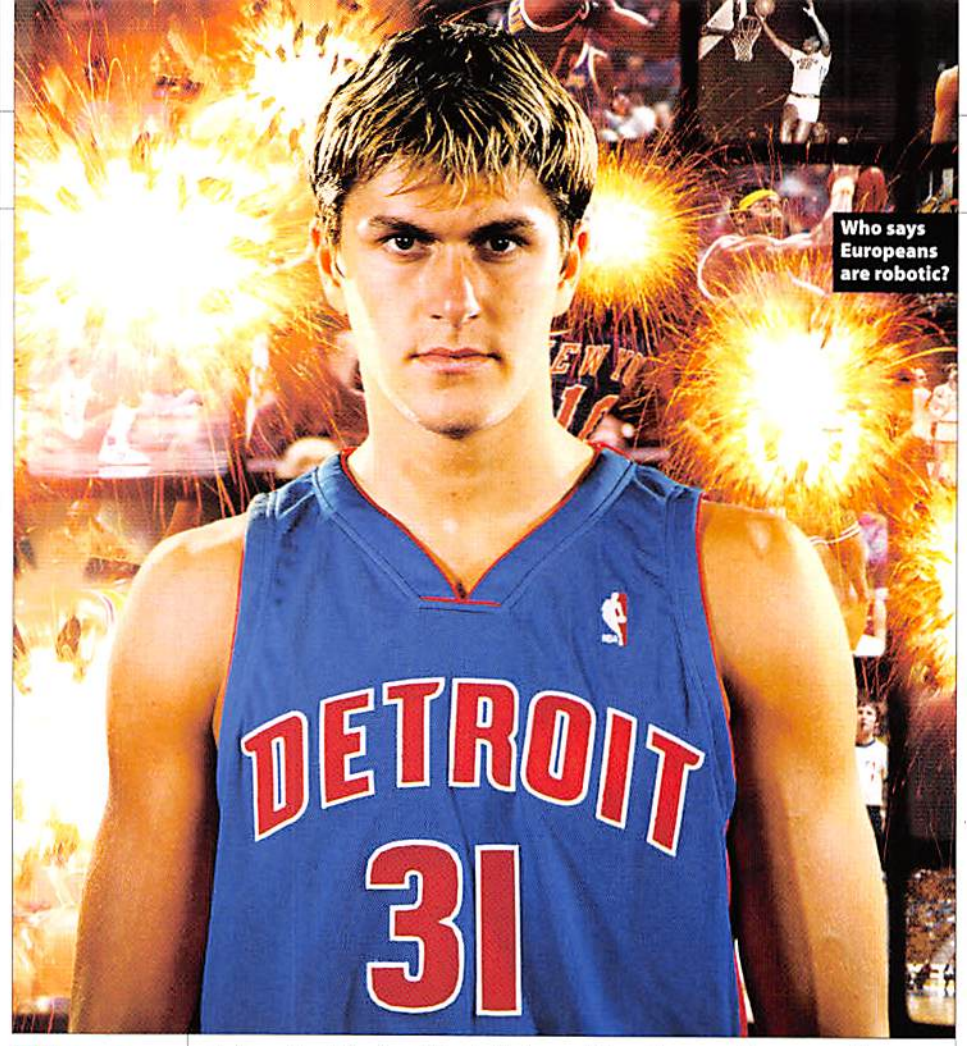
Darko: Zoran Planinic of the New Jersey Nets. He's a friend of mine. And if you can't dunk on your friends, who can you dunk on?

Edge: Darko

Would you rather win the slam-dunk or three-point contest?

Carmelo: Definitely the three-point contest. If you can shoot, everything else gets easier.

Darko: Slam-dunk. It's more exciting. In Yugoslavia, basketball is only business. ▶



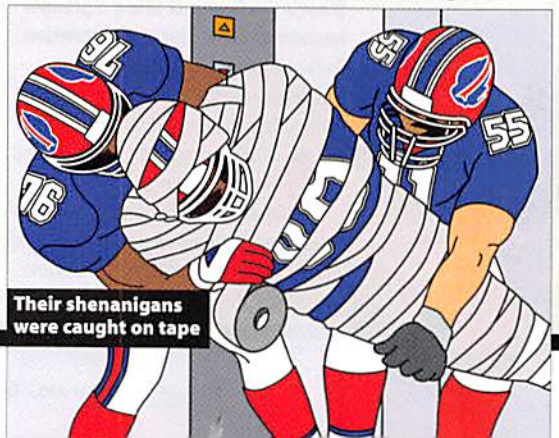
Who says Europeans are robotic?

'This year: playoffs. But three years from now I want that big ring on my finger.'

GAME TIME

ROOKIE HAZING

Every decade rookies get richer and hazing gets more pathetic. What's the world coming to?


Their shenanigans were caught on tape

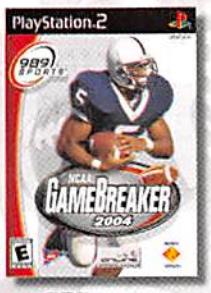
1977
Victim: Wayne Gretzky, Sault St. Marie Greyhounds
Humiliation: Forced into a car with six other naked rookies, the Great One and his fellow freaks were quickly arrested for indecent exposure and hauled down to the police station. Shortly after that, Gretzky lost his original nickname: the Big Unit.

1980s
Victim: Buffalo Bills
Humiliation: Every year veterans Fred Smerlas and Jim Haslett would tape up one rookie like a mummy and toss him in front of an elevator door. "The door just kept hitting 'em," teammate Reggie McKenzie recalls. "Slide, thunk; slide, thunk." Why no screams for help? Tape...lots of tape.

1998
Player: Cameron Cleeland, N.O. Saints
Humiliation: Forced to play for the Saints, and run through a gauntlet of veterans, Cleeland was punched, kicked, and slammed in the face with a bag of coins till the sack of fluid around his retina detached. Standard Saints procedure just calls for a bag over the head.

2002
Victim: Josh Beckett, Florida Marlins
Humiliation: With the days of fungo enemas and dip-spit bukkake sadly over, Beckett was forced to fly on a commercial flight from Florida to Los Angeles in a hula dancer's grass skirt and coconut bra. The worst part? He was still better looking than the flight attendants.

NCAA GAMEBREAKER 2004



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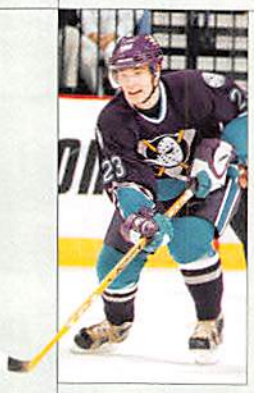
THE 21 CLUB

YOUNG GUNS

They'll see champagne showers before they can even booze.

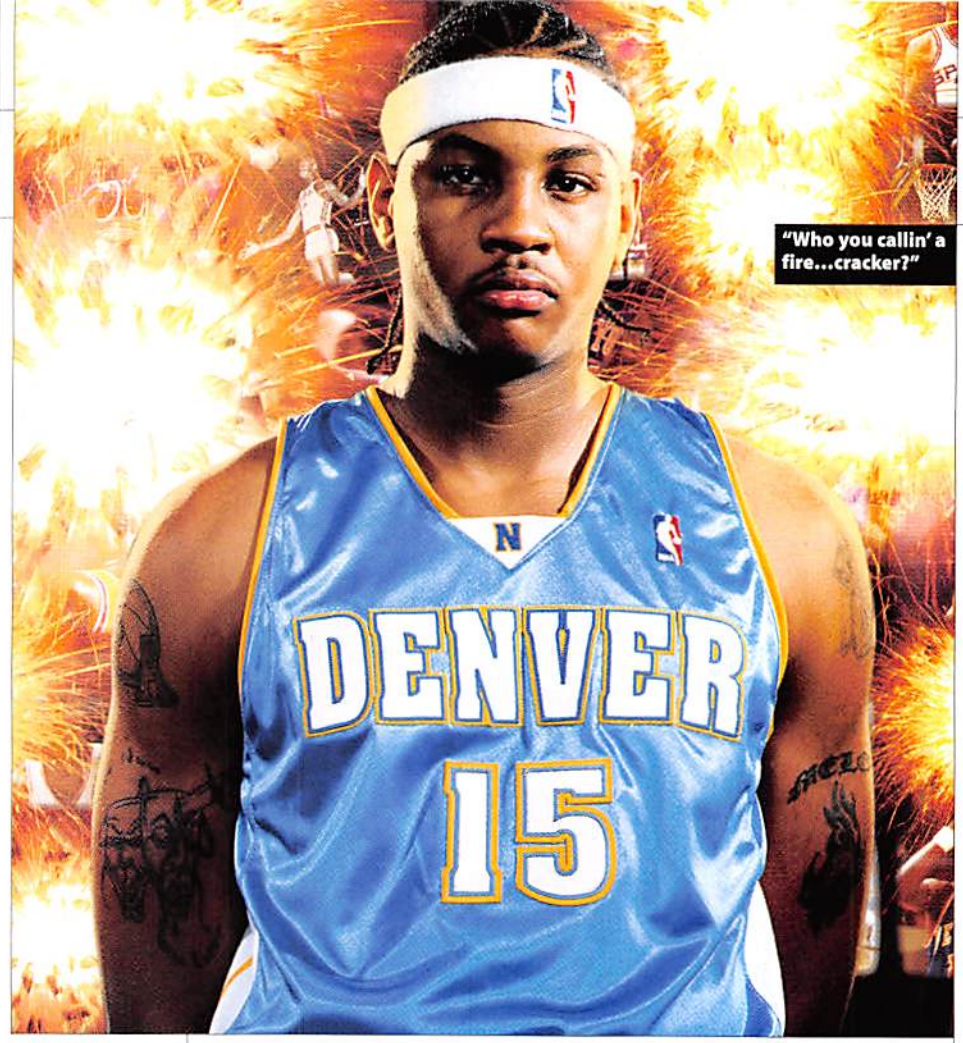


■ **STANISLAV CHISTOV** How good is the 20-year-old Mighty Ducks forward? His Russian team had him drafted into the army for two years to keep him from leaving for the NHL. His first NHL season? Stanley Cup finals.

■ **FRANCISCO BOJADO** "There's nobody who can stop me but myself," boasts the 20-year-old welterweight everyone is scared to fight. And with an 11-1 record (nine KOs) only one man can argue. Rematch: November 22.

■ **JOSE REYES** "Reyes can be a Nomar Garciaparra," Norfolk Tides GM Dave Rosenfeld says of the 20-year-old shortstop. "But Jose runs better." That's like saying Gisele Bundchen is Heidi Klum with a better rack...and having photos to prove it.

■ **JIMMY CLAUSEN** What's it feel like to be 14 years old and about to graduate into superstardom? Ask Jimmy. Division I scouts are already stalking this 6'3" 185-pound QB. And the kid just started high school. Now recruiting for prom.



"Who you callin' a fire...cracker?"

'How would I guard me? I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you!'

You lose a game and your teammates don't speak to you for two days. Here the competitiveness is much more laid-back. Much more fun.

Edge: Darko

Apart from breakin' ankles, what part of your game needs the most work?

Darko: Definitely defense.

Carmelo: Three-point shooting. That and magazine interviews.

Edge: Carmelo

Maybe you're not preparing properly. How do you get ready for a game?

Carmelo: Actually, the first thing I do is flip through the pages of *Maxim*.

Darko: Sleep.

Edge: The brown-noser

Who's your favorite NBA legend?

Darko: Definitely Magic Johnson, because he was so unselfish. He was a guard and I'm a power forward, so I'll play more like Tim Duncan. But it's Magic's style I like.

Carmelo: MJ. You'd be a fool not to say him.

Edge: Even

Darko, you gonna take that? Each of you versus LeBron James: Who wins?

Darko: No idea. We'd have to play first.

Carmelo: Me!

Edge: Carmelo

Who's going to win the 2003–04 Rookie of the Year award?

Carmelo: I think I can win it. And I'm sure every other first-rounder thinks he can win it. If you don't have confidence, you're going to have a tough time making it in this league.

Darko: I'm gonna try. I'm hoping to average 13 points, four assists, and eight rebounds a game. That's my goal.

Edge: Even

OK, enough of this politically correct crap! Would you rather be a superstar on a losing team or the sixth man on a winning team?

Carmelo: Superstar.

Darko: Definitely sixth man on a winner.

Edge: The honest guy

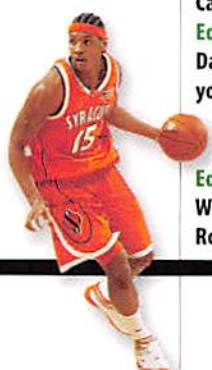
If you had a choice between a month on a tropical island with a smokin'-hot movie star—we're thinking of Beyoncé Knowles—or have Shaq on your team, which would you choose?

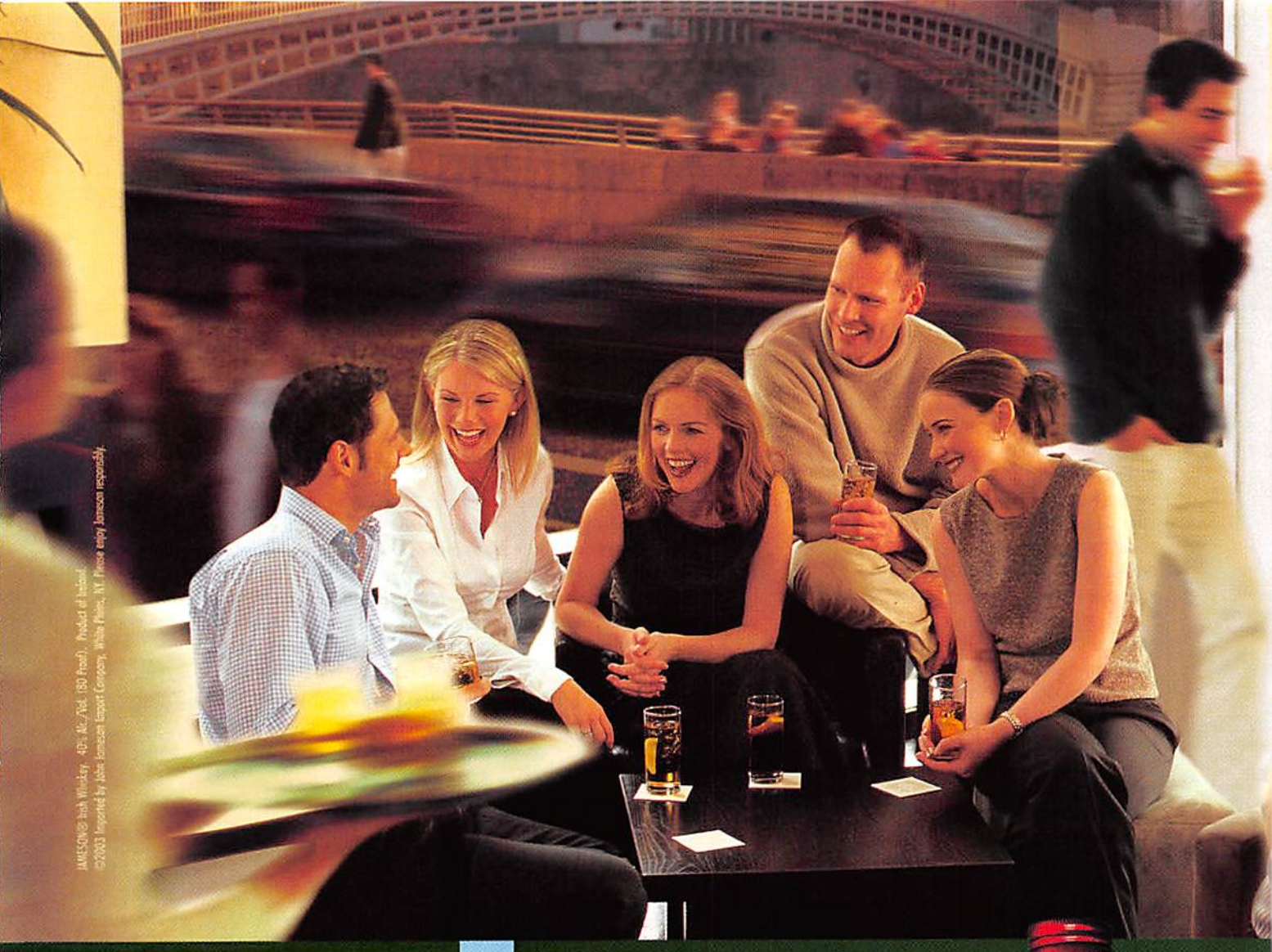
Carmelo: Shaq. *[laughs]* You're definitely gonna win with Shaq. Girls...they're gonna come anyway.

Darko: I'll take the movie star!

Edge: Attaboy, Darko!

Deadlocked at 7-7! What say we settle this like filthy rich rookies—in a $160 million arena on March 6 (the Nuggets and Pistons first meeting of 2004). First guy to pants Ben Wallace wins! M





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"He-e-e-y, Macarena!"

Ask Dr. Maxim

Inflaming the limp-wristed, checking out early, and juicing issues. Plus, science supports your oral fixation. **BY ESTHER CRAIN**

My forearms ache so much I can barely play Xbox all night. Tell me—is this the dreaded carpal tunnel syndrome?

Not unless you've felt intense aching for months. If the pain's new, you probably have tendinitis—the first stage of a stress injury that can eventually progress to full-blown carpal tunnel. "Tendinitis happens when the tendons in the wrist become inflamed due to overuse," says Todd Schlifstein, M.D., a physiatrist at New York University Medical Center. "It has symptoms similar to carpal tunnel—numbness, pain, or tingling from the forearm to the fingers—but it's not as severe, because permanent damage hasn't set in."

The fast forearm fix: Lay off any activity that involves repetitive hand motions—gaming, typing, giving drivers the finger, knitting, and, yes, slapping the salami. (This is a good time to lobby for a pity blow job. . . see next page.) To ease the ache, wrap a hot towel or heating pad around your forearms and/or wrists. And when you do have to use your mitts, keep them at a straight- to limp-wristed level so your knuckles don't sit higher than your forearms. "Bending your wrists upward puts pressure on the tendon all over again," says Schlifstein.

After a few weeks, your limbs should be pain-free, so you can to enter the Matrix again. If they're still sore, check in with your doc. You may have a more advanced case of tendinitis, which could require a brace or prescription painkillers (yes!) to help cure it. If it does turn out to be carpal tunnel, look on the bright side: paid time off from work to "recover," courtesy of a sweet little state government program called workers' comp. *SportsCenter* and those handy meds will help you while away the hours away from Xbox.

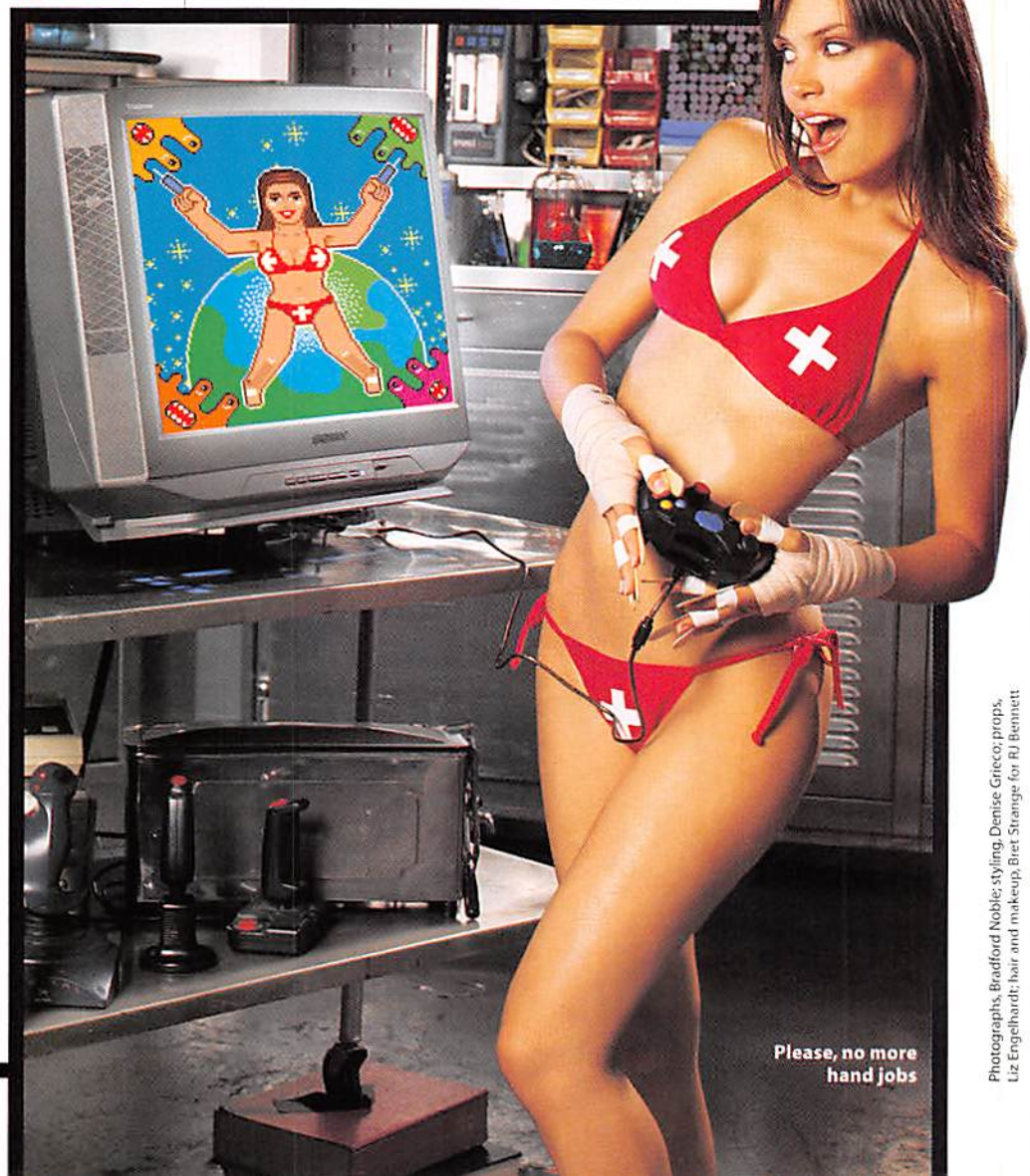
I'm only 25. Do I really need an annual physical?

You mean, do you need to let a hairy-handed M.D. fondle you and ask to hear you cough? Nah. In the 1970s a panel of physicians concluded that it was pointless for otherwise healthy adults to submit to a general prodding every year. (At least someone spent the decade doing something other than coke.) "The average exam turned out to be long on time-consuming tests and short on results," says Clifford Dacso, M.D., professor of medicine at Baylor College of Medicine. Unfortunately, you don't get to skip out on a yearly pit stop. The docs recommend getting tested for specifics, which at least makes it faster—and usually cheaper for you—than a head-to-toe checkup.

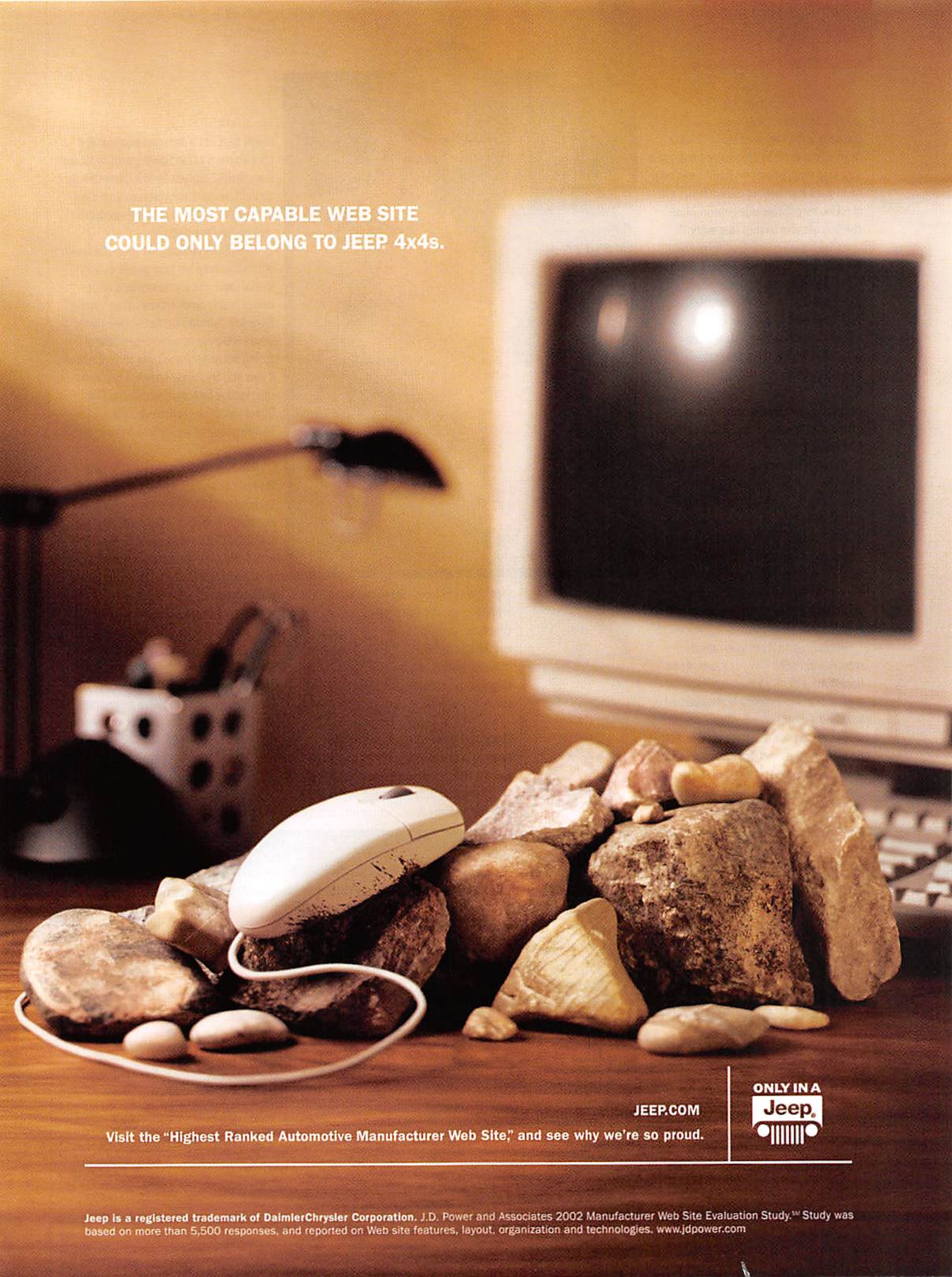
So make an annual appointment with your local quack, then pick the tests you need. At the bare minimum, have an annual blood pressure test and flu shot, and get your cholesterol and blood sugar tested every five years, says Gary Bucher, M.D., medical director of Kronos Optimal Health Company. Then figure out what you need based on your risky behaviors. If you can't stay away from bus station skanks, for example, ask for an STD swab. Jailhouse tattoos? Get checked for hep. Then take into account your family health history and get any preventive tests you need. If the last five generations of the family spawn have dropped dead from spinal cancer, it may be time to stop ignoring that grapefruit-size growth on your back.

Like most things, your visits to the doctor are going to take longer as you age. Sometime between 30 and 40, says Bucher, you should get a CBC (blood count), homocysteine levels and C-reactive protein tests (both are related to heart disease), a TSH test (to make sure your thyroid's in check), urinalysis (to make sure you're not pregnant or otherwise ▶

Fudge or carpal—choose your tunnel nightmare.


Please, no more hand jobs

Photographs, Bradford Noble; styling, Denise Grieco; props, Liz Engelhardt; hair and makeup, Bret Strange for RJ Bennett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screwed), and a baseline EKG. At 35 add a heart scan if you're in a high-risk group and a lung scan if you've ever smoked...anything. At 40 you'll start getting colonoscopies and checking for prostate enlargement. Make sure you get your tetanus shot every 10 years. From then on it's standard geezer doc visits and the chance to bore the shit out of the relatives with stories about your goiter and gall bladder troubles. Yeah, it sounds like a lot, but even at its worst an annual test-a-thon is still less painful than a day at the mall with the missus.

Is it true diet soda contains a chemical that's used in embalming the dead?

Judging from how well-preserved it's kept the soda-swilling stars of Hollywood, pop might actually *be* embalming fluid. But there is some truth to this urban myth: The artificial sweetener in most diet sodas, aspartame, breaks down into methanol and formaldehyde once inside the body. And as every *Six Feet Under* fan knows, both chemicals are in the embalming fluid that keeps corpses minty fresh.

Of course, it's not like your calorie-conscious girlfriend is slowly mummifying herself. Actually, only a tiny amount of methanol and formaldehyde are produced in soda, and a couple of molecules of the stuff won't turn you into a cadaver, explains Ruth Kava, Ph.D., director of nutrition at the American Council of Science and Health. "Methanol is a common by-product of many foods, including fruits and vegetables," she says. "Plenty of foods contain natural or artificial chemicals that break down into dangerous-sounding substances that have no effect on health." Well, OK—it's good to know aspartame only *tastes* like poison. But stay away from the banana daiquiris—that shit'll kill you dead.

Sweetener turns into methanol and formaldehyde in the body.

My girl refuses to swallow; she says it's unhealthy. What can I tell her to the contrary? Please hurry!

Tell her your baby batter also makes a damn fine energy drink. "Semen isn't exactly health food, but it does contain sugar and trace amounts of electrolytes, with no fat and few calories," explains Sandor Gardos, Ph.D., clinical sexologist at mypleasure.com. Even better, man-paste has protein—perfect if she's on the Zone diet!

Thing is, it's probably not really the health effects that keep her from guzzling your special sauce. This phenomenon is what's known in elite medical circles as an "excuse." Some just don't like the taste of the paste. Others want you to cultivate the habit of pulling out so they won't gag on your ammo if your gun fires unexpectedly. A few won't chug spooge for fear of catching an STD. Others just think swallowing is gross. Can't understand why? Try choking down a tablespoon yourself.

Your best strategy starts with getting at the real reason she's refusing your country gravy, to see if it's something you can address. If it's really the taste that bugs her, avoid acidic foods like asparagus and coffee, which can sour your sex cream. Promise to warn her before you blow if she's worried you'll trigger her gag reflex. And if it's disease she's worried about, says Gardos, "use a condom so you reduce the chance she'll contract an STD you may not even know you have." Or offer to get STD-tested. And if none of these convince her to go for your Big Gulp? Let her spit it out. What do you care what she does with the product after you make your delivery? M

GOT A HEALTH QUESTION?
Submit your questions on the Grit channel at **maximonline.com.**

SMOKIN' HERBS

Earl Mindell, M.D., author of *Prescription Alternatives*, suggests these substitutes for drugstore drugs.*

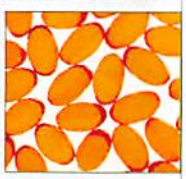
HANGOVER HELPER
Instead of: Denny's
Try: Feverfew
What it does: Fights headaches by preventing the constriction of blood vessels in the brain, renewing insatiable thirst for alcohol. Phew!

SEXUAL STIMULANT
Instead of: Viagra
Try: Yohimbine
What it does: Straightens your pool cue. May also increase blood pressure and psychotic episodes. Just like your girlfriend!

GERM KILLER
Instead of: Robitussin
Try: Echinacea
What it does: Mondo infection fighter (great after a night of swapping fluids), it may also ease raspy cold and flu symptoms.

CANCER FIGHTER
Instead of: Extra-crunchy veganism
Try: Garlic
What it does: If you scarf carcinogens like charred red meat and fast-food fries, it may prevent heart disease *and* scare vampires.

BRAIN BOOSTER
Instead of: College
Try: Ginkgo biloba
What it does: Can't remember her last name? Ginkgo increases blood flow to the brain, improving memory, concentration, and bullshitting powers.



PROSTATE SHRINKER
Instead of: Anal probes
Try: Saw palmetto
What it does: Keeps your prostate from blowing up like a balloon and making you set up shop in the can.

HEART STRENGTHENER
Instead of: Exercise
Try: Hawthorn
What it does: Fights plaques that gunk up blood vessels, leaving more room for pork rinds and lard cakes.
—*Lisa Lee Freeman*

*Check with your doc first. Some of these herbs could interact with your current assortment of meds.

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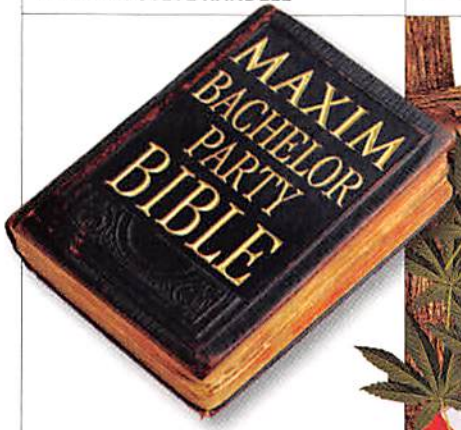
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JASON TANAKA BLANEY

Canada: for those stag party thrills too dirty and dangerous to do at home. BY STEVE KANDELL

Book 3: Vancouver



What would you do if you knew you were about to die, or, even worse, get married? Blow bong hits in a cop's face? Do body shots off ridiculously hot bikini-clad girls? Jump out of an airplane? Us too!

That's why we made the third stop in our bachelor-party parade the cheapest, most morally slack outpost in the civilized world: Vancouver, British Columbia. Rules are so lax in this town that women can marry other women (yay!), and local-burnout-made-good Tommy Chong passes out (trophies) at area awards shows. Seriously.

Which makes Vancouver the perfect place to show your betrothed buddy all the fun he'll never be allowed to have again. Maybe that explains why our legs are dangling from a 30-year-old Pilatus Porter plane riddled with bullet holes picked up in Nam. Fact is, being trapped in this plane must be what marriage feels like: You enter with high hopes—more or less voluntarily—then realize there's no escape without risk of significant personal trauma. In fact, the screeching sound the door makes when it opens 12,000 feet above western Canada farmland sounds suspiciously like, "By the power vested in me..."

Canadian bakin'

One great thing about throwing a bachelor party in Vancouver is that Canada's economy is in the shitter—that means you get first-world digs at third-world prices. So, rather than stay at the fleabag dumps that fit our budget stateside, we check into the Opus Hotel in the trendy Yaletown district. The Opus has one of those swanky bars where people who live in Vancouver come to pretend they don't, but we won't linger here for long—Vancouver bars stay open until 4 A.M., and we have only two days to slam as much dirt-cheap Molson down our gullets as we possibly can.

Did we mention the drinking age is 19? With that (and other borderline illegalities) in mind, we hit Shine, a club at the mouth of Vancouver's wellspring of gorgeous nymphettes. Tonight is '80s night, so Todd does his best Judd Nelson imitation by putting out cigarettes on his forearm and telling girls that they're "pushing maximum density."

But there's too much ganja in this town to waste time chasing phone numbers we'll never call because we've lost our short-term memory. Since Vancouver has all but decriminalized pot, we grab two coeds and head straight for our new home away from home: Blunt Bros. Good luck finding a place like this in your town—unless you're reading this in Holland *(dag sloerie!)*. Tucked away in the seedy (by Vancouver standards... which is to say not seedy at all) Gastown neighborhood, Blunt Bros. isn't a pot café in the Amsterdam sense. You can't buy space cakes or sticky bud at the counter, but you're ▶

B.C. DOES IT

Vancouver by the numbers.

19 Legal drinking age... in years.

100,000 Yearly visitors to Wreck Beach, the only place in Vancouver where chicks can legally sunbathe nude.

PERRY MAN

PERRY WOMAN

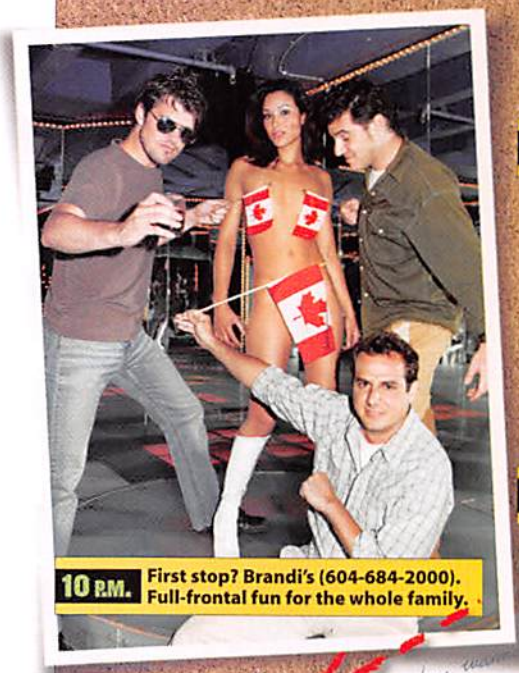
by Perry Ellis

THE BON MARCHÉ • BURDINES • MACY'S WEST • RICH'S • LAZARUS • GOLDSMITH'S

TRAVEL ADVISORY

O, CANADA

Our 10-step program to bachelor party bliss.



10 P.M. First stop? Brandi's (604-684-2000). Full-frontal fun for the whole family.

1 A.M. Section 3 (604-684-2777) is the best eats in town. Food, perv!

10 A.M. Boardroom Wake School (604-985-3833, ext 238). Hottie sold separately.

???? Forget everything you've ever done at Blunt Bros. (604-682-5868).

5 P.M. Whistler (604-932-3434) is North America's fiercest mountain. Fore!

4 P.M. Hummers for everyone! All Terrain Adventures (604-984-2374).

1 P.M. Nothing crashes faster than biking high (604-998-4253).

12 P.M. Nothing gets you higher than a HeliJet (604-273-4688).

3 P.M. Feel safe in the strong arms of a man. Skydive Vancouver (604-856-8404).

2 P.M. Still breathing? Call First Flight Paragliding (604-988-1111).

welcome to get as high as you want and entertain yourself. In other words, the place doubles as stoner heaven with enough munchies, video games, and leather couches to satisfy any pothead's craving for flashing colors and total inertia.

Two pans of brownies and endless games of foosball later, we step outside to see if we remember how to use a cell phone. As Alex hands me the tampon-size joint from which he's been dragging for the past half-hour, we're distracted by the sight of a goofy-looking man in a corny rent-a-cop uniform.

"Mornin', fellas," the Mountie says cheerily.

Alex looks at me, the brownie crumbs crusted on his lips glistening. "It's Dudley Do-Right," he whispers. Very loudly.

"Mornin'. . . officer," I reply.

The Mountie tips his hat at Alex, who promptly blows two thick lungfuls of pot smoke into the cop's face.

Crash and churn

Once wifey starts makin' babies and the mortgage payments start kicking in, risking life, limb, and jail time won't have quite the same appeal. So it's important for you to encourage your buddy to indulge in some extreme stupidity before his death march down the aisle. Luckily, since Vancouver is lousy with lakes and mountains, there's plenty of opportunity for boneheaded behavior.

In a span of what we think is a few hours—time has gotten blurry for some reason—we take turns riding wake boards dragged from the back of a boat in North ▶

B.C. DOES IT

>35 Approximate percentage of Vancouver's population between ages 25 and 45.

>82 Percentage of Canadians who favor decriminalizing pot.

SHIFT INTO SOMETHING MORE LETHAL

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Vancouver's Deep Cove. Then we indulge in a little taste of suicide that goes by the name of wake surfing. This brilliant "sport" involves surfing behind a boat without a rope, using the boat's wake as a never-ending wave—and paying no attention to that churning motor two feet away. Fortunately, this is an activity that actually gets easier with massive beer intake. By the end of the afternoon, we're pros...or at least drunk enough to think so.

Back on dry land, we go mountain biking (read: crash every 10 feet and quit to smoke more dope) down insanely treacherous trails on Grouse Mountain, just a short helicopter ride from downtown. Nature can be fun!

T&A, eh?

Don't let all the big talk about beautiful scenery or thrill-seeking give you the wrong impression: Vancouver's got plenty of strip clubs for the bachelor-party traditionalist. And since almost all are topless and bottomless—you listening, New Orleans?—peeler bars are far and away the most important part of the city's nightlife. According to us.

Due to its prominent role in celebrated recent events, Brandi's Exotic Nightclub is all abuzz when we show up. Seems Ben Affleck rolled in a few nights earlier and got himself in Dutch with the ol' lady. What do we learn after 46 lap dances? That stereotype about Canadians being polite is completely true, so when paying a stranger to grind her genitalia against you, always remember to say "please" and "thank you." And remember, as Affleck (and Todd) will never admit, these girls might come home with you, but they won't accept your dirty hush money. Good thing we're able to keep a secret, huh?

Road trip!

Incredibly, we've been north of the border for less than 24 hours and have already jumped off the side of a mountain, out of a plane, into a smoke-filled haze, and onto a stage full of strippers...and we still haven't seen Vancouver's biggest attraction. An hour and a half away is one of the most popular ski resorts in North America: Whistler. Even in the few weeks a year that aren't skiable—snowboarders shred the back country through August—there's plenty to keep a group of drunks sufficiently imperiled. For those sissies too pathetic for helicopter skiing through waist-deep powder, there's snowmobiling, dogsledding, or sitting by a fire smoking bales of quasi-legal weed until your friends come back. Although the 4 A.M. rule hasn't made it out to Whistler yet, big clubs like Maxx Fish and Garfinkel's are packed with women, even in summer.

Better yet, unlike your soon-to-be-wed friend, we don't have a fiancée waiting back home, or future in-laws, or two shits to give about throwing away our meaningless lives. So for our next debauched, sex-filled, death-defying, all-play-and-no-work field trip, we're going to stick close to home. Stop Number 4? New Yawk City.

See ya in heaven! M

LOCAL LORE

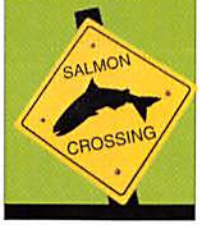
NORTHERN LIGHTS

Get the straight dope from the wild pot-smokin' locals.

- "The Mounties are pretty laid-back. But the city cops are probably Mountie rejects, and they'll take it out on you every chance they get."
—Ryan, 20, boat captain
- "Vancouver is the home of the B-movie... and the hard-up B-movie actress. Tell her you're a casting director from the States and you're in."
—Kelli, 36, restaurant owner
- "Brandi's is getting all the publicity now, but for strip clubs you gotta check out the Cecil or No. 5 Orange."
—Shane, 33, civil engineer
- "Tommy Chong's our hero, dude."
—Roger, age indeterminate, cab driver

B.C. DOES IT

- **$50** Maximum fine for smoking pot in public.
- **$100** Fine for smoking a cigarette indoors.
- **80** Percentage of Canadians who live within 50 miles of the U.S. border.
- **100** Percentage of Americans who wish they didn't.
- **141** Road miles to Seattle.
- **168.72** Average times per hour Vancouver males pepper speech with "eh."
- **1** Shades of meaning conveyed by "eh" in the complex Canadian idiom.
- **2** Songs it takes for a Canuck stripper to get naked.

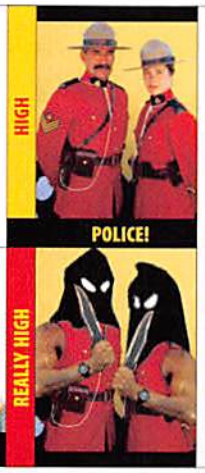


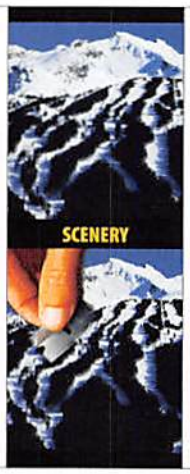
SMOKED OUT

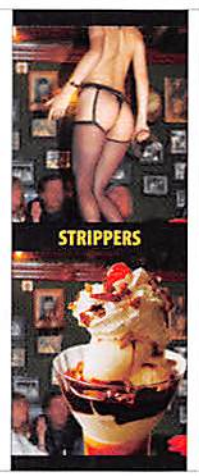
HIGH TIMES

In pot-friendly Vancouver, beauty is in the eye of the joint holder.

Meet the mayor!







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THE MATRIX REVOLUTIONS

The mind-bending hyperaction finale is about keeping it real.

Remember way back when you first saw *The Matrix Reloaded*? You and your pop stopping by the drugstore for licorice whips on your way to the nickelodeon, your tiny hands damp with anticipation as they clutched your Morpheus action figure? Well, the wait that seemed like eight eternities to your youthful brain is finally over. The final chapter in the *Matrix* saga—which includes a massive man vs. machine throwdown—is here, and we're expecting to be blown away…once they clarify *Reloaded* for us, that is. *Revolutions* picks up right where that last one's abrupt cliffhanger left off, with legions of squidbots (see above) bearing down on the human stronghold of Zion, Neo knocked out of action, and armies of Agent Smiths running loose. It's all going to come to a head in what producer Joel Silver has said will be "a 14-minute, $40 million battle scene that is the most complicated sequence ever put on film." Just think—you get it for only $7.50! See you in the mad race for the men's room after.

The buzz: Although we were kinda put off by the lackluster head-scratcher *Reloaded*, we're popping red pills to see how this groundbreaking epic turns out.

We're guessing: ★★★★★

GET THIS!

> The term *hacker* was coined by nerds at MIT in 1961.

> WHAT'S FUN THIS MONTH

MAIN EVENTS

Nov. 1

■ College football action heats up as the Notre Dame Choking Irish host the Florida State Seminoles. Catch the ethnic action on NBC at 2:30 P.M. (EST).

Nov. 4

■ Turn your TV into a virtual aquarium with this past summer's surprising monster hit *Finding Nemo*, which comes out on DVD today.

Nov. 6

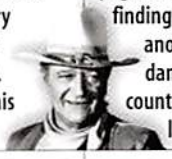
■ Like music but hate showering? Rancid kick off their tour at the Warfield in San Francisco.

Nov. 7

■ *True Crime: Streets of L.A.* commits grand theft wallet on PS2, GameCube, and Xbox owners today.

Nov. 9

■ Rocket Challenge, the world's largest amateur rocket-building competition, premieres on Discovery Channel at 8 P.M. (EST). Don't try this at home.



Nov. 11

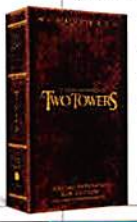
■ Today is Veterans Day. So you can either watch a John Wayne movie, pilgrim, or start finding yourself another damn country to live in.

Nov. 14

■ Lewis Black and Dave Attell drink Nevada dry as their *Comedy Central Live* tour hits Reno. Someone better call 911.

Nov. 17

■ *I Want to Be Clive McClean*, a touching documentary about a hopeful young man's dream to direct porn, premieres on AMC at 10 P.M. (EST).

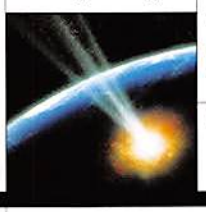


Nov. 18

■ Just in time for part three to hit theaters, you can snag the extended cut of *The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers* on DVD.

Nov. 20

■ Comet Encke is supposed to do an Earth flyby sometime this month. Let's say... today.



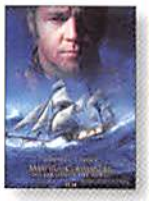
Nov. 21

■ Mike Myers shows his dramatic range in Dr. Seuss' *The Cat in the Hat*. We smell Oscar... or cat piss. We can never tell the difference, really.

Nov. 27

■ Grab a drumstick and find a couch: Green Bay plays Detroit at 1:30 P.M. (EST).

THE *MAXIM* LOUNGE
Get more movie reviews and features at **maximonline.com**.



MAIN ATTRACTION

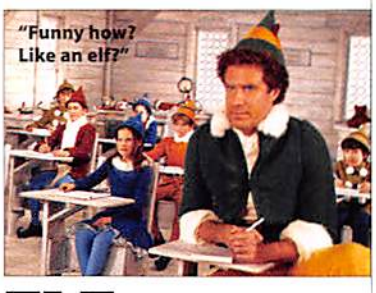
MASTER AND COMMANDER: THE FAR SIDE OF THE WORLD

Russell Crowe practices some intense naval gazing.

Out: November 14 **Director:** Peter Weir
Stars: Russell Crowe, Paul Bettany, Billy Boyd
The story: Crowe stars as British naval captain "Lucky" Jack Aubrey in this sodden adaptation of one of Patrick O'Brian's "Aubrey/Maturin" adventure novels. (Bettany plays Stephen Maturin, the ship doctor.) Set during the Napoleonic Wars, the movie focuses on Aubrey and Maturin's turbulent friendship as they hunt down a French warship.
The buzz: A strong director, a respectable literary pedigree, and a topnotch cast should keep audiences from turning mutinous.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪

GET THIS!
> A "brass monkey" was a device ships used to stack cannonballs.

ALSO PLAYING



ELF

Nothing says Christmas cheer like a big doofus in a pointy hat.

Out: November 7 **Director:** Jon Favreau
Stars: Will Ferrell, James Caan, Zooey Deschanel, Ed Asner, Bob Newhart
The story: Ever wonder what would happen if a human baby were accidentally taken to the North Pole and raised as an elf? No? Well, what if the baby grew up to be Will Ferrell? The story of how this naively plucky (but 6'3") "elf" sets out into the real world to find his biological father (Caan) is warm, mushy, and kid-friendly, but there will also be plenty of laughs for adults, assuming you find Ferrell in tights funny. If not, you can at least enjoy watching tough guy Caan try to croak out Christmas carols.
The buzz: We're betting that Ferrell and *Swingers'* Favreau aren't about to let things get too cornball. And just in case you were wondering. . . yes, it would indeed be illegal to get really stoned and check out this trippy movie.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪

HORROR SHOW
> *Looney Tunes: Back in Action*
The rest of us: Avoiding this flick

RATINGS:

WHIP ✪✪✪✪✪
BATTLE AX ✪✪✪✪✪
SAMURAI SWORD ✪✪✪✪✪
.44 MAGNUM ✪✪✪✪✪
LIGHTSABER ✪✪✪✪✪

THE BOTTOM LINE

BEYOND BORDERS
Out: October 24 **Director:** Martin Campbell
U.N. relief workers Angelina Jolie and Clive Owen fall in love. We know what you're thinking, but it *is* rated R.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪

IN THE CUT
Out: October 24 **Director:** Jane Campion
Meg Ryan literally strips off her cute image by playing a jaded New Yorker who gets involved in a down-and-dirty sexual affair with a cop.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪

GOTHIKA
Out: October 24 **Director:** Mathieu Kassovitz
In this supernatural thriller, Halle Berry plays a psychologist mistakenly (or not) locked in the loony bin where she used to work.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪

THE COOLER
Out: November 19 **Director:** Wayne Kramer
William H. Macy's a schlub whose bad luck is used to help a ruthless casino boss (Alec Baldwin). Worth it for these two guys.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪

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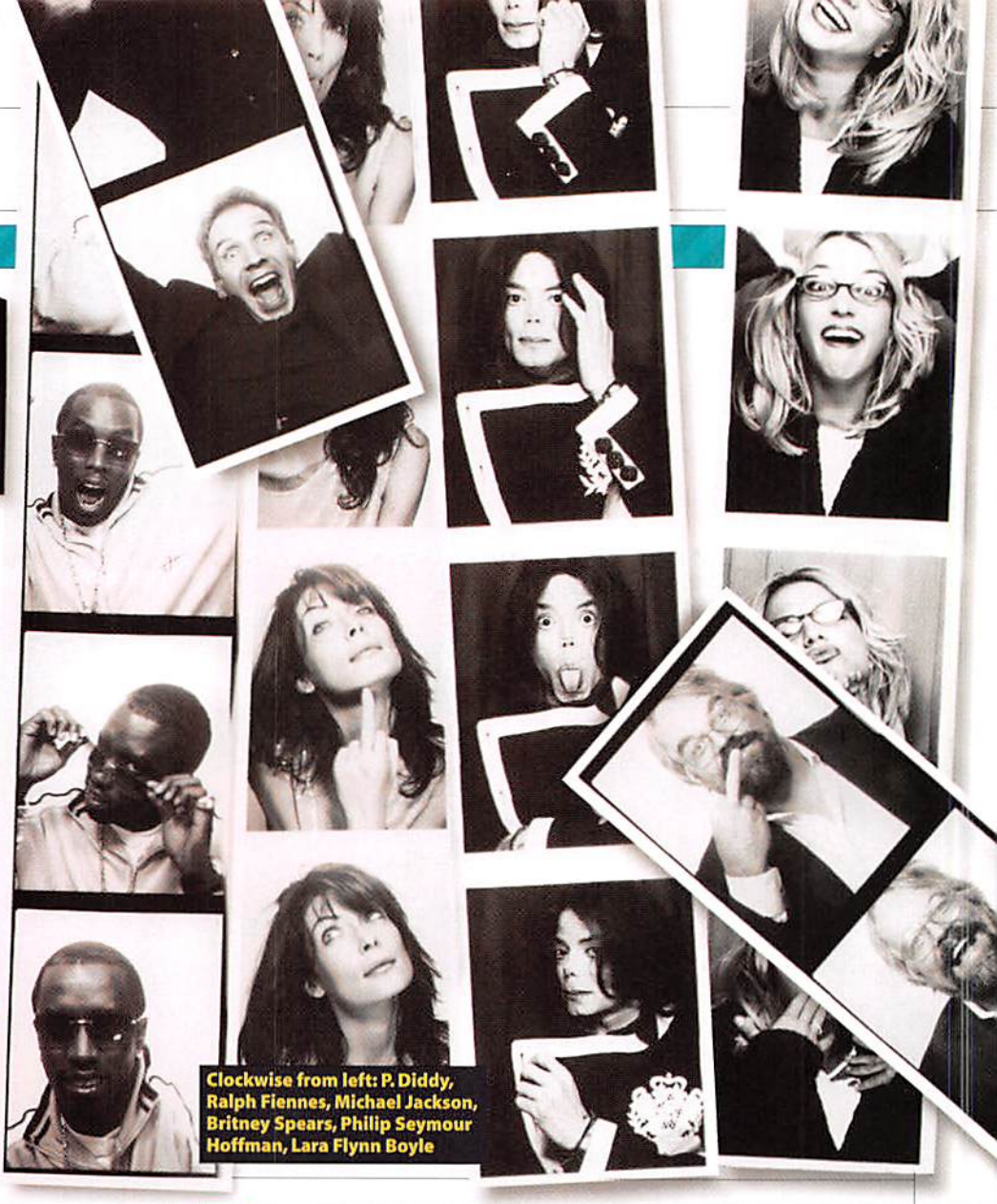
> PICTURE THIS

RAT'S NEST

Photo booth + booze = cool book!

The director of both *Rush Hour* flicks and the recent *Silence of the Lambs* prequel, *Red Dragon,* has a big house called Hillhaven Lodge where he's got an old-school photo booth. Why is this at all interesting? Because he's just released a book of the silly things some of his famous friends—including Britney Spears, Michael Jackson, Nicolas Cage, Ed Norton, Heidi Klum, P. Diddy, and Danny DeVito—do when they're behind the curtain. Short on text but long on incriminating photos, *Hillhaven Lodge: The Photo Booth Pictures* might be a pointless exercise in "Hey, look how cool I am," but . . . what can we say? It's cool.

"OK...now be crazy!"



Clockwise from left: P. Diddy, Ralph Fiennes, Michael Jackson, Britney Spears, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Lara Flynn Boyle

GET THIS!

> **Angelina Jolie is in talks to play the late deep-throater Linda Lovelace.**

> FIRST LOOK

Newly single *Daredevil* hottie **Jennifer Garner** is rumored to be up for the role of She-Ra in a live-action *Masters of the Universe* movie. No word on Dolph Lundgren's involvement . . . *Freddy vs. Jason* has resurrected interest in the gloved one, meaning a possible prequel focusing on pre-charred Freddy's first killing spree . . . Speaking of which, **Kevin Smith** is planning on directing *Fletch Won,* a prequel to the **Chevy Chase** *Fletch* flicks . . . Madonna's bitch **Guy Ritchie** has gotten so into his wife's Kabbalah beliefs that he loaded his new film, *Revolver,* with references to them. Sony, calling Kabbalah a "cult," has refused to release the film . . . An "urban" remake of *The Honeymooners* is in the works. "To the moon, beeyotch!"

> MAXIM RINGS...

PAUL BETTANY

We call the other, nonpretentious Master and Commander *star.*

"Good evening, Austin!"

Maxim: Hi, Paul. So what's this movie all about?

Paul: It's set in 1806, and it's about this English naval ship tracking down a French ship. That's basically it. But the battles are big and bloody.

M: Who do you play?

P: I'm a doctor on the ship who has a close friendship with Russell Crowe's character. His life is about saving people, but then at the end you find out he's actually very adept at, well . . .

M: You also played Crowe's pal in *A Beautiful Mind*, right?

P: Yeah, but that time I was an *imaginary* friend, so I did whatever he wanted. Now there's a lot more conflict.

M: Did you get seasick?

P: The first time, we were on this boat from 6 A.M. until 11 at night. There were huge swells. I haven't seen that many people puke since a Cure concert I went to in '91.

M: Is filming a battle scene like going to war?

P: No, because no one was really trying to kill me. That difference is unmissable. They yell "Cut," and someone brings you coffee. You don't get a bullet in the head . . . unless the director's *really* angry with you.

▶

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Danny's translation: "It gets me what I want. Like Grandma."

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Danny's translation: "I watch whenever I want... after my homework."

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Danny's translation: "Alright, TV, freeze!"

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> HI DREK

NEAR MISSES

Imagine, for every awful film produced by Hollywood, legions of even worse ideas were passed over. Pick out the three real pitches among the ones we made up.

1. "How about we do a sequel to the original *Ocean's 11*, with the Rat Pack (Frank, Dino, Sammy, etc.) now joined by a brand-new team member...played by Joe Piscopo!"
☐ **Real** ☐ **Fake**

2. "I wanna do a football movie much like *The Replacements*, but the hook is that the Cincinnati Bengals are replaced by a team of monkeys. Can you imagine that? A football team of monkeys!"
☐ **Real** ☐ **Fake**

3. "Here's the idea: A Latino version of *Rain Man*, with Jimmy Smits playing the Tom Cruise asshole brother and Cheech Marin playing Dustin Hoffman's autistic savant role. Huh? Huh? It's gold!"
☐ **Real** ☐ **Fake**

4. "It's like *Die Hard* in an office building. Yes, I know that *Die Hard* actually took place in an office building, but this would be a *different* office building. Do you see where I'm going with this?"
☐ **Real** ☐ **Fake**

5. "A sequel to *Animal House* in which Bluto (now played by John Belushi's brother Jim) replaces Dean Wormer, then struggles to reconcile his newfound responsibility with his old wild side."
☐ **Real** ☐ **Fake**

6. "A fantasy adventure much like *Jurassic Park*, except all the dinosaurs are actually *robots*! And people can ride around in them and drink beer! I swear this will work. I just need a few million."
☐ **Real** ☐ **Fake**

Answers: 1-R, 2-F, 3-F, 4-R, 5-F, 6-R

The Blue Man Group chooses evil in Return of the King

MAXIM GOES TO THE MOVIES

ON SALE → NOVEMBER 11

YOUR ONE-STOP HOLIDAY MOVIE GUIDE

- Previews of *Last Samurai, The Alamo, Master and Commander,* and more!
- *Return of the King* secrets!
- 50 funniest scenes ever!
- Quentin and Uma speak!

+++ KILL BILL 2! +++

› 'When doing a photo shoot, you really have to feel confident about your body.'

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name: Kata Dobo
Better known as: Steven Seagal's lethally hot wife in *Out for a Kill.*
Her story: In her homeland of Hungary, this model turned actress is a national idol. But the Eastern bloc's entertainment industry lacked the, how you say, *roles,* so this babushka babe fled to Hollywood and quickly landed gigs as a murderer in *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation* and an extreme skater in *Rollerball.* For her latest role, she reveals a gentler side. "I play the wife of an American agent [Seagal] locked in a Chinese prison." One scene proved difficult for her. "I visit him in jail, and I don't know how I'm going to get him out. It's very emotional." How does she prepare for such challenging scenes? "I have a shot of vodka—that loosens me up." Yo, bartender, another round over here!

NEIN! I WILL NOT SHTUP YOUR YING-YANG, MANG!

POP-UP

› Kata can speak four languages.

▶ Photograph (main), Willy Camden; styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, Christophe for Cloutier; makeup, Natalie Miller for Cloutier

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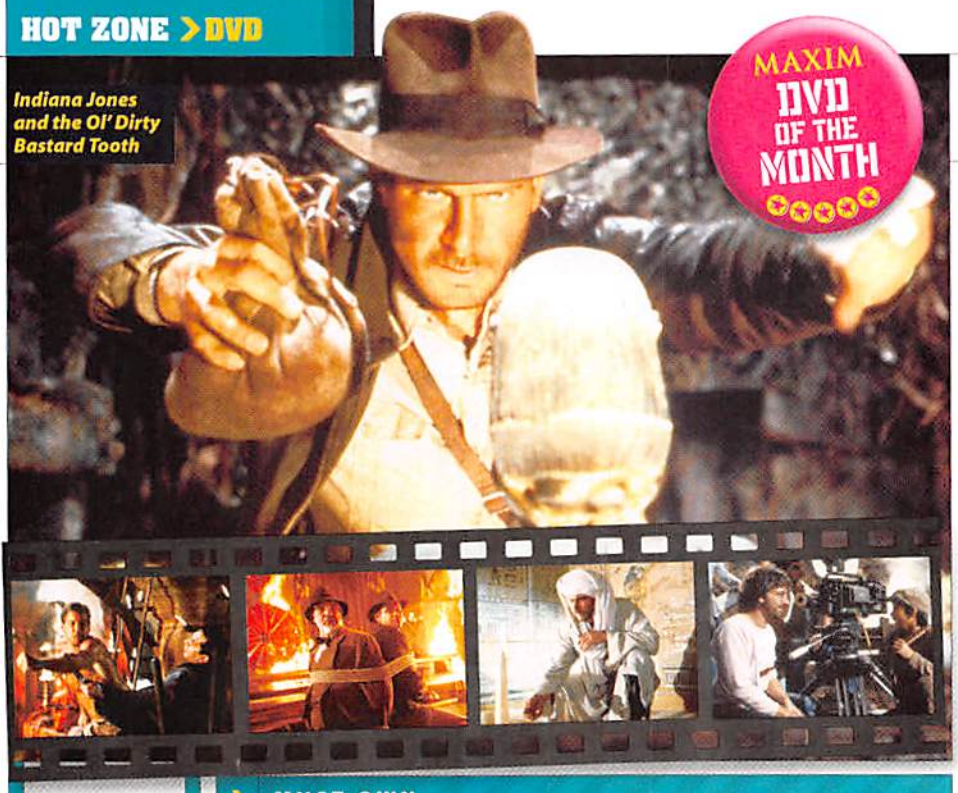


> MUST OWN

THE ADVENTURES OF INDIANA JONES

Release date: October 21

Indiana Jones, finder of rare objects, had become one himself. We've been waiting forever for three of the greatest adventure movies ever made—*Raiders of the Lost Ark, Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom,* and *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*—to be dug up, dusted off, and digitized. The wait is over, and the only action missing from this four-disc collection (three movies, plus bonus material) is a hat and whip. Lucasfilm excavated its archives to find amazing hidden treasures, including all-new cast and crew interviews. You want this—trust us.

Extra! A documentary incorporates interviews, rare outtakes, and early screen tests. (See original Indy, Tom Selleck!)

Trivia: The "city of Tanis" theory (the idea that the Lost Ark was in Jerusalem) was a real archaeological theory at the time. Now experts believe it's in Ethiopia.

Movie: ✪✪✪✪✪ **Special features:** ✪✪✪✪✪

> MUST WATCH

HULK

Release date: October 28

Let's get one thing straight: *Hulk* was a blast. Sure, it's a little sluggish, but watching Big Green tear shit up was worth our money. The DVD wisely gives the spotlight to the CGI star, focusing on the tremendous amount of work that went into making him angry. Big, loud, and loaded with raging special effects, movies like this are what DVDs were made for.

Extra! Behind-the-scenes footage reveals that director Ang Lee himself acted out all the Hulk's movements in a motion-capture suit.

Trivia: The *X-Men*'s Wolverine actually made his first-ever comic book appearance in an issue of *The Incredible Hulk.*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

> MEET THE RENTS

TERMINATOR 3 (November 11)
You can't keep a good killing machine down. Arnie battles a robo-hottie in this blockbuster return to form. Check out the gag reel for hilarious Schwarzebloopers.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

CHARLIE'S ANGELS: FULL THROTTLE (October 21)
Movie? What movie? We're looking forward to freeze-framing every single one of the 300 Cameron Diaz biscuit shots.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

THE ITALIAN JOB (October 7)
The recent remake and the British original are being released on the same day. One's clever and has Michael Caine. One's crappy but has Charlize Theron. Choose wisely.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

28 DAYS LATER (October 21)
A lot of people missed this awesome zombie flick last summer, but now you have no excuse. The DVD contains both the original and an unsettling alternate ending.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

DVD VAULT

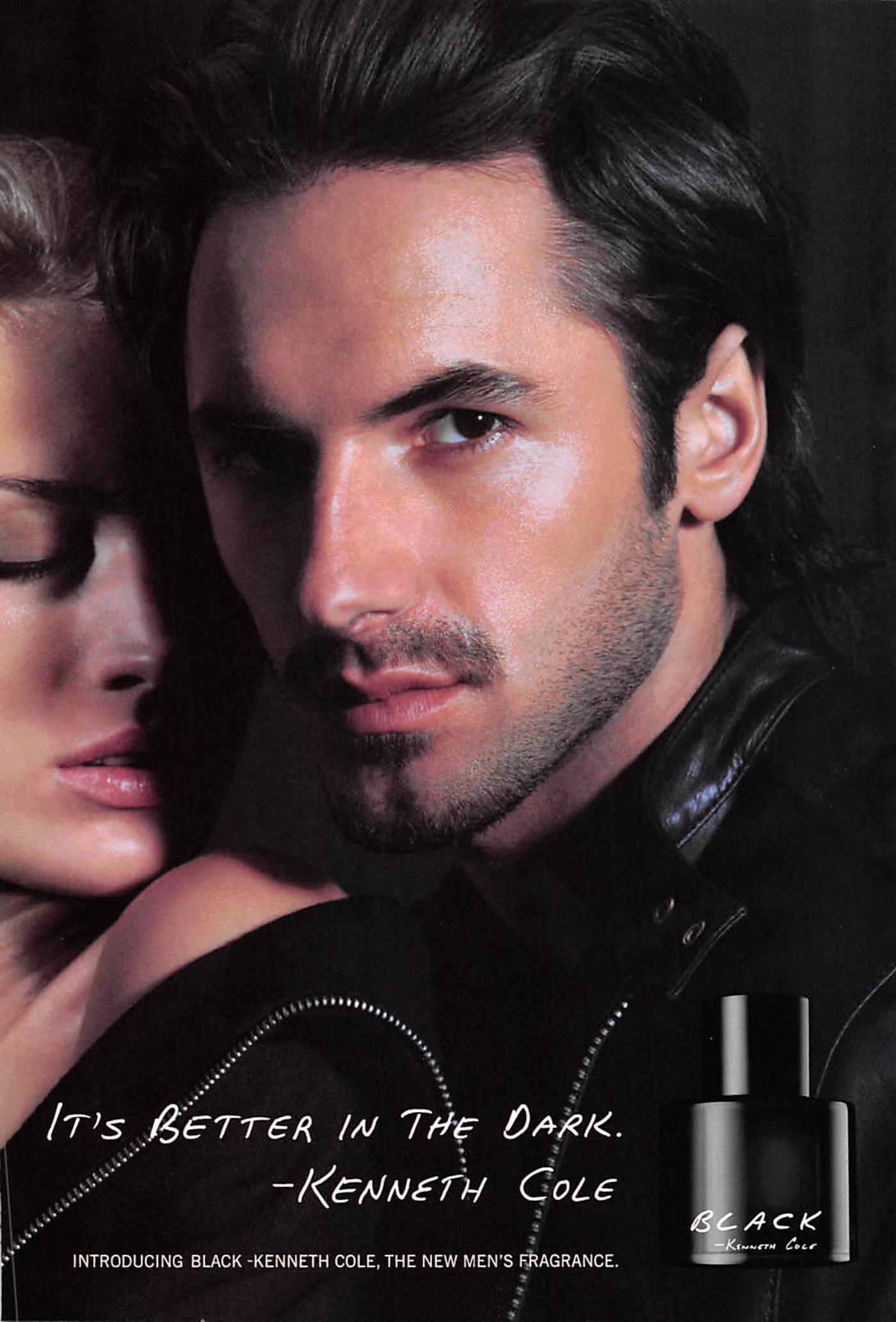
> CHARLES BRONSON

Three of the late, great tough guy's classic DVDs.

1. The Magnificent Seven (1960)
Bronson saddles up with Yul Brynner, Steve McQueen, and James Coburn in the western by which others are measured. Chuck's character dies, saving him from shitty sequels.

2. The Great Escape (1963)
Bronson slaved away in coal mines before going Hollywood. So he was a natural choice for the role of Danny "the Tunnel King" Velinski. This movie is practically a national treasure.

3. Death Wish (1974)
Finally, Bronson takes center stage. In the deteriorating '70s, liberal ideology was replaced by warm guns. Paul Kersey shoots first and never even considers asking questions.


It's Better In The Dark.
-Kenneth Cole
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BLACK
-Kenneth Cole

EXPERIENCE
BLACK -KENNETH COLE >

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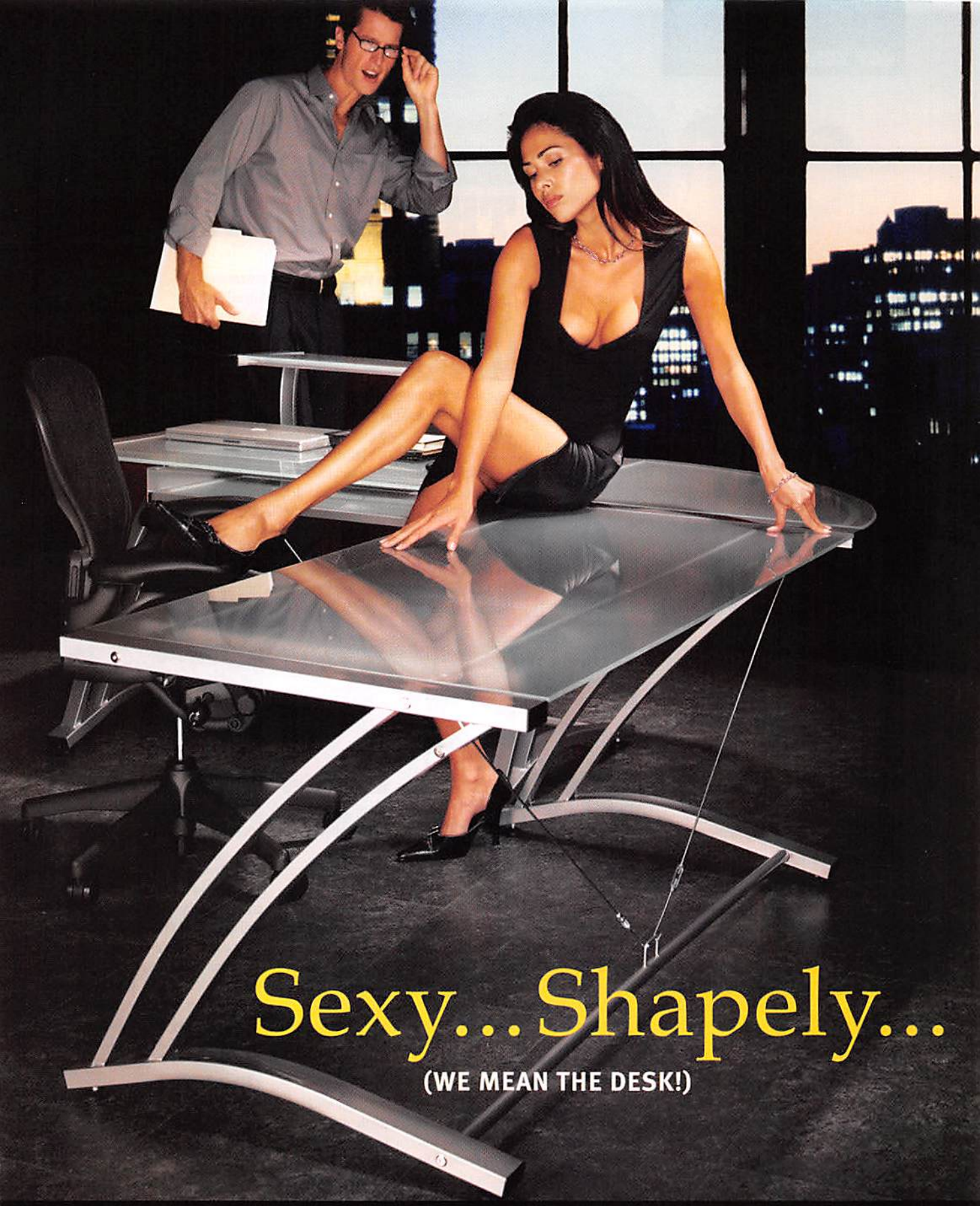

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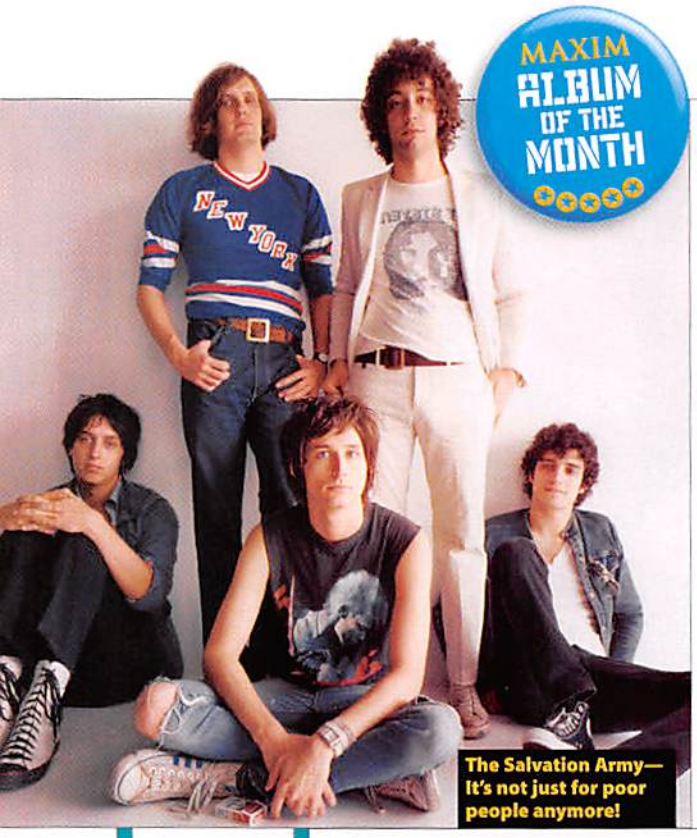

The Salvation Army—It's not just for poor people anymore!

> MUST BUY

THE STROKES

Room on Fire (RCA)

Two years ago the Strokes were roundly praised for saving rock'n'roll from Backstreet hell with their debut album, *Is This It*. We don't know about all that noise, but we have been rubbing ourselves raw awaiting their follow-up. Now it's here, and we're happy to report that *Room on Fire* continues to deliver the rock. Although this will no doubt also continue to fuel the massive hype machine, we're willing to cut these guys some more slack, even if they're rich kids slumming it. Ditching radio-friendly toe-tappers like "Last Nite" and replacing them with meticulous compositions loaded with guitar interludes sounds like concept-album territory, but it actually pays off. Whether it's the creepy Echo and the Bunnymen–esque "Reptilia," the bouncy keyboard-driven "12:51," or "Under Control," which is the band's first stab at a love ballad (surprisingly, Julian Casablancas proves no slouch as a crooner), there's plenty to keep you popping this disc in again and again. Do your small part to keep rock breathing a little while longer.

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★★

LIKE THIS? TRY THESE

The Libertines
Up the Bracket
(Rough Trade, 2003)

XTC
Drums and Wires
(Geffen, 2002)

GET THIS!

> Singer Greg Dulli was once KO'd by a bouncer named Taiter.

> RELEASES MAKING NOISE

TRAVIS
12 Memories
(Epic)
How can a Britpop band pass off another collection of melodic ballads without making us puke blood pudding? Travis manages this feat by tempering their earnest messages with a sly wink. So even when, on "Midlife Krysis," they wail against a jangly backbeat, "You can't wake from this nightmare," you know they don't mean it. We're in on the joke this time.
★★★☆☆

IGGY POP
Skull Ring
(Virgin)
For his first new album in two years, Iggy attempts something stupid. The 56-year-old (that's 187 in drug years) takes a last stab at youth by reforming the Stooges and teaming up with newbie punk brats Sum 41 and Green Day. But you know what? *Skull Ring* fucking rocks. The Stooges tunes almost recapture their past glory, and the kids' chops are up to snuff. Don't overthink it; crank it!
★★★★☆

THE TWILIGHT SINGERS
Blackberry Belle
(Birdman/One Little Indian)
Former Afghan Whig Greg Dulli catches shit for thinking he's some kind of white soul brother, but don't let that scare you away. Alt-rock's patron saint of fucked-up womanizers is at his diabolical best, conducting an overture of lust, betrayal, and addiction. He takes his demons on a soulful midnight drive. Take this CD on your next one, too.
★★★★★

P.W. LONG
Remembered
(Touch and Go)
P.W. Long is used to being overlooked. As guitarist and vocalist for the Detroit-based indie band Mule, he got respect but little recognition. Maybe now, as a soloist, he'll get his due. This bluesy solo effort highlights Long's smart, biting lyrics, like "Some would see the glass half empty, some would see it half full / I just put it to my lips and take another pull," proving he's found the truth at the bottom of the bottle.
★★★★☆

THE DISTILLERS
Coral Fang
(Sire)
Distillers singer-guitarist Brody Armstrong loves to piss off punk purists. First she divorced Rancid's Tim Armstrong just as the Distillers' second album blew up, invoking accusations of careerism. Now she records an album that veers away from the band's trademark three-chord thrash toward more pop-friendly sounds. Armstrong still howls with the wounded fury of a pre-glitz Courtney Love, but the Distillers' guitar stomps avoid stomping over the melodies. Fuck the purists.
★★★★★

RATINGS:

STU	★☆☆☆☆
RINGO	★★☆☆☆
GEORGE	★★★☆☆
PAUL	★★★★☆
JOHN	★★★★★

ON THE MAXIM BOOMBOX

Jazzie B Presents **Soul II Soul** At the Africa Centre (Casual)

Lee "Scratch" Perry Kung Fu Meets the Dragon (Lagoon)

Mogwai Happy Songs for Happy People (Matador)

Sigur Rós ( ) (MCA)

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Those guys in the back are weird...

> DAVID BOWIE

SCHOOL OF ROCK

The Thin White Duke brings us back to his absolute beginnings.

Do you remember the first song you ever wrote?
Uh-h-h, no. Wait, yes, I do! Only because it came up on eBay a few months ago. Can you believe it? I had a band when I was about 14, called the Conrads. I wrote a song with the guitar player that we did as a demo, called "I Never Dream." It sounded like a Beatles song. It was jolly and sprightly. Ooh, hideous. The band's drummer kept the tape all these years and had it on eBay.

Do you remember the first concert you ever saw?
It was at Orpington Town Hall. Screaming Lord Sutch.

Screaming Whowiththethwhatnow?
Sutchie unfortunately died a few years ago. He was a kind of progenitor of the whole Alice Cooper/Marilyn Manson shtick, but more vulgar. It was that kind of shock-schlock-rock-cock thing. When his career died, he retained his infamy by putting himself up for the political elections in Britain. He'd get his news item every year: "Once again, Screaming Lord Sutch fares badly at the elections."

What about your first gig?
I was around 14, with the Conrads, on the school steps on a Saturday. The support band were called the Truebeats. One of the younger pupils was their guitar player—Peter Frampton. His dad was my art master.

Who inspired you?
Little Richard, without a doubt. But, like most kids, I was also really impressed with people like John Lennon. They were saying, "Anybody can do this." It was OK to be working class *and* creative.

You led a pretty decadent lifestyle in your younger years...
No-o-o. *[laughs]* I just got about a bit. But I've quit every damn thing. It's a simple decision to make, but not necessarily to carry out.

What's your take on pop music today?
There's a certain amount of cruise ship entertainment, with these fucking dance routines. *[laughs]* The extraordinary thing is, with the availability of songs on different media, it's never been harder to actually *find* good stuff.

ESSENTIAL BOWIE

Hunky Dory 1971

Ziggy Stardust 1972

Station to Station 1973

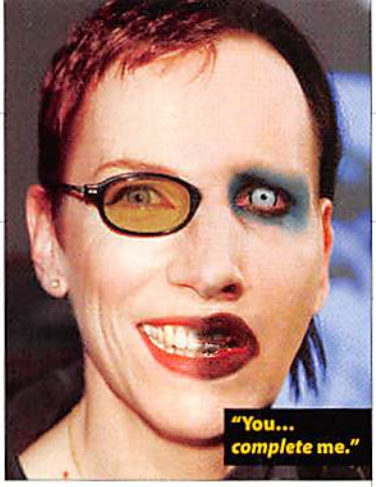
Low 1977

Heroes 1977

Scary Monsters 1980

GET THIS!

> File-sharers are 75 percent likelier than nonsharers to buy CDs.


"You... complete me."

> TRACK LIST

DUCK, IT'S COVERS!

Behold! Eleven of our all-time favorite retooled tunes.

11. **"Sweet Dreams,"** Marilyn Manson [**original:** the Eurythmics]
10. **"Gin & Juice,"** the Gourds [**original:** Snoop Doggy Dogg]
9. **"Kiss,"** Tom Jones [**original:** Prince]
8. **"Black Diamond,"** the Replacements [original: Kiss]
7. **"Just Like Heaven,"** Dinosaur Jr. [**original:** the Cure]
6. **"Higher Ground,"** Red Hot Chili Peppers [**original:** Stevie Wonder]
5. **"The Man Who Sold the World,"** Nirvana [**original:** David Bowie]
4. **"I Fought the Law,"** the Dead Kennedys [**original:** Bobby Fuller Four]
3. **"All Along the Watchtower,"** Jimi Hendrix [**original:** Bob Dylan]
2. **"Hurt,"** Johnny Cash [**original:** Nine Inch Nails]
1. **"My Way,"** Sid Vicious [**original:** Frank Sinatra]

MAXIM'S VIDEO OF THE MONTH

HOT ACTION COP

"Fever for the Flava" (Lava Records)
The video for this nü-metal ode to the mommy and daddy dance has two of our favorite things: impromptu pole dances and singing vital organs! Your last round of X-rays didn't rock *this* hard.

You Deserve The Best

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MAXIM GAME OF THE MONTH

> TOP PLAY!

PRINCE OF PERSIA: THE SANDS OF TIME

UbiSoft [● ● ● ●]

Hey, we all make mistakes. Unlike us, though, the desert hero of UbiSoft's new action-adventure can turn back time and change his bungles into successes. In order to overcome many of the game's obstacles, the Prince's only option is to embrace death deliberately (say, by diving headlong into a yawning chasm) and then "rewind" time to find a solution. He also touts a mean sword and dagger and can run up walls, use enemies' torsos as stepping stools, and shimmy along ledges to avoid booby traps. But don't take our word for it, because *Prince* won Best Action-Adventure Game at this year's E3 expo. So it's got that going for it . . . which is nice.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

OLD SCHOOL

■ **Jimmie's Amusements *(jimmiesamusements.com)***
Want to buy a vintage *Ms. Pac-Man* machine ($1,500)? How about the bar classic *Golden Tee 2K* ($2,200)? Jimmie's your man. For a couple of thou, turn that den of yours into the coin-op arcade of your dreams.

■ **Marvin's Marvelous Mechanical Museum *(marvin3m.com)***
Marvin's museum is great for casual browsing or serious shopping, especially for pinball enthusiasts.

NINJA GAIDEN

Tecmo [●]

Being a ninja must be so cool. You assassinate with impunity. You're a martial arts master. You get to wear pajamas to work. Ryu Hayabusa, the star of this revamped '80s slicefest, returns to a dazzling 3-D world with new and improved killing methods and a "You murdered my family" story line. The frenetic violence moves at a fist-of-fury pace, so blink on your own time, pal.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

NBA JAM

Acclaim [● ●]

As anyone who had to watch Gen. Michael Jordan degrade his legacy can attest, the notion of a legend coming out of retirement is good only in theory. Likewise, *NBA Jam's* latest revamp has improved its looks, but its game's gotten soft. Even fiery shots from way downtown lose their luster by your fifth triple-digit-scoring game. We say give players like Allen Iverson some gats next time.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✩✩

GAME KEY:

XBOX	●
PS2	●
GAME CUBE	●
PC	●

> BLIPS ON THE SCREEN

THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE RETURN OF THE KING

EA [● ● ●]

You and those mysterious beings known as friends can share orc-filleting duties as the *Rings* characters . . . between *Star Trek* episodes.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

Konami [● ● ● ●]

Revisit a youth spent torturing action figures in this comic-book-style beat-'em-up. On our command, unleash shell! (Sorry 'bout the pun, yo.)

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✩✩

PROJECT GOTHAM RACING 2

Microsoft [●]

Tear up the cobblestones of Barcelona, Edinburgh, and Florence in a Ferrari Enzo or dozens of other exotic cars. Online play adds realistic, law-ignoring excitement.

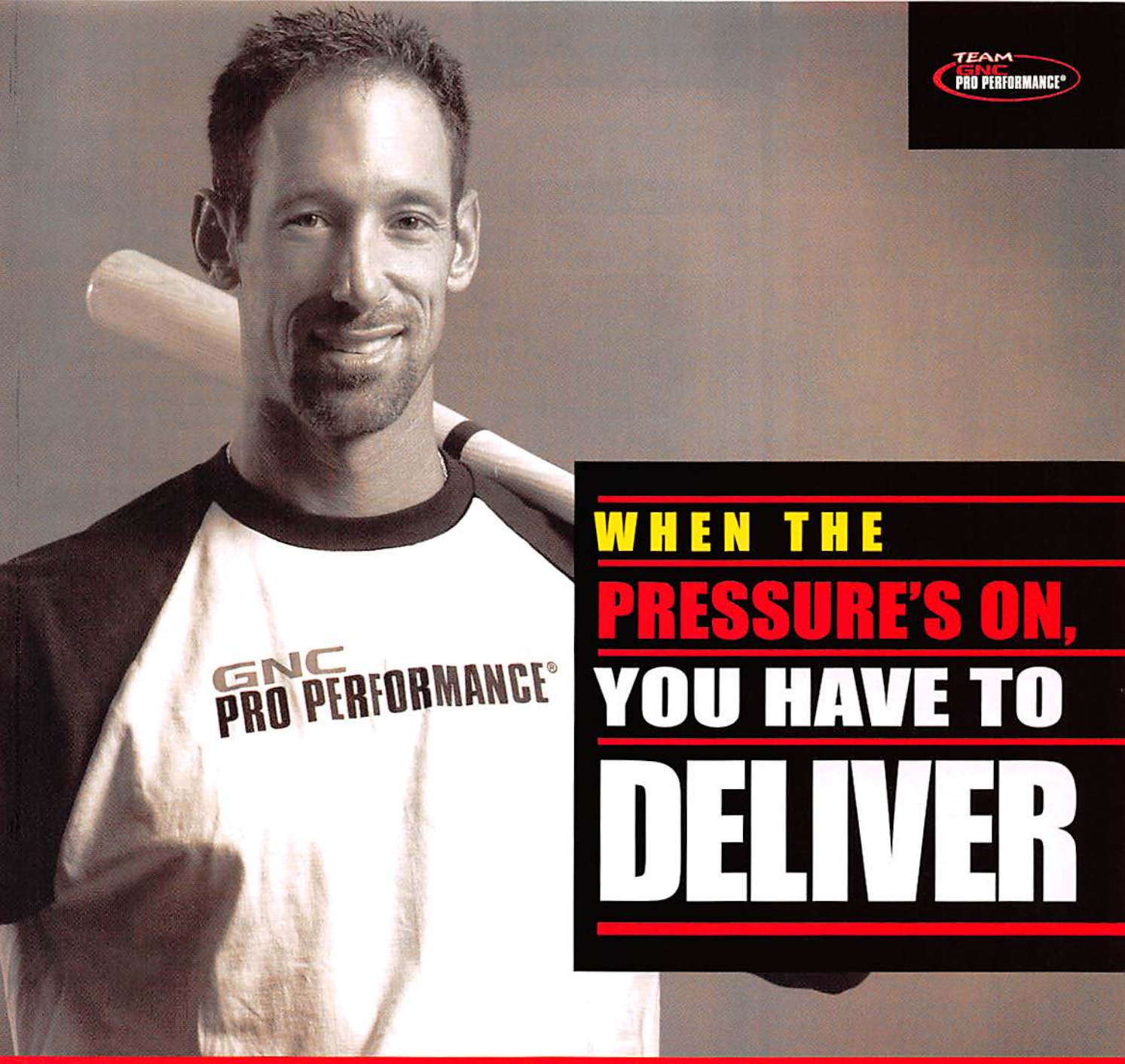
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

TIME CRISIS 3

Namco [●]

It's up to you and your steady hands to liberate a small Mediterranean nation under siege by terrorists. Remember, light guns don't kill fake people, only gamers do.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✩✩



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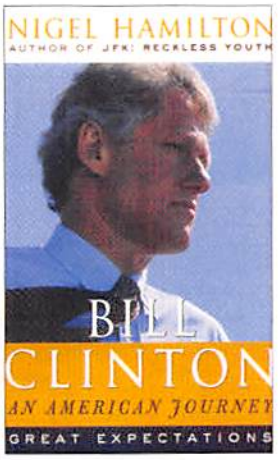
MAXIM BOOK OF THE MONTH

> WORDPLAY



BILL CLINTON: AN AMERICAN JOURNEY

By Nigel Hamilton (Random House, $30)

We know, we know: A 700-page book about Bill Clinton that ends before he becomes president is like a porn film that ends right when the pizza guy arrives. But don't worry—this is only part one of a planned two-part megabiography. This volume covers Bubba's white-trash roots and pays special attention to his rampant sex addiction. Although the frequent (and frequently dry) historical digressions are enough to try most readers' patience, the tale of William IV—a chubby and socially awkward boy of questionable paternity who, against all odds, charms his way to the top while simultaneously bagging a ridiculous amount of tail—is truly an inspiring American success story.

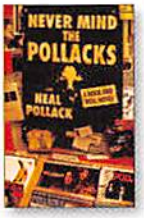
Maxim rating: ✪✪✪✪✩

BIG SHOTS: THE MEN BEHIND THE BOOZE

By Albert Baime (New American Library, $12)

Packed with fascinating stories about a number of this magazine's greatest inspirations, namely gin, rum, tequila, vodka, and whiskey, *Big Shots* is a 90-proof celebration of the men behind the brands. Baime's book is sure to keep readers entertained as long as they're conscious, and it even features lifesaving drink recipes and hangover cures. Sidle up to the bar and impress boozehounds with your newfound knowledge: "Did you know that Jack Daniel distilled his first batch of whiskey at age nine?" Shakespeare it ain't. But vital it is.

Maxim rating: ✪✪✪✪✩



NEVER MIND THE POLLACKS

By Neal Pollack (HarperCollins, $24)

Drugs by the metric ton, gratuitous violence, and unrepentant sexual deviation dominate this chronicle of rock'n'roll through the past 50 years—except none of it's true. Pollack parodies the overblown writing style of music critics past in this satirical recounting of the life of a fictional rock journalist/junkie named . . . Neal Pollack. As he Forrest Gumps his way through rock history, from having his dad killed by a young Elvis Presley to playing matchmaker between Kurt Cobain and Courtney Love, Pollack's eponymous character proves he's got rock in his blood.

Maxim rating: ✪✪✪✪✩

> THE FINE PRINT

YELLOW DOG

By Martin Amis (Miramax Books, $25)

British novelist Martin Amis' latest bizarro comedy follows the intertwined misadventures of a royal family, a muckraking gossip columnist, various porn stars, and a vengeful corpse that refuses to lie still. Sit, roll over, be weird—good dog.

✪✪✪✩✩

CHECHNYA DIARY

By Thomas Goltz (Thomas Dunne Books, $28)

Daredevil journalist Thomas Goltz travels to war-torn Chechnya, cozies up to some battle-hardened locals who are fighting the Russkies, and nearly gets his fool ass killed on more than one occasion. Ballsy, bloody, and hard to put down.

✪✪✪✪✩

GET THIS!

> The Red Sox' Bill Buckner drove in 109 runs in 1986.

⌄ MUST BUY!

NOT TILL THE FAT LADY SINGS

By Les Krantz (Triumph Books, $30)

Fat Lady recollects the 50 most dramatic finishes in sports history, complete with memorable photos and a DVD. Unfortunately for Red Sox fans, it lacks an "alternate ending" feature.

✪✪✪✪✪

CELEBRITY CHOICE

WINONA RYDER

The Catcher in the Rye

By J.D. Salinger

"It's my all-time favorite, my Bible. I must have read it at least 50 times."

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WESLEY CLARK

The economy's tanking; Iraq's becoming a quagmire . . . Could time be running out for President Bush? *Maxim*'s Col. David Hackworth debriefs the general who plans to capture the White House.

CLARK CHART

AS A CADET: "You're not big or smart enough to go to West Point," a senator told Clark at 16. He graduated first in his class.

KINDA LIKE IKE? In 1999 Clark led NATO to a victory in Kosovo. During the campaign, he got only two hours of sack time a day.

ON THE RECORD: "I've been concerned that attention to Iraq will distract us from [pursuing] Al Qaeda," Clark warned the Senate in 2002.

You graduated number one at West Point and were a Rhodes scholar. You do anything besides study as a kid?
Yes. I played sports; baseball and football and basketball in the streets. But I was also active in the boys club. I was on the swim team and a camp counselor in the summer.

Now, before we get into the real serious stuff, what's your favorite war movie?
I like *The Longest Day.*

Any skeletons in your closet?
No, no, I did not inhale.

OK, in Vietnam you were wounded and nearly discharged. How bad was it?
Not bad. I walked into a base camp and got greased. The guy emptied an AK magazine at me, and I turned just as he fired, so he stitched me up the right side of my body instead of taking me in the throat and gut. He shot the M-16 out of my hand and put a hole in my leg and another one through my shoulder. I was lying on the ground bleeding and yelling [to my men], "Get on your feet and assault now." When I got back, the doctor said, "You got the million-dollar wound." I said, "No!" I thought the million-dollar wound was when you lost your you-know-what.

Why'd you stay in the army after Nam?
Why would you want to go out and work for a bank or something when you could be connected to the future of the United States?

Is that why you're running for president?
After leaving the military, I wrote a book and began to talk about my experiences. I had a minor TV contract, and suddenly September 11 happened and people came to me. It was sort of a push. I was really concerned about the war on terror, and I began to see it going wrong in terms of its central strategy. As I continued to speak out, people kept asking me to think about national leadership.

Why should President Bush be replaced?
The record speaks for itself. It's a flawed strategy: an unnecessary war that took us into Iraq and an economic policy that's been ideologically driven rather than pragmatically developed. And neither has benefited the American people or ordinary working Americans. Beyond that there's an even more important issue: whether you believe there should be open and transparent decision-making.

What do you mean, exactly?
It's a danger for democracy when you hold a meeting with energy chiefs in the vice president's office and you won't release who came.

What can you offer that the other Democratic candidates can't?
I've spent a lifetime of service in the military, made high-level decisions, and worked with international organizations and top leaders abroad. I also had the full range of responsibilities for the troops and their families.

Was Saddam Hussein really a threat to our national security? Would you, as president, have acted differently?
Um, no, and yes. He demonstrated that he wanted the weapons and was willing to use them, and he talked as if he were chosen by the prophet, but there's no evidence he was an imminent threat, so it's a question of command judgment. You've got a war going against Al Qaeda. If you go against Iraq, you'll be pulling away intelligence leadership, command and control, Special Forces. What's the imminent threat that justifies taking that from national security? I couldn't see it. I think Paul Wolfowitz was right when he said Iraq has become the centerpiece in the war on terror. But if you lose there, you lose; and if you win there, you've only held your own—you haven't won the war on terror.

Why couldn't we just contain the guy?
As far as I could determine, it was never realistically analyzed. Apparently, there was an agenda. The agenda really wasn't a straightforward one about the threat to the United States. It was more about how to rearrange the Middle East. It predated the emergence of Al Qaeda. And it's an agenda that we then *[slaps table]* laid on top of the war on terror.

Do we have one man running the country, or is it a committee?
I think what we've seen in this government is a longstanding disagreement between one team of advisers and the other.

Like Powell and Rumsfeld?
That's exactly right. And it's led to the invasion of Iraq. It's led to the disregard and disrespect for our allies. It's led us now to go back hat in hand to the U.N. asking for help. We should have been there a long time ago.

Is it a big deal we haven't found WMDs?
I think it's very damaging to the credibility of the American administration, to our ability to contain Iran, but most of all to the young people in America. I was down in New York City the last few days talking to lots of young people who said, "We trusted the president. We were misled. This wasn't a threat." We've shaken their faith in American institutions.

What should our role be in the world?
Pragmatically, we're the lone superpower, but we have to be careful: Power creates its own adversaries. We need to use our power in the most generous, constructive way, because our security depends on everyone else. We can't be safe, secure, or prosperous if we attain it at the expense of the world. So we must be internationalists. If we participate properly, it will serve the interests of the American people.

***Maxim*, as you probably know, is big with our troops. Any messages for 'em?**
Be safe, take care of each other, trust the chain of command and your families at home and love 'em. I am so proud of the men and women in uniform. They're a very direct inspiration for what I'm doing.

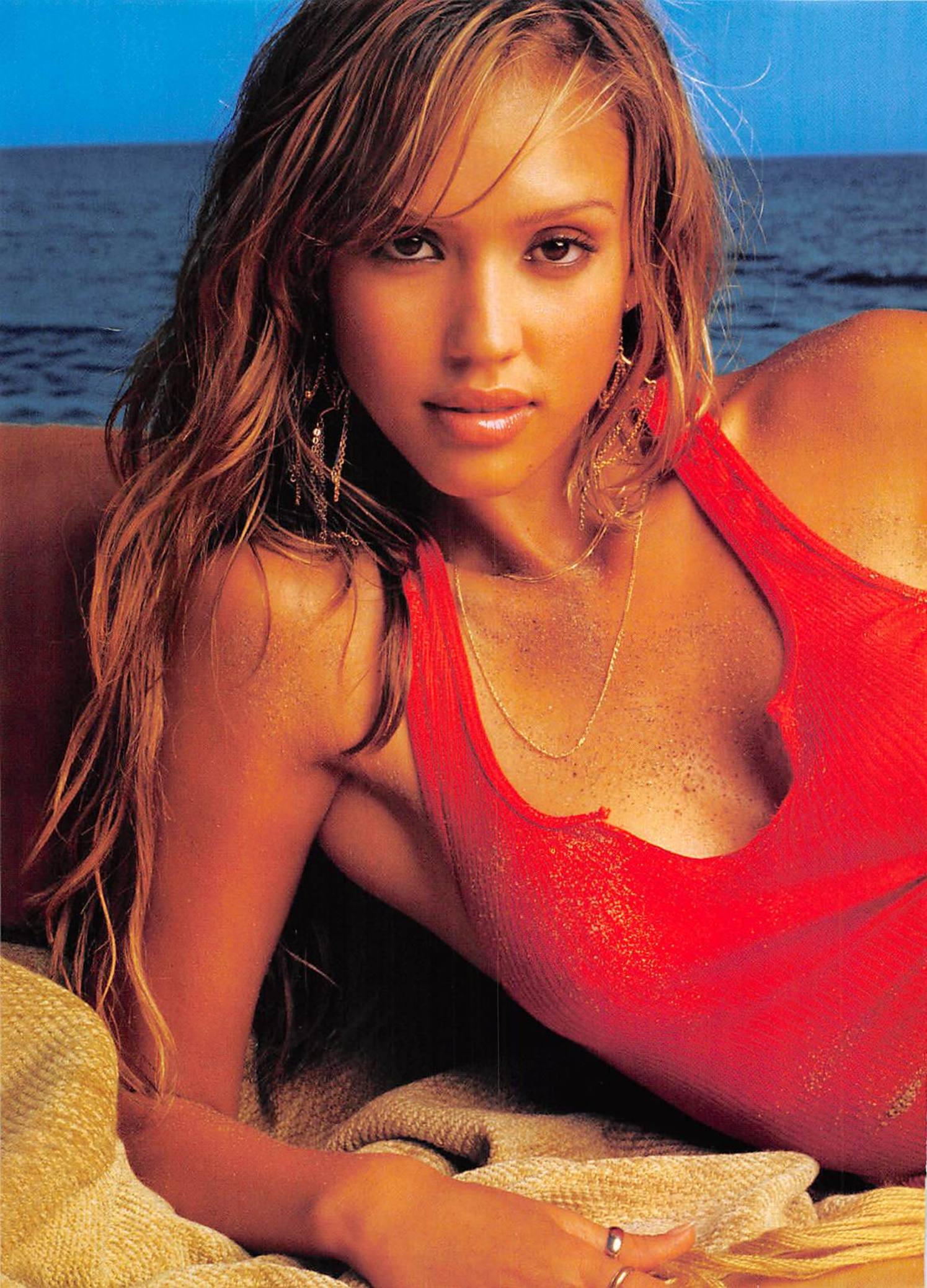
Any revolutionary ideas? A $2 gas tax? Privatize Social Security? Buy Canada?
In the 19th century, we were motivated by manifest destiny. In the 20th century, it was the idea that it was our duty to contain the spread of Communism and keep open the door for freedom. Today there is no substantial challenge to American ideals. The question is this: Where can we, with all our wealth and capabilities, lead mankind?

If *Maxim*'s 12 million readers help send you to the White House, can we get a few nights in the Lincoln bedroom?
Um, that's a key policy question. And it's a weighty question. You know, I'm not sure whether that's good government or not, but I'll certainly take it under consideration.

For more of our interview with Wesley Clark, please visit **maximonline.com.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEN IRISH

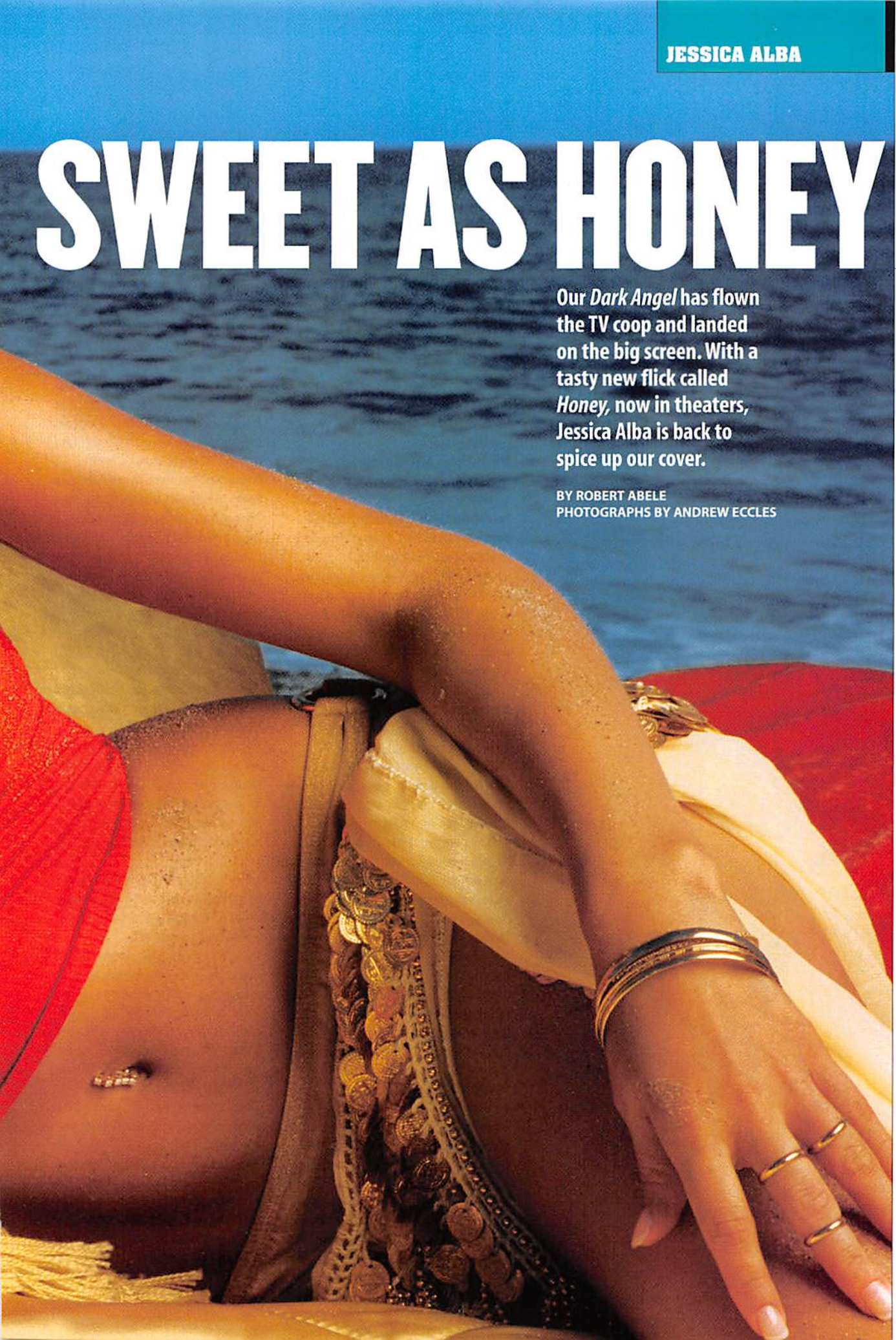
'I'll win using the same secret weapons every good general uses: the hearts and minds of his troops.'



SWEET AS HONEY

Our *Dark Angel* has flown the TV coop and landed on the big screen. With a tasty new flick called *Honey,* now in theaters, Jessica Alba is back to spice up our cover.

BY ROBERT ABELE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW ECCLES



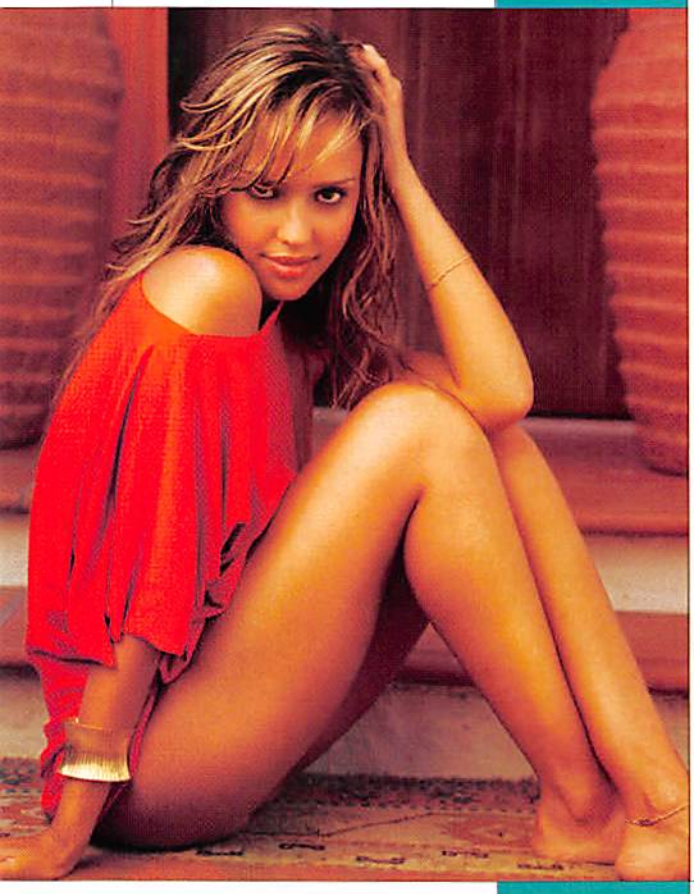
One word from Jessica Alba and we get rigid. Hold up now... We mean our *backs* get rigid, because we happen to be at a golf course getting a lesson in posture from the luscious-lipped, mocha-skinned actress who, during Fox's two-year run of the sci-fi series *Dark Angel,* showed us that girls only get more beautiful as the future goes down the tubes. During her last appearance as a *Maxim* cover girl, Alba let slip that she's an avid sports fan, so she's returned this time to literally drive the point home. With her new movie, the inspirational hip-hop dance flick *Honey* (in which her character goes from supersexy video choreographer to supersexy role model for neighborhood kids), the 22-year-old Alba is taking a swing at film stardom. We're sure it'll be a hole in one.

If this is a golf day, shouldn't you be in a plaid bikini or something?
Ha! I usually don't golf in plaid bikinis.

Is it hard to find other girls willing to tee up with you?
It's weird, because women who play with men mostly feel intimidated because men are always correcting them. It's always such a drama. I have no problem with picking up the ball to keep it moving. I don't feel any stress. The one thing that irritates me with guys is when they get all aggro and testosterone-y and throw their clubs and all that.

What's the appeal of the game?
You can do it anywhere, and usually the really good golf courses are in beautiful, tropical areas. *[laughs]* Plus, there's not a whole lot of organization involved. You don't have to gather up a team, you know? But it's mostly just relaxing. If you think about anything else, your game is done.

'It wasn't a lap dance. It was a music video.'



Where's your favorite course?
Probably in Jamaica. I mean, what's *not* good in Jamaica?

Except for those goddamn bobsledders, we can't think of anything. So is there a sport you won't try?
Downhill skiing. I've skied before, and I have a snowboard, but fast downhill skiing looks so sick. All I can think about is your legs snapping off or running off a mountain. I would never do that. My stomach turns when I watch it.

What brings out the danger-seeker side of you?
I love motocross, but I'm not very good at it. I'm such a spaz, I'll just get cocky and confident enough and I know I'll break my neck. I haven't done any big jumps, but riding a motorcycle is the best thing. You want to go faster, and you don't want to wear a helmet, and you want to do tricks. If I do another action movie, which I intend to, I gotta throw some motorcycle stuff in there.

I guess they couldn't fit a Harley into *Honey*. Is the dance training as hard as the ass-kicking training you did for *Dark Angel*?
It was exhausting. You have to be so aware of your body, from your stomach to your posture to your arms to being relaxed but strong at the same time. And then you have to be on beat and know the numbers and changing rhythms. But it was a dream I had when I was a kid, to be a dancer.

Really? Why didn't that work out?
I developed really fast. I was tall and a little overweight. I was in a class with skinny 11-year-olds who had been dancing since they were three. I was at least a head taller than everybody, with a booty and a tummy and boobs and chunky arms. There were mirrors everywhere, and I wasn't aware of my body.

You just leave all that body awareness to us. We were certainly on alert watching you lap-dance in *Honey*.
It *wasn't* a lap dance. *[sigh]* It was a music video, and Honey, my character, had to dance while this guy was sitting on a chair singing his song to the camera. That was probably the most nerve-racking to shoot. I get really embarrassed about stuff like that. It was up on a stage, and everybody was watching, and I was wearing this little outfit.

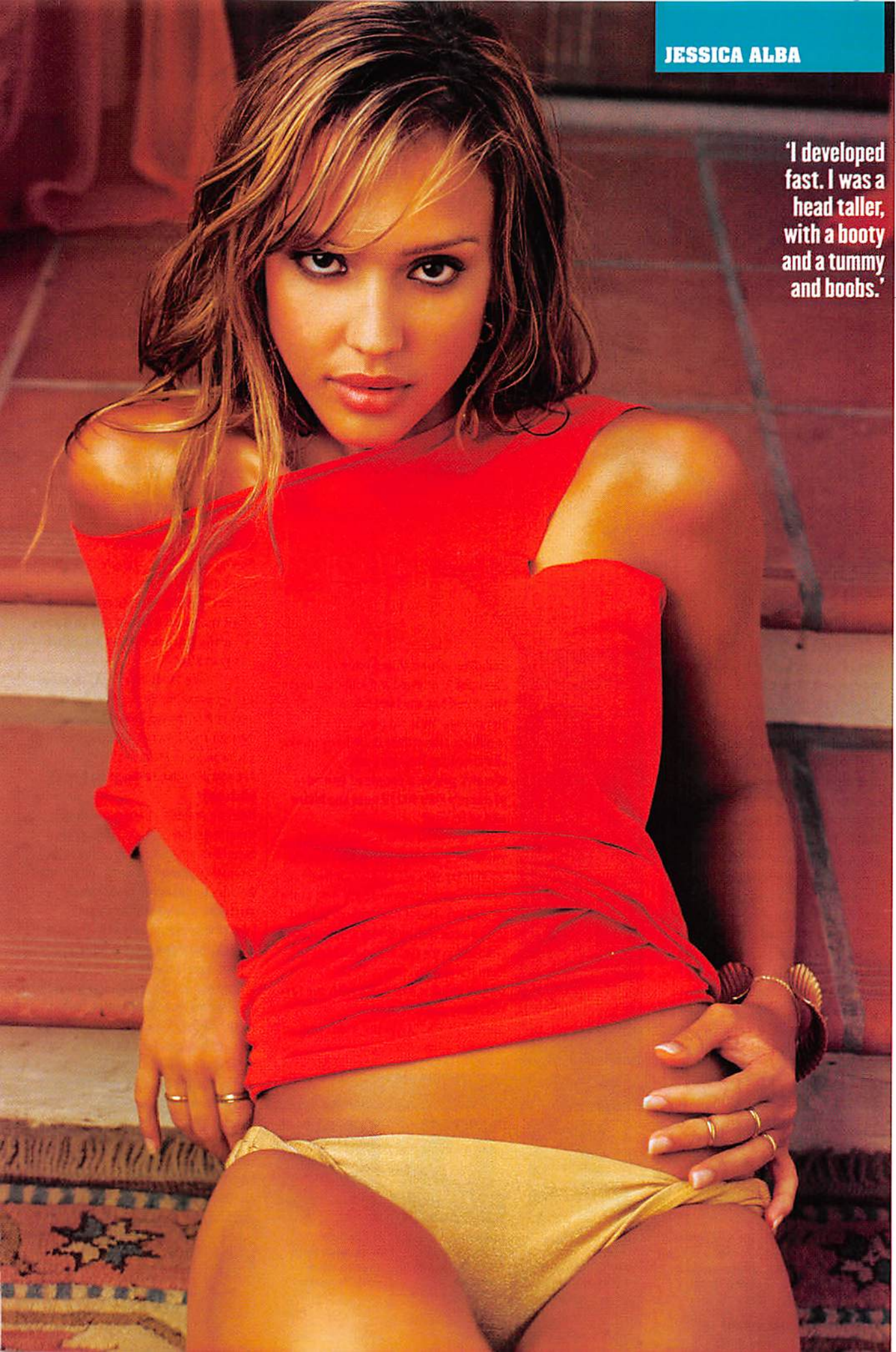
We've had that nightmare before. How did you get through it?
Hey, it was in the story, and I wasn't going to be a brat and not come out of my trailer. And it wasn't like I was doing a sex scene or showing my body. You don't see boobs, booty, anything. It's just dancing.

Damn. But how would you rate your rump-shaking on a scale of one to "Sweet lord, we've been struck blind"?
This is a thing that maybe guys don't understand. To them going to clubs is about picking up chicks. But for girls who love dancing, it's about a form of expression. Before I was legal to go into clubs, I used to go to raves to dance. From drum-and-bass to techno to reggae, it was not about being sexy. It was another form of expression, like acting.

Honestly, what can guys expect from this movie when their girlfriends drag them to see it?
It's definitely got elements of fantasy, but it's not so corny and cheesy that a guy can't sit through it and enjoy it. There's definitely stuff for guys in there. And the story applies to men and women; it's about somebody following their dream. Besides that, it'll be a great date movie.

Your character on *Dark Angel* was genetically engineered. If science could create the perfect guy, what would he be made of?
There's no such thing as a perfect guy. I think it would be strange if somebody was absolutely everything you always wanted, because then there'd be no challenge. Also, you'd feel inferior. If somebody is that perfect, how can you not think of yourself as being so imperfect next to him? I think people are perfect in their imperfections.

That's what we've been saying all this time. So what was your first imperfect boyfriend like?
He was a born-again Christian. I was, too, kind of, from 12 to 16. Very regimented and internal and "deep." I went to church three times a week. If I stubbed my toe, I would say "Oh, darn." Born-agains take themselves very seriously. I was a kid, trying to be dramatic. ▶


JESSICA ALBA
'I developed fast. I was a head taller, with a booty and a tummy and boobs.'

Wow. Was your family OK with your sudden Jesus freakiness?
No. Everybody still laughs about it. My grandmother found my boyfriend and his best friend in my closet praying, and she called them the closet boys. It was weird.

How did you escape?
I went to David Mamet's acting school in Vermont, and William H. Macy was my acting teacher. It was eight weeks at a women's college. I was the youngest, and it ranged to people in their mid-40s. All different races, sexual preferences... I realized that that was reality and I was kind of living in a bubble.

Well, we're glad that got popped. What kinds of hard lessons did you learn in your early acting days?
It's just cutthroat. When you're 12, and your mom's making you look like Malibu Barbie for some Barbie commercial, and you're sitting with a bunch of blonde, blue-eyed Barbie look-alikes, all over 18, and you're an overdeveloped 12-year-old, and you've got brown skin, teased hair, and some ridiculous outfit, and they say, "We're not going to see you," it's so ruthless. I ran in these dumb heels wearing all this makeup. They don't care.

'As long as I feel healthy and strong, I feel sexy.'

Weren't you on a couple of episodes of *Beverly Hills 90210* near the bitter end of its run?
Yeah, it was weird. There was this contract you had to sign where you couldn't look the actors in the eyes, you couldn't say their names in conversation while you were on the set, and you couldn't stare at them. So I had to do a scene with somebody when I couldn't look them in the eyes and couldn't talk to them. It was really crazy.

Do you think it had to do with the fact that they were...
Like, 90? *[laughs]* Maybe they didn't want us to see the wrinkles. I thought everybody was there to act, and I didn't really know that people just wanted to be famous and fabulous and have entourages. I'm so naive.

What was it like being directed by infamous taskmaster James Cameron on the last episode of *Dark Angel*?
I love him. I work really well with people who are focused, better than with people who are artsy, feely, manipulative, who will try to mess with my head to get what they want. I'd rather they say, "OK, have a breakdown. Go figure out how to do that." I totally understand the way Jim works.

We're sorry, but we have to bring up your incredible lips again.
I remember somebody made my lips the focus of an article they wrote about *Dark Angel*. I thought that was so bizarre. I don't think Jim Cameron cared about that! I don't know, I get really embarrassed.

What makes you feel sexy, then?
Working out. As long as I feel healthy and strong, then I feel sexy.

You got "punk'd" by Ashton Kutcher when they sent a naked guy to harass you while you were shopping. What was that like?
Honestly, I was like, *Is this a freaky sex thing? Are they gonna trap me in a room and do weird stuff? Is this supposed to turn me on? I'm confused.* I'm so not hip. I thought, *Maybe this is what people do these days.*

Are you plotting revenge on Demi's bitch boy?
Here's my problem. I feel like everybody's trying to get him back, you know what I mean? He's not going to be ripe to get back for another 10 years. It'll be the 10-year plan!

Besides unexpected nudity, is there anything else you don't go for?
I don't think I like anybody who's freaky or anything. But if someone has piercings or tattoos, that's not weird to me. If somebody's straight and uptight, that's probably more bizarre to me than someone who can talk about how they're feeling. If somebody's completely in denial of who they are, that's the kind of freakiness I'm not into.

Has your smart-alecky side gotten you in trouble?
It *always* gets me in trouble. It gets me in trouble every day of my life. Only people who love me and understand me know that I don't mean to be malicious and horrible. I just think life is ironic. But I do stick my foot in my mouth a lot. M

GIRL ON FILM

Flipper (1995–1996)
"C'mon, Jess. Let's try it one more time...with porpoise."

Idle Hands (1999)
Not even a demonically possessed mitt can keep off Jessica.

Never Been Kissed (1999)
We give Jessica's bitchy high school girl an A+.

Dark Angel (2000–2001)
Genetically enhanced ...to be hot.

Honey (2003)
Wanna watch Jessica shake her money-maker? Thought so.

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Subscribers get Web-exclusive photos at **maximonline.com**.

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Survival gear for the **frozen tundra.**

The best offense is a good defense. Drink responsibly.

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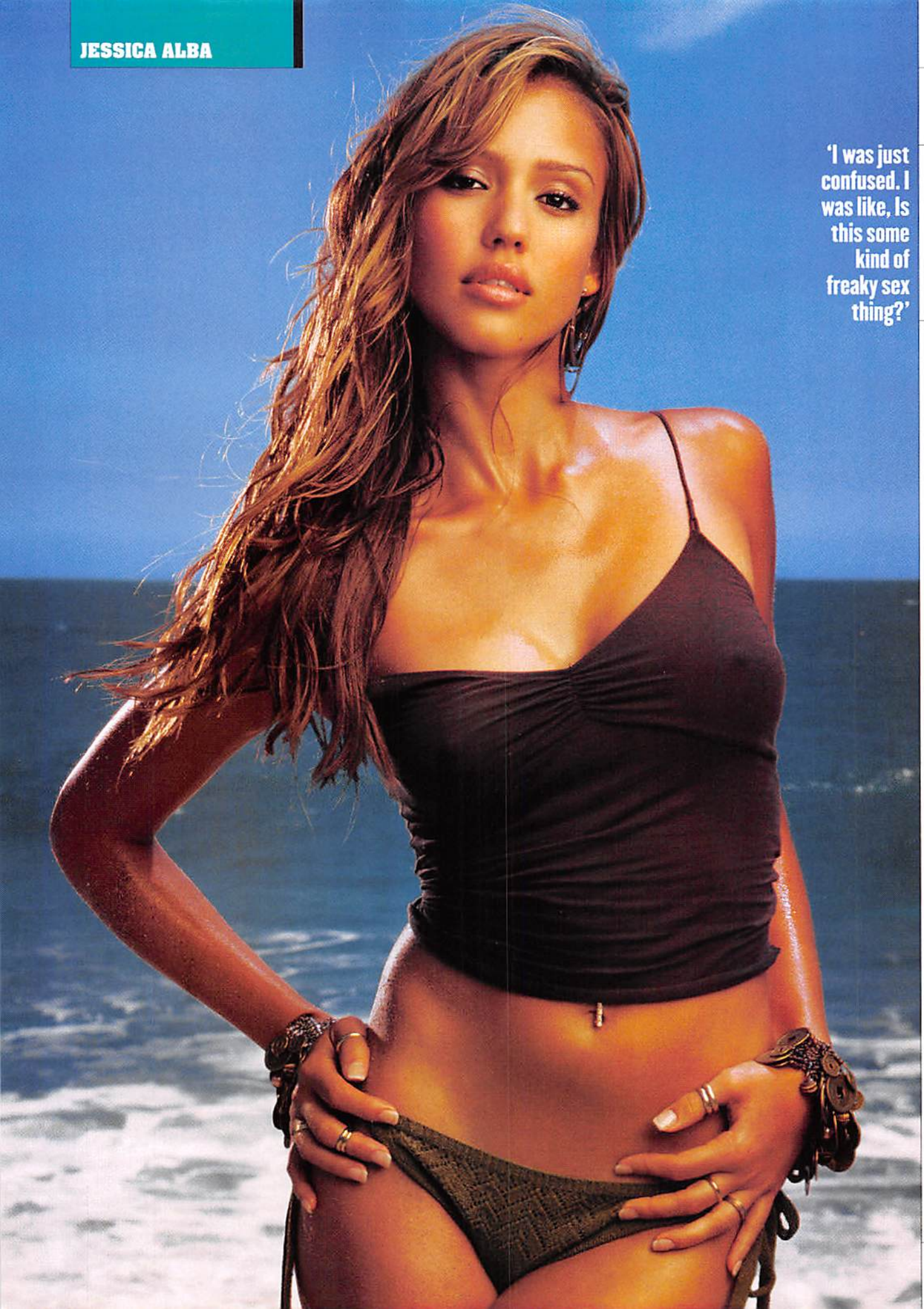
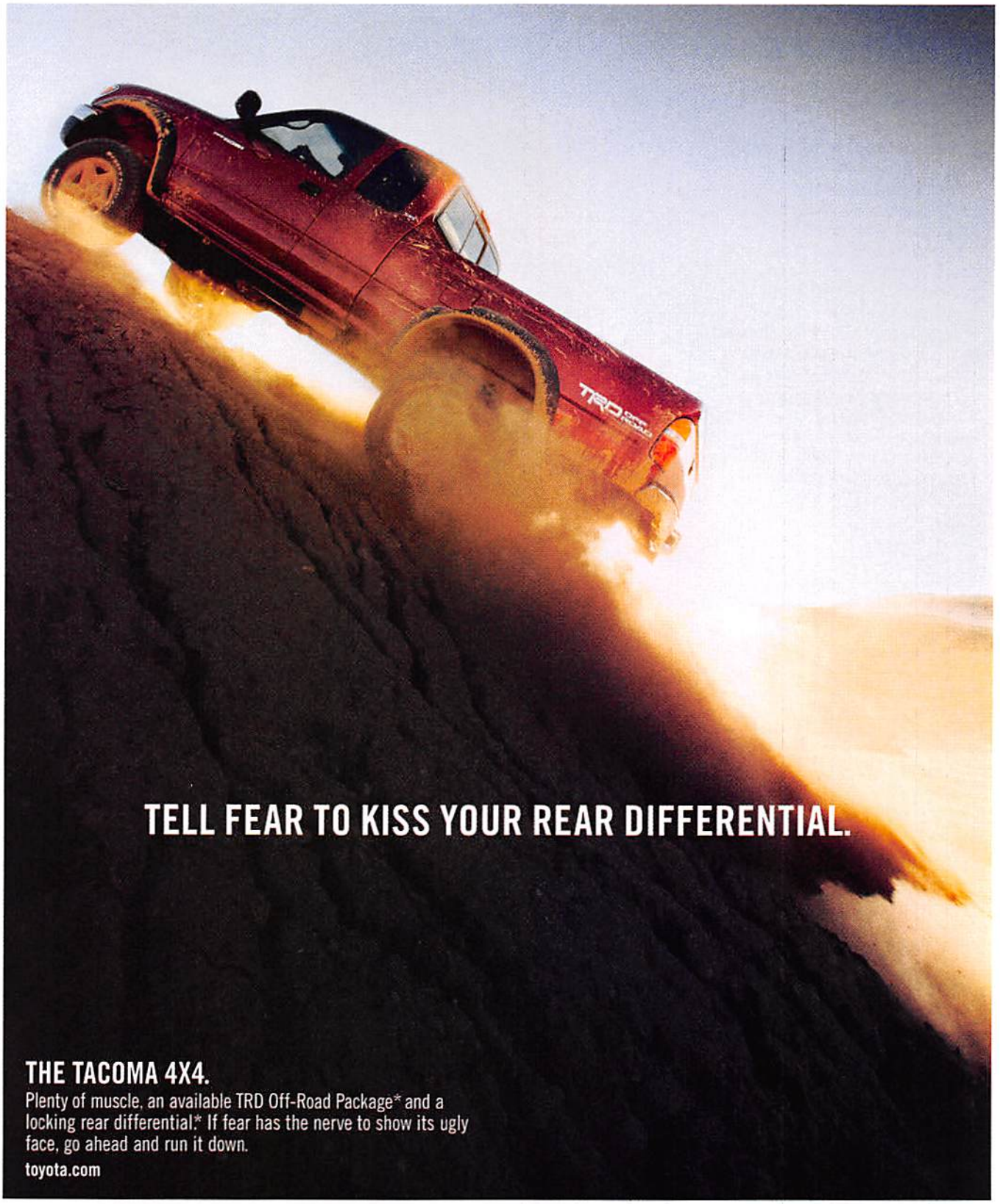


'I was just confused. I was like, Is this some kind of freaky sex thing?'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THE TACOMA 4X4.
Plenty of muscle, an available TRD Off-Road Package* and a locking rear differential.* If fear has the nerve to show its ugly face, go ahead and run it down.
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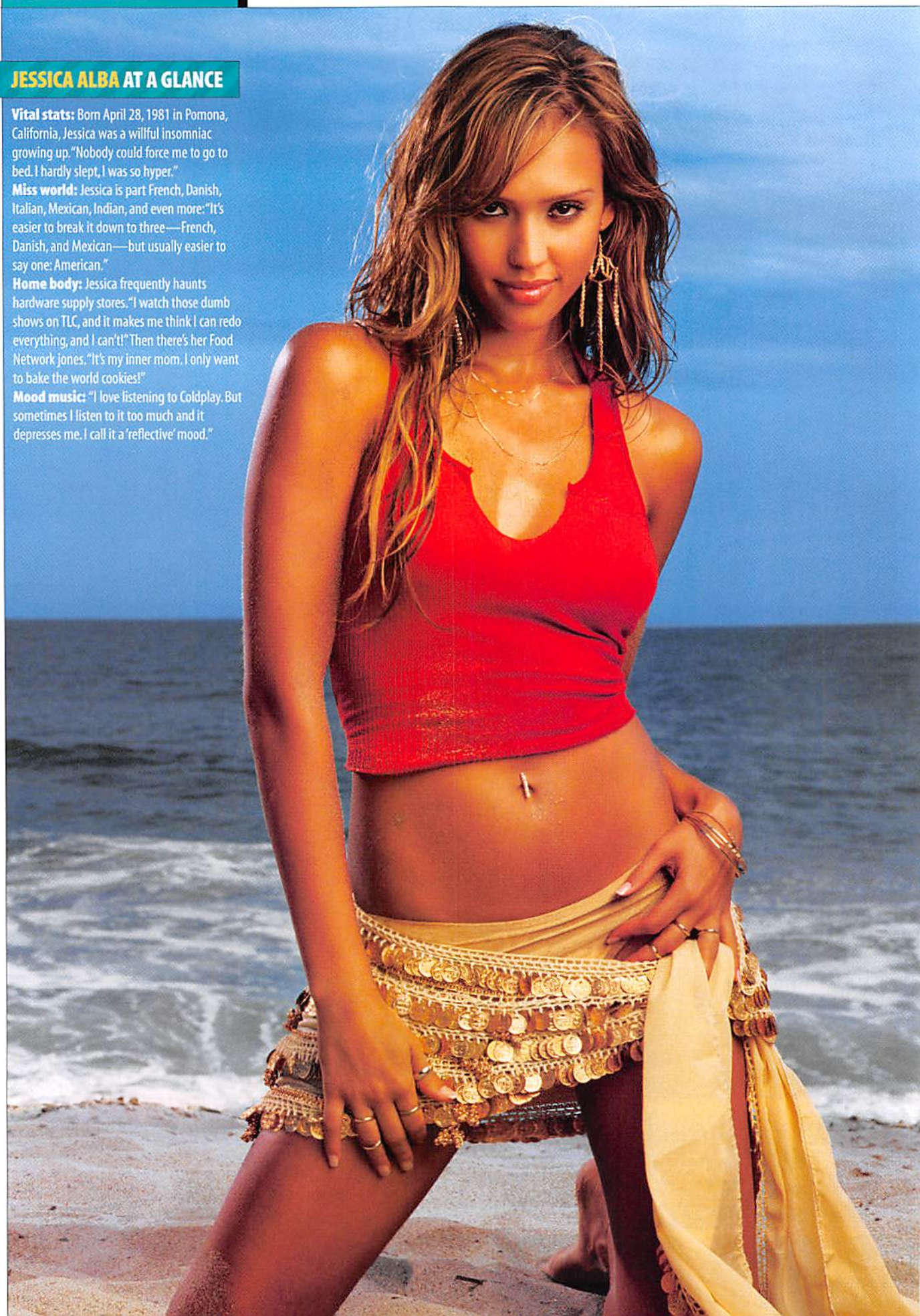
JESSICA ALBA AT A GLANCE

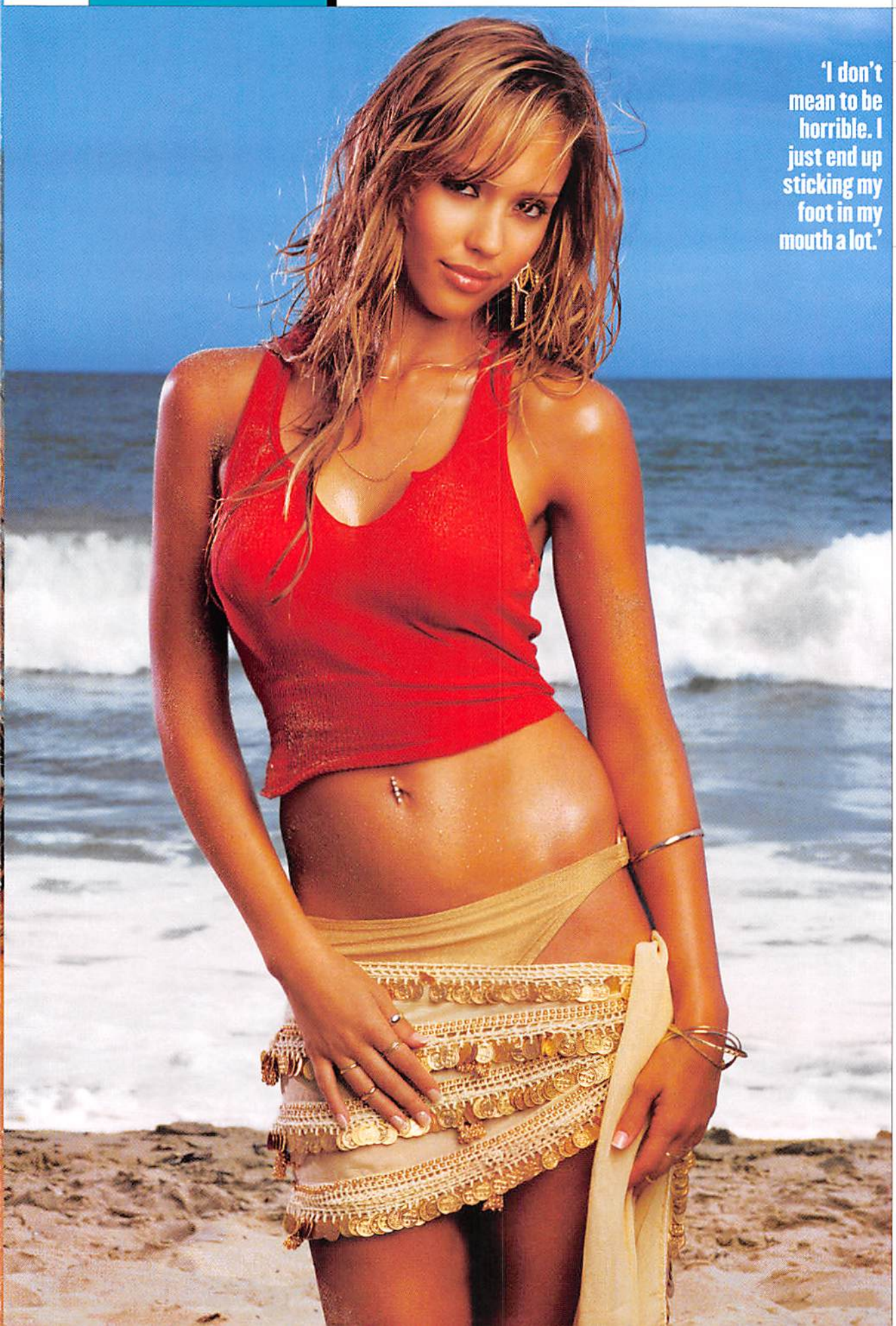
Vital stats: Born April 28, 1981 in Pomona, California, Jessica was a willful insomniac growing up. "Nobody could force me to go to bed. I hardly slept, I was so hyper."

Miss world: Jessica is part French, Danish, Italian, Mexican, Indian, and even more: "It's easier to break it down to three—French, Danish, and Mexican—but usually easier to say one: American."

Home body: Jessica frequently haunts hardware supply stores. "I watch those dumb shows on TLC, and it makes me think I can redo everything, and I can't!" Then there's her Food Network jones. "It's my inner mom. I only want to bake the world cookies!"

Mood music: "I love listening to Coldplay. But sometimes I listen to it too much and it depresses me. I call it a 'reflective' mood."



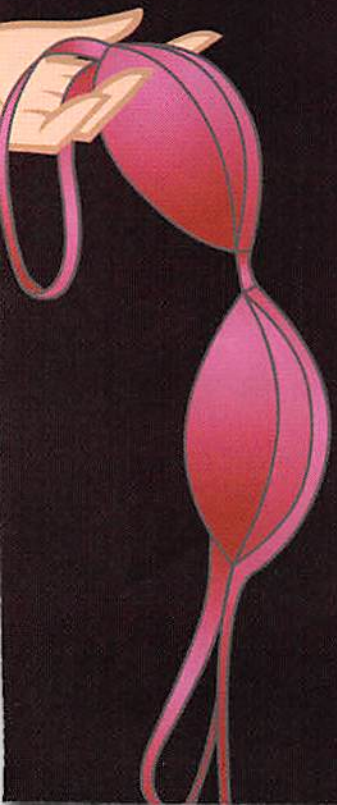


'I don't mean to be horrible. I just end up sticking my foot in my mouth a lot.'

But he prefers if she's on top.

KID NOTORIOUS

Starring Robert Evans



WEDS 10:30PM|9:30C

AFTER AN ALL-NEW **SOUTH PARK**

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He's gone from the gutter to being on top.

BAD TO THE BONE
COPS! KILLERS! CATCHPHR
THE BIGGEST MOVIE BADASSES E
STARRING: AL PACINO • CLINT EASTWOOD • SAMUEL L. JACKSON • PAU
CHARLES BRONSON • RUSSELL CROWE • JAMES CAAN • PATRICIA ARQUETTE •
RICHARD ROUNDTREE • KURT RUSSELL • ALEC BALDWIN • OLIVER REED • DANI
KAREN ALLEN • LINDA HAMILTON • BRUCE LEE • ROBERT SHAW • MEL GIBSON •
BRAD PITT • HUGH JACKMAN AND A 1958 PLY
R
REST
UNDER 17
PAREN
MAXIM
DIGITALLY MASTERED
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DVD VIDEO

25 BIGGEST MOVIE BADASSES!

Which one of you yellow-bellied bastards ordered the knuckle sandwich, hold the mercy? Sack up and meet 25 of the toughest movie hombres ever to buck authority.

25 TYLER DURDEN

(Brad Pitt/Edward Norton)

Fight Club (1999)

Living in a consumer-based culture blows, but Tyler "IKEA" Durden at least did something about it, even if organizing basement knucklefests and blowing up buildings is a *tad* extreme. Don't accept the offer to hit him "as hard as you can."

Fools he should throw a beatin': The pay-per-view vampires who jack us for $50 to watch a four-round fight on TV.

24 BLAKE

(Alec Baldwin)

Glengarry Glen Ross (1992)

The ultimate corpo hatchet man reduces hard-bitten real estate sharps to Avon ladies. After his little "pep talk," don't even ask for the new leads, you loser sack of shit, 'cause you ain't worth the used toilet paper they're printed on.

Fools he should throw a beatin': With editors overdue for raises, the *Maxim* ad sales reps could use some motivation.

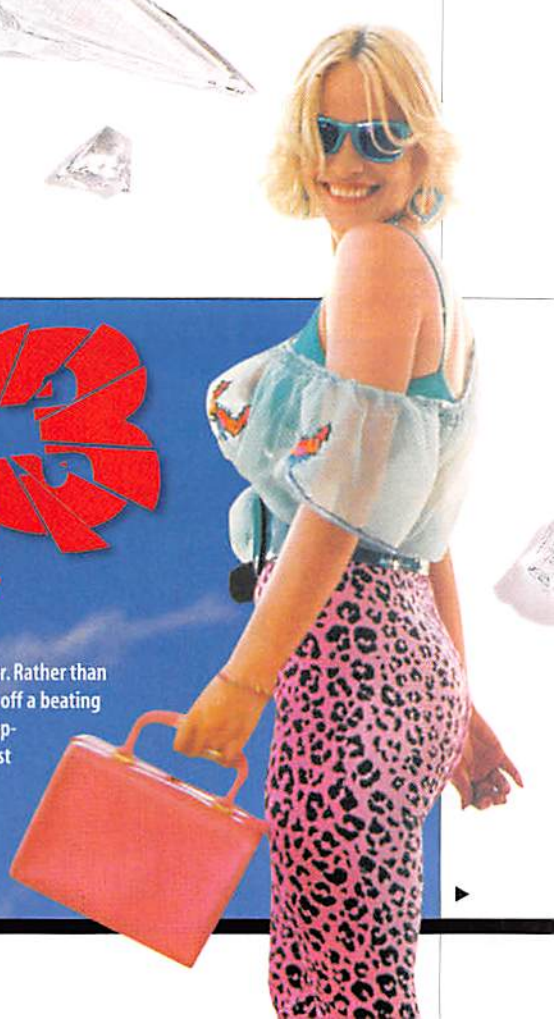
23 ALABAMA WORLEY

(Patricia Arquette)

True Romance (1993)

'Bama's tougher than cancer. Rather than betray her man, she laughs off a beating from a hulking hitman. Weapons of choice: corkscrew, bust of Elvis, toilet-tank cover.

Fool she should throw a beatin': David Arquette. You know why.



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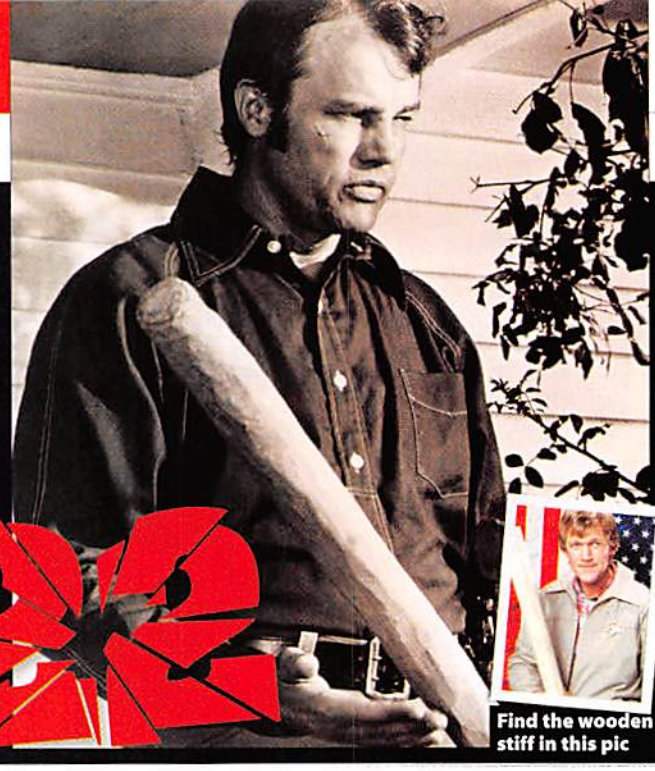


BUFORD PUSSER
(Joe Don Baker)
Walking Tall (1973)
Screw all that "to serve and protect" horseshit. Here's a 2x4 for your punk ass. It's practically a Southern birthright for a sheriff to take the complexities of jurisprudence into his own hands. That way he can do away with time-consuming police procedure and mete out justice to them what's got it coming. Even if that means using hillbilly gangsters as speed bumps.
Fools he should throw a beatin': Bo Svenson, the candy-ass pretender who feebly tried to hoist Pusser's wood in the awful sequels.

Find the wooden stiff in this pic

21 TANNER BOYLE
(Chris Barnes)
Bad News Bears (1976)
A junior high Ty Cobb, the pint-size shit's pissed off and isn't afraid to say so: "All we got on this team are a bunch of Jews, spics, niggers, pansies, and a booger-eating moron." Just try delivering a line like that in a kid's flick today—we dare you.
Fool he should throw a beatin': Yo! David Spade, you're going down.

20 FRANK
(James Caan)
Thief (1981)
Frank's a lone wolf jewel thief raised "by the state," so you'd think people would know better than to fuck with his "last heist." Now he's got to blow up his house and kill a local Mob boss. Revenge never tasted so . . . much like kerosene.
Fool he should throw a beatin': Tony Soprano, just to see a good fight.

19 DETECTIVE JIMMY "POPEYE" DOYLE
(Gene Hackman)
The French Connection (1971)
The craziest dick on the narco squad bitch-slaps perps for "picking their feet in Poughkeepsie," meets women by threatening to arrest them, and ignores all driving rules when chasing crooks.
Fool he should throw a beatin': Fat *N.Y.P.D. Blue* cell-phone shill Dennis Franz.

18 CHRISTINE
(1958 Plymouth Fury)
Christine (1983)
Everyone remembers his first car: the worn seats, the tricky gearshift, the way she would kill for you. Well, you might remember that if it was a certain '58 Plymouth Fury. Cherry red with a killer sound system, this road bitch takes down anyone who fucks with her owner.
Fool she should throw a beatin': KITT.

17 QUINT
(Robert Shaw)
Jaws (1975)
Any guy who can write "shark hunter" on the occupation line of his 1040 deserves respect, 'cause if a great white were gnawing on swimmers, the last place we'd be is in the water on a tiny wooden boat. (We'd be onshore, with an AK-47.)
Fool he should throw a beatin': The Crocodile Hunter. *Please.*

WHAT NUMBER ARE YOU TRYING TO REACH AGAIN?
SAY "WHAT" AGAIN.
I DARE YOU... I DOUBLE DARE YOU, MOTHERFUCKER!
SAY "WHAT" ONE MORE GODDAMN TIME!

TALKING SMACK
Learn from the masters and take charge of any situation.

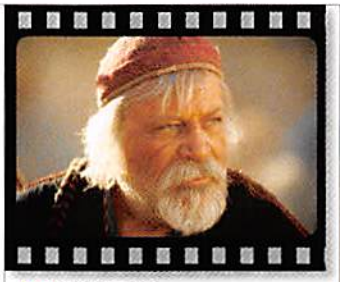
BOUNCER: "Look, pal. I ain't telling you this again. If you ain't on the list, I can't let you in."
You: "What do I get if I give you your balls back, you wop cocksucker?" (Bud White, *L.A. Confidential*)

SNOOTY MAÎTRE D': "Are you *sure* you have a reservation, sir? I just don't see it here at all. What's the name again?"
You: "Fuck you, *that's* my name. (Blake, *Glengarry Glen Ross*)

FORMER GIRLFRIEND: "I *kinda* slept with your friend . . ."
You: "I don't give a tuppenny fuck about your moral conundrum, you meatheaded shit sack!" (William Cutting, *Gangs of New York*)

AUTO MECHANIC: "Looks like we're going to do a lot more work on this car than we estimated."
You: "Why don't you try sticking your head up your ass? See if it fits!" (Tony Montana, *Scarface*)

COP: "You were only going about three miles over the speed limit, but I'm going to give you a ticket anyway."
You: "Well, that oughtta be easy for a genuine son of a bitch." (Lucas Jackson, *Cool Hand Luke*)



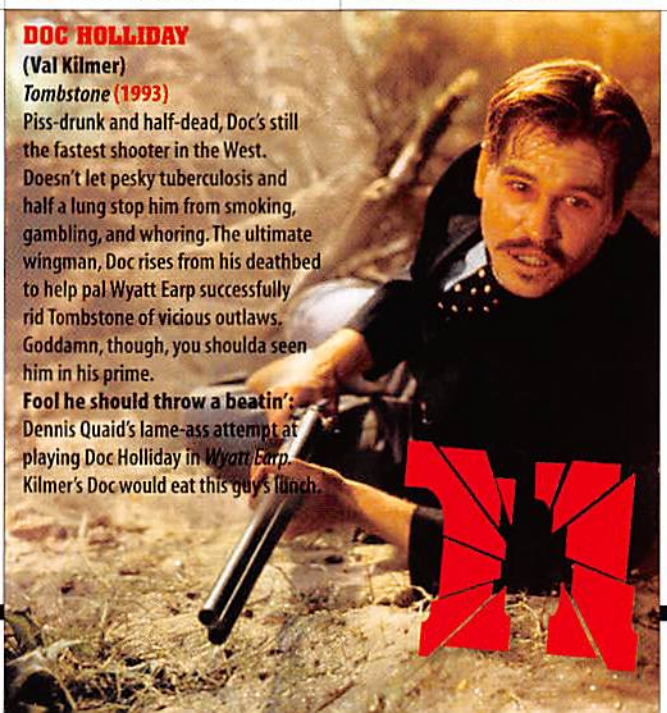
16 PROXIMO
(Oliver Reed)
***Gladiator* (2000)**
These days ambitious guys scratch their way out of the mailroom. Proximo mauled a few lions and sold out the Coliseum on his way to receiving the "I cheated death" wooden sword. (Not even Maximus could pull that one off.)
Fool he should throw a beatin': Not *everybody* loves you, Raymond Roman-o.

14 WOLVERINE/LOGAN
(Hugh Jackman)
***X-Men* (2000)**
Half man, half Ginsu knife, Wolverine prowls through life jumpier than a convict on his first night in prison. Who *wouldn't* be upset if they kept getting attacked by some "Sabertooth" dickhead who looks like a roadie for Whitesnake?
Fool he should throw a beatin': That other knife fanatic, Freddy Krueger.

13 JULES WINNFIELD
(Samuel L. Jackson)
***Pulp Fiction* (1994)**
Why is this semicontrolled mountain of Jheri-Curled intimidation on the list? He's a philosophical hitman who carries a wallet that says BAD MOTHERFUCKER. End of fucking story.
Fool he should throw a beatin': Quentin Tarantino, for not filming Jules walking the Earth "like Caine in *Kung Fu*."

12 MARION RAVENWOOD
(Karen Allen)
***Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981)**
It's not just that this sarcastic expat owns her own bar—it's that she outdrinks Nepalese goons twice her size and isn't afraid to cold-cock the smug out of Indy. Also good at manhandling Nazis.
Fool she should throw a beatin': The blithering Kate Capshaw, who almost singlehandedly ruined *Temple of Doom*.

15 SNAKE PLISSKEN
(Kurt Russell)
***Escape From New York* (1981)**
When a bloodthirsty crowd of all-star criminals cheers your mano a mano pummeling of a sadistic mountain man named Slag in the center ring of Madison Square Garden, you know you've arrived. You can't beat a guy even Lee Van Cleef doesn't feel comfortable talking to without a loaded pistol handy. All this with an explosive implanted in his brain that detonates if his mission fails.
Fool he should throw a beatin': Whatever asswipe was responsible for that New York-of-the-future blackout.

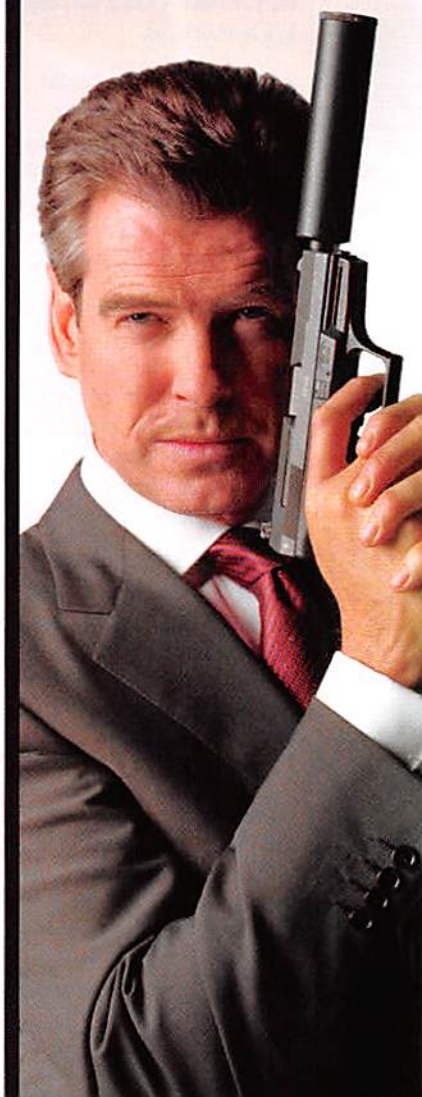


11 DOC HOLLIDAY
(Val Kilmer)
***Tombstone* (1993)**
Piss-drunk and half-dead, Doc's still the fastest shooter in the West. Doesn't let pesky tuberculosis and half a lung stop him from smoking, gambling, and whoring. The ultimate wingman, Doc rises from his deathbed to help pal Wyatt Earp successfully rid Tombstone of vicious outlaws. Goddamn, though, you shoulda seen him in his prime.
Fool he should throw a beatin': Dennis Quaid's lame-ass attempt at playing Doc Holliday in *Wyatt Earp*. Kilmer's Doc would eat this guy's lunch.

10 JOHN SHAFT
(Richard Roundtree)
***Shaft* (1971)**
"The cat that won't cop out" is so badass he can answer the question "Where the hell are you going?" with "To get laid" and not only have it not sound stupid but also have it be 100 percent true.
Fool he should throw a beatin': Let's see how smart-mouthed Undercover Brother is after a few rounds.

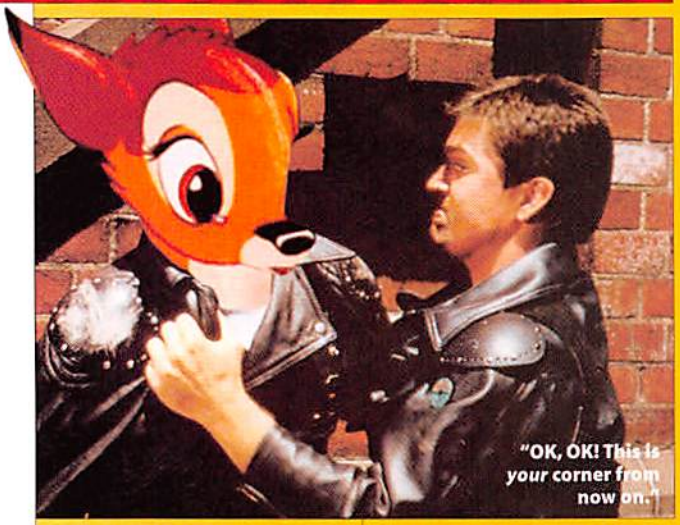
▶

Good or Evil?
Shaken or Stirred?
Life or Death?



HALL OF LAME

The 10 movie wimps we'd most like to cram in a locker.



1. BAMBI (*Bambi*, 1942) "Oh, look at me. I'm an adorable baby deer. I'm sad because my mommy died and I can barely stand." Buck up, ya mary. In real life Bambi gets eaten by a bear. Or by us.

2. GEORGE McFLY (*Back to the Future*, 1985) Big deal, so he finally punches out Biff. If not for his son and a certain flux capacitor, McFly would have been on the receiving end of noogies till his deathbed. It was his density.

3. FRODO BAGGINS (*The Lord of the Rings Trilogy*, 2001–2003) This wide-eyed wuss tiptoes around Middle-earth, wetting his pants at the slightest noise. The only thing he bullies is Gollum, who looks like a fetal Steve Buscemi. That's *so* badass.

4. EDWARD SCISSORHANDS (*Edward Scissorhands*, 1990) He could cut his enemies, and Winona Ryder did all the work in bed. So why was he always crying? Edward Penishands was a better film. Imagine—*penis* hands!

5. ANTHONY MICHAEL HALL (Take your pick, 1983–1988) In the '80s Hall was the walking definition of *wimp*. No wonder he later went the Joe Piscopo route and got so bulked up he looks like his neck is slowly digesting his head.

6. KAZAAM (1996) How do you emasculate a 340-pound man? Put him in gold pants and make him say things like, "In 5,000 years you're the only friend I ever had" and "Grab my belly and make a wish." Note to Shaq: Off-seasons are for practicing free throws.

7. LARRY GIGLI (*Gigli*, 2003) Never before have we seen both a character *and* the actor playing him get pussy-whipped right before our eyes.

8. AMÉLIE (*Amélie*, 2001) She pulls all kinds of manipulative garbage because she's too scared to talk to a man. Guys'll put up with anything to lay a cute chick…but if she weren't cute, she'd die a virgin in a house full of decomposing cats.

9. C-3PO (*Star Wars* movies, 1977–2005) He can calculate the odds of surviving an asteroid field and understand six million forms of communication, but he can't grow a set of balls? Even the Ewoks sacked up and kicked some ass.

10. THE COWARDLY LION (*The Wizard of Oz*, 1939) Easy target, you say? Maybe, but if we had claws and teeth we wouldn't be running from flying monkeys. Now, if we were kicking it in the *prison* Oz…that's a different story.

9 PAUL KERSEY

(Charles Bronson)

Death Wish (1974)

With a face that could double as a mule's ass crack, Kersey gets kinda pissed after his wife is murdered, his daughter is raped, and the criminal scum walk. He takes to roaming the streets and redecorating subway cars with punks' blood.

Fools he should throw a beatin': Modern scum, bin Laden and Hussein.

8 OFFICER WENDELL "BUD" WHITE

(Russell Crowe)

L.A. Confidential (1997)

In the pre-Miranda world of trouble-free justice, a punch-happy cop with personal issues could pound crooks, dangle politicians out of windows, and frame suspected rapists. Not the guy to spill beer on at a hockey game.

Fool he should throw a beatin': O.J.

7 "MAD" MAX ROCKATANSKY

(Mel Gibson)

Mad Max 2: The Road Warrior (1981)

Post-nuke Australia might be filled with criminal spawn, but this cop turned pitiless loner (nuclear fallout and a murdered family will do that) never says "G'day" in his endless quest for petrol.

Fools he should throw a beatin': The price-gougers at our local gas station.

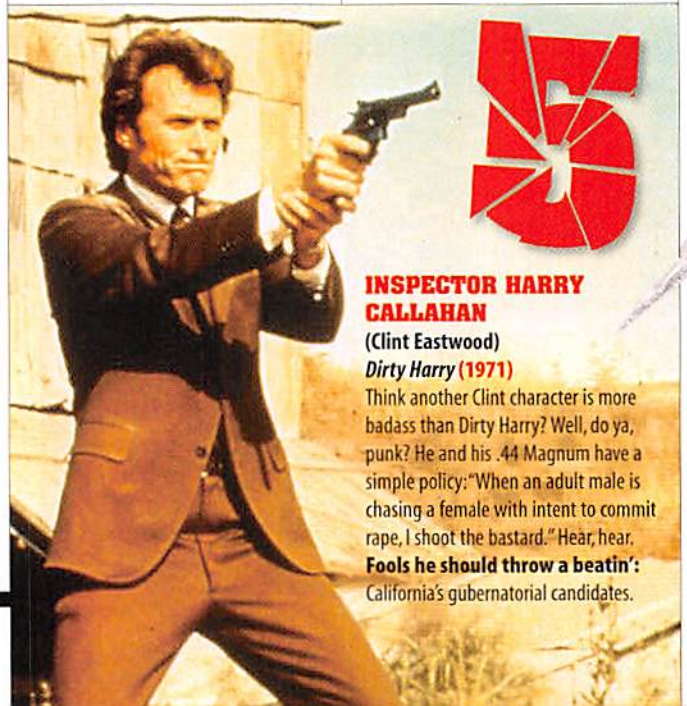
6 LUKE

(Paul Newman)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)

Nonconformist. Fights authority. Stands up to the resident bully. No, not you in first grade—we're talking about the toughest inmate since Alcatraz shut down. Achieves respect among fellow cons with his ability to down 50 hardboiled eggs.

Fool he should throw a beatin': The next guy who gives us a ticket.



5 INSPECTOR HARRY CALLAHAN

(Clint Eastwood)

Dirty Harry (1971)

Think another Clint character is more badass than Dirty Harry? Well, do ya, punk? He and his .44 Magnum have a simple policy: "When an adult male is chasing a female with intent to commit rape, I shoot the bastard." Hear, hear.

Fools he should throw a beatin': California's gubernatorial candidates.

Heidi or Shannon?
EVERYTHING OR NOTHING™
COMING EARLY 2004
The safety of the world rests in the hands of the world's greatest secret agent — you. Pierce Brosnan stars as Bond alongside a stellar cast of Shannon Elizabeth as Serena St. Germaine, Heidi Klum as Dr. Katya Nadanova, and Mya as Agent Starling. Employ the latest Q gadgets, drive Bond's Aston Martin V12 Vanquish, and fight villains with a new hand-to-hand combat system as you cover four continents on a journey to save the world. Begin your mission at eagames.com.
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Suggestive Themes
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB
MGM INTERACTIVE
XBOX
NINTENDO GAMECUBE
PlayStation.2
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Challenge Everything™

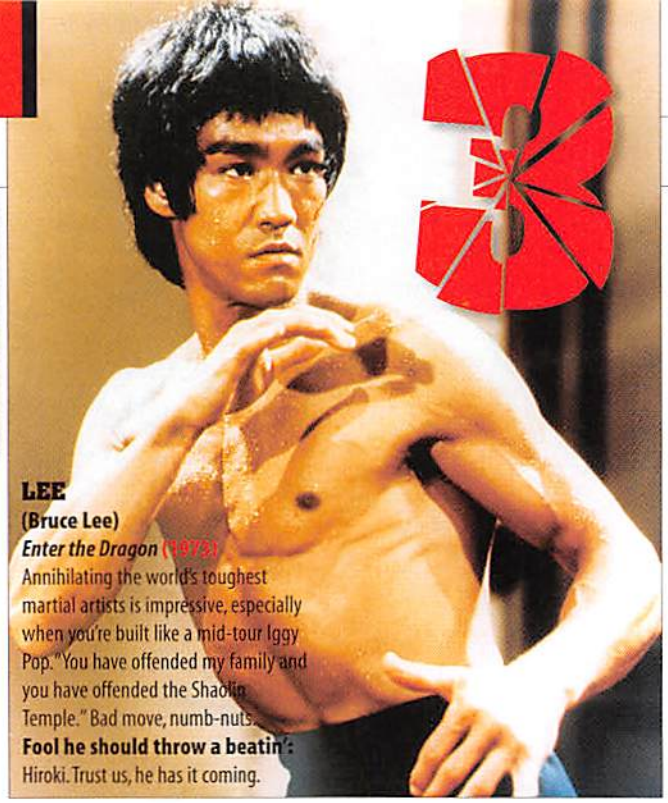
4. WILLIAM CUTTING, A.K.A "BILL THE BUTCHER"

(Daniel Day-Lewis)

Gangs of New York (2002)

The movie went limp, but Bill stomped onscreen like a drunken stepfather. When not engaged in the art of butchery, this pit bull's brawling in the streets and acting as a one-man border patrol.

Fool he should throw a beatin': We're down with the Irish and all, but isn't Colin Farrell due for a smackdown?



3. LEE

(Bruce Lee)

Enter the Dragon (1973)

Annihilating the world's toughest martial artists is impressive, especially when you're built like a mid-tour Iggy Pop. "You have offended my family and you have offended the Shaolin Temple." Bad move, numb-nuts.

Fool he should throw a beatin': Hiroki. Trust us, he has it coming.

2. SARAH CONNOR

(Linda Hamilton)

Terminator 2: Judgment Day (1991)

Sarah Conner ain't no soccer mom. Did *our* mothers school us in hand-to-hand combat and munitions? No, we had to take fucking piano lessons. Thanks a lot, Ma, ya screamin' wussy!

Fools she should throw a beatin': Ultimate catfight cage match: Connor vs. *Tomb Raider's* Lara Croft vs. Trinity from *The Matrix* vs. Ripley from *Aliens*.

#1 TONY MONTANA

(Al Pacino)

Scarface (1983)

Power mad? Pathological? Sadistic? Morally, um, flexible? This cock-a-roach of a Cuban immigrant shoots (and shoots, and shoots, and shoots, and shoots) way beyond standard badass qualifications with a résumé that's completely untouchable: He murders his way to a green card, survives a chain saw attack, whacks his boss so he can fuck the guy's old lady, snorts coke like he's breathing air, kills his best friend, and has his exploits displayed over and over on plasma TVs in the posh homes of every single rapper on the face of the Earth. You never, and we mean *never*, want to say hello to his "li'l friend."

Fool he should throw a beatin': Can we get a time machine so he can slap around the present's Al "I've Become an Overacting Woman" Pacino? M

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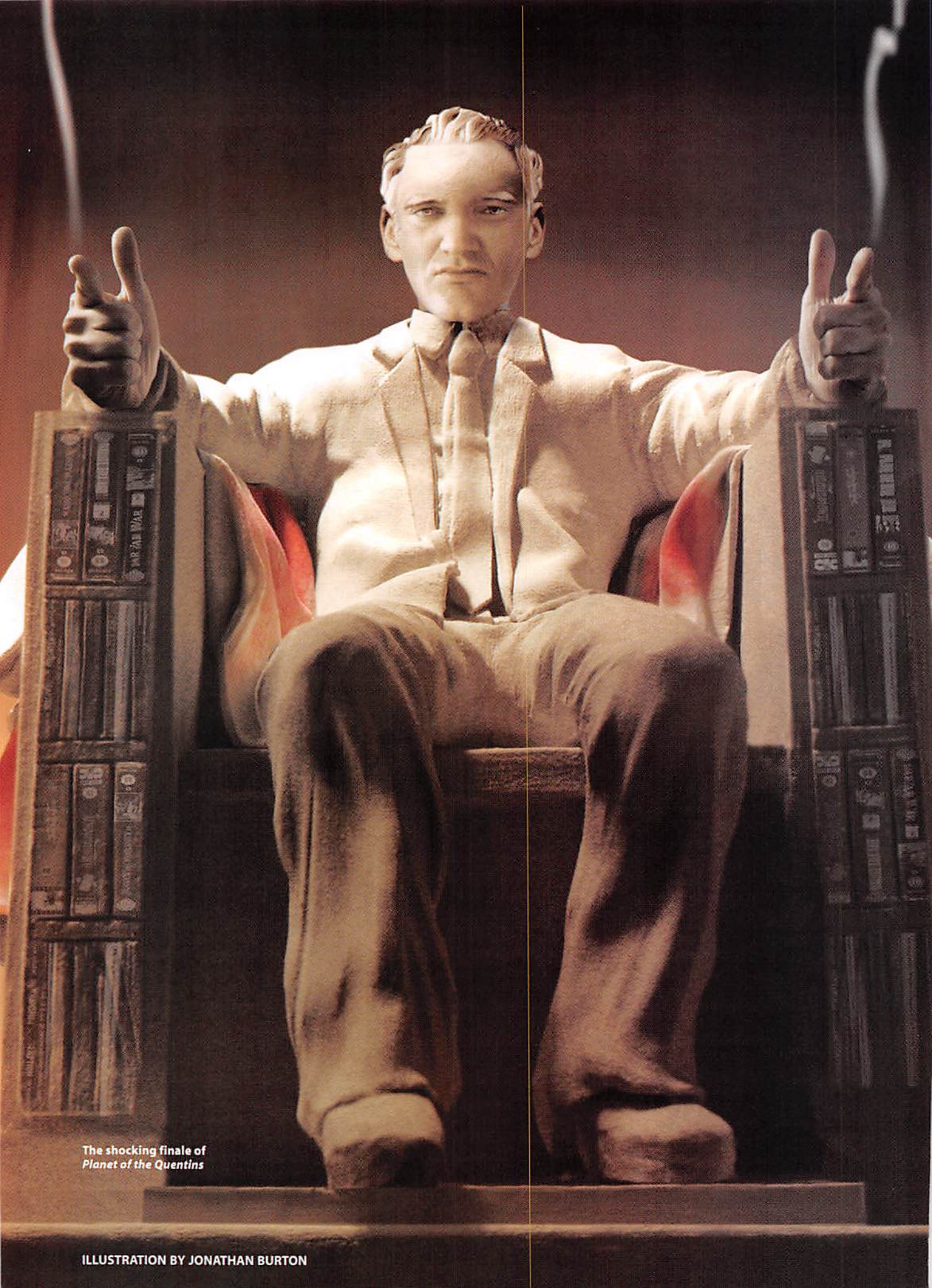


The shocking finale of *Planet of the Quentins*

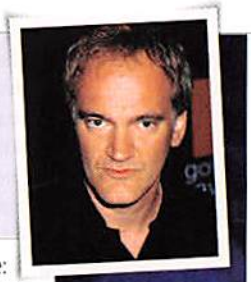
ILLUSTRATION BY JONATHAN BURTON

KICKING BACK WITH QUENTIN

Maverick superstar writer-director-actor Quentin Tarantino shoots straight about the "Quentin myth" and killer Japanese schoolgirls.

INTERVIEW BY PAUL SEMEL

It's been six years since Quentin Tarantino last directed a movie, but the man who blew us away with *Reservoir Dogs, Pulp Fiction,* and *Jackie Brown* is back with not one but two killer new flicks—*Kill Bill: Volumes 1* and *2*—and a hell of a lot more loaded and ready. So listen up: QT's got something to say.



'The Bride is this badass chick hellbent for leather and revenge.'

What the hell have you been up to the past six years?

I've been writing, full on, since *Jackie Brown.* I started with my WWII film *Inglorious Bastards,* and I did about seven months of research. When I finally started writing it, I ended up writing, like, three war movies. So I thought, *Let me get away from this mammoth epic and write a cool exploitation flick so Uma and I can work together again.*

That's an insane amount of work.

Well, when I first came on the scene, I already had this backlog of material. I had the scripts for *True Romance, Natural Born Killers,* and *From Dusk Till Dawn.* Then I wrote *Reservoir Dogs* and took some time to write *Pulp Fiction.* When *Reservoir Dogs* got produced, I already had all this other stuff too. So I spent the last few years creating a backlog again.

Was that a tough process?

It was fun. It was great to just write. Not dealing with the other bullshit, just dealing with the pen and paper.

Weren't you also considering doing a Vega brothers movie with Michael Madsen and John Travolta?

The Vega brothers is just an idea. But I'd come to the conclusion that I couldn't do that anymore. The guys are just too old to do a prequel. But then I came up with another idea of how to solve it.

Which is...

I can't tell you, unfortunately. But right after I had written the idea off, it came back to me. I have this little record room at home, and I was listening to music, and then it hit me: *Wait a minute! What if this were to happen? Oh, yeah... and then this...* Suddenly, their age wasn't a problem anymore.

It doesn't involve cloning or time travel, does it?

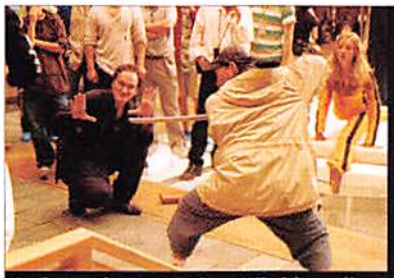
Oh, no, no, no. No cloning. No time travel. However, if I did get an idea like that, I'd make it work.

How much of the Tarantino legend is true, and how much is bullshit?

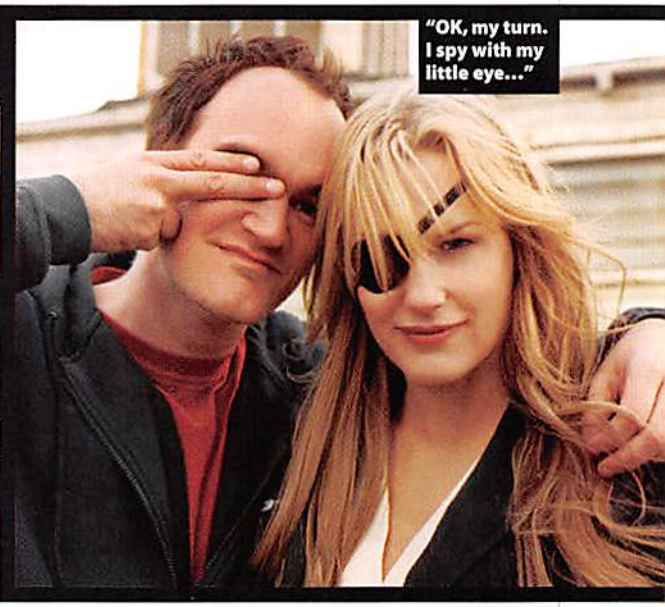
Well, it's actually true that I quit school in the ninth grade—never went to high school. I quit in junior high. And then I worked in a video store for five years. All right, that's all true. That's the Cinderella, American Dream part of the thing. I didn't go to film school or anything like that. But people think I went straight from the video store to directing *Reservoir Dogs,* and that's not true. It was a long process from here to there. But the basic building blocks of the mythos are correct.

OK, so let's talk a little about *Kill Bill.* Was it easy to get this "cool exploitation flick" off the ground?

There was nothing easy about this film. I didn't make it easy on myself. The writing process was fun, but it was really tough dealing with the long shoot. We shot for 50 weeks. The most I'd ever shot before was 10½ weeks on *Jackie Brown.* There's a big, climactic fight sequence at the end of Chapter Five of *Kill Bill: Volume 1* that took us eight weeks to shoot—*all* of *Pulp Fiction* only took 10 weeks. ▶

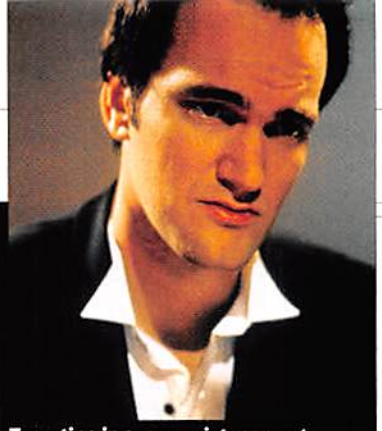


And now they open the really big mail



"OK, my turn. I spy with my little eye..."

"OK, so it's like *Die Hard* in a kitchen."


Tarantino in a rare quiet moment

"We busted out the caps for yo' ass."

Hey, patty! Nice buns!

What inspired you?

This movie is made up of all these different subgenres from grindhouse movies. *[Editor's note:* Grindhouse *refers to run-down theaters that used to show, or "grind out," triple bills of B-movies.]* That was always the jumping-off point. You've got spaghetti westerns, you've got Shaw Brothers kung fu films from the '70s, you've got Japanese samurai films, anime . . . all these different subgenres are all together in *Kill Bill.* Grindhouse cinema from the '60s and '70s is the jumping-off point for this whole movie. And the thing is, when you say your movie is a revenge movie, which this is, it fits into all these categories.

You have a crew of hot female ass-kickers in this movie, each with a unique style. Can you explain where they come from? Let's start with Daryl Hannah . . .

'I cast actors I want to work with. I don't give a damn who's hot and who's not.'

The relationship between Bill [David Carradine], the Bride [Thurman], and Elle Driver [Hannah] is based on people I've known, situations I've been in, with the new girlfriend and the old girlfriend, you know? At the same time, her look is taken from one of the gnarliest revenge movies I've ever seen, called *They Call Her One Eye.* It's a Swedish film originally called *Thriller,* but it was released in America as *They Call Her One Eye.* It's as rough a movie as you're ever going to see. So I took from that the idea of a girl with an eye patch kicking ass. Then, when Daryl puts on the nurse outfit to go and kill Uma when she's in the coma, that goes back to those '70s flicks like *Night Call Nurses* and *Candy Stripe Nurses.*

What about Vivica A. Fox?

Her character could be Coffy, Pam Grier's character. *Coffy* is another great revenge movie. She could be Coffy, who's gotten a little bit older, quit kicking ass, and now just wants to be a family girl.

Lucy Liu?

She's not based on anyone in particular. There's this character from a comic book and a movie called *Black Lizard,* whose director, Kinji Fukasaku, I'm a big fan of. It's like this queen of crime in Tokyo, not too dissimilar from the Fantomas character in French literature, the criminal mastermind who runs Paris. So that inspired this idea of having Lucy be this crime queen. But other aspects came from me fashioning the character for Lucy. It's very important that the character's half Chinese, half Japanese-American. That's a very big deal in the movie. She also has a bodyguard . . .

Who's she?

She's called Go Go Yubari, and she's this 17-year-old in a schoolgirl outfit. She's straight out of anime, like this totally whacked-out *Sailor Moon* kind of character.

Finally . . . we have Uma.

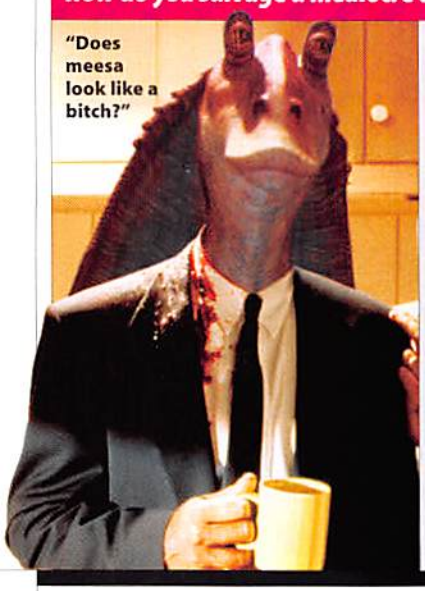
This was a character that Uma and I created. We were just trying to create this badass chick hellbent for leather and revenge.

Did you ever imagine that one day you'd be able to turn all your fantasies and in-jokes into actual movies?

When I was younger, these were the kind of movies I thought I was going to be making. All my heroes were the kings of action, guys like Walter Hill—I ran to every movie he ever did. My first script, *True Romance,* was an action movie. So I'm finally getting to do one of the things I always wanted to do. ▶

PULP RECONSTRUCTION

How do you salvage a mediocre or downright awful movie? Add that special Tarantino something.


"Does meesa look like a bitch?"

STAR WARS: EPISODE 2—ATTACK OF THE CLONES

The plot: Teen Vader falls in love with Natalie Portman while a corrupt chancellor secretly plots to conquer the galaxy.

Tarantino treatment: Padmé and Anakin debate semantics after accidentally shooting Obi-Wan Kenobi in the backseat of a landspeeder. The word *fuck* is uttered 271 times.

Best line: "Do you know what they call death sticks in France?"

BRUCE ALMIGHTY

The plot: Jim Carrey gets a chance to run the universe, using his powers to increase his wife's bust size, toilet-train his dog, and walk on water.

Tarantino treatment: Carrey betrays the Lord and steals his mysterious, glowing briefcase. God (Samuel L. Jackson), naturally, has no choice but to seek bloody revenge.

Best line: "And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon thee!"

LEGALLY BLONDE 2: RED WHITE & BLONDE

The plot: Elle Woods goes to Washington to fight against animal testing.

Tarantino treatment: The new script features an ear-hacking lobbyist (Michael Madsen) who "persuades" Elle to leave well enough alone. The new title? *Red White & Mr. Blonde.*

Best line: "You keep talking like a Capitol Hill Barbie, I'm gonna slap you like a Capitol Hill Barbie!"

GIGLI

The plot: A lowlife thug (Ben Affleck) pairs with a lesbian assassin (J.Lo) to kidnap the retarded brother of a marked man.

Tarantino treatment: J.Lo overdoses on horse, and the only way to save her is a shot of adrenaline to the heart, but Ben lets her die, winning the audience's eternal gratitude. Ben is then shot by the retard (Steve Buscemi).

Best line: "Did you notice a sign out in front that said DEAD CAREER STORAGE?"

MADISON
Emmett's

THE QT FILE

Keep a diddled eye open for these Tarantino trademarks.

BATHROOMS

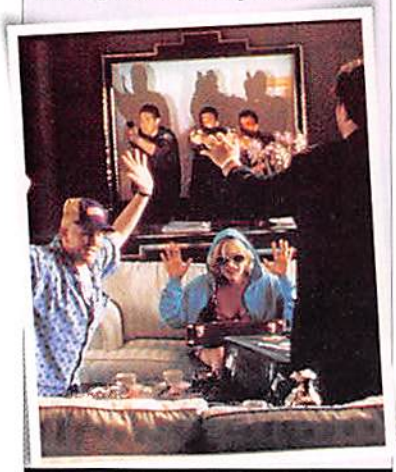
When people go to the shitter, shit hits the fan. In *True Romance* the drug deal at the end goes to hell once Clarence heads to the john. Seth and Richard Gecko reveal their true intentions (they're holding an entire convenience store hostage) the minute nature calls for the Texas Ranger in *From Dusk Till Dawn*. *Pulp Fiction*'s Vincent Vega, however, has the crappiest luck: Mia overdoses, Pumpkin and Honey Bunny make their move on the diner, and he meets the business end of his own gun all after dropping a deuce.

INVENTED SLANG

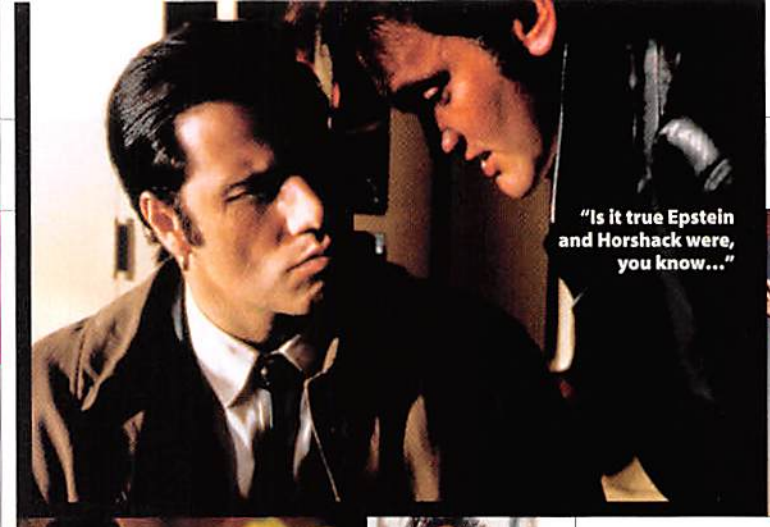
Tarantino's marks are often heard and not seen. "Joe" pops up as an off-screen character name (in *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction*) and as a slang term, like "Joe the Pot Man" (*Reservoir Dogs*) or "Joe Cocaine" (*True Romance*). And "everything from a diddled-eyed joe to a damned-if-I-know" is used by Mr. Orange's partner Holdaway in *Reservoir Dogs* and by Drexel the pimp to describe his Chinese food in *True Romance*.

MEXICAN STANDOFFS

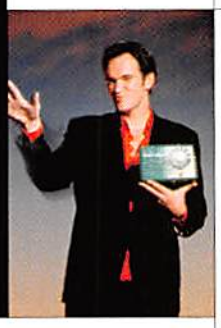
Tarantino shares with directors Sam Peckinpah and John Woo a love of having characters point guns at one another. *Reservoir Dogs* famously climaxes with Mr. White, Nice Guy Eddie, and Joe arguing the fate of Mr. Orange before blasting each other to hell. In *Pulp Fiction* the standoff has Jules, Honey Bunny, Vincent, and Pumpkin in the diner. And in *True Romance* cops, bodyguards, and a horde of Mafia hitmen go out in a hail of gunfire.



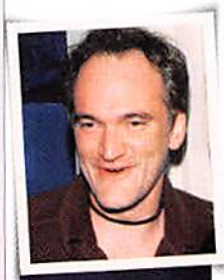
Now wave 'em like you just don't care



"Is it true Epstein and Horshack were, you know..."



"Paper *always* beats rock, ya jerk."



'It was great not dealing with all the other bullshit, just the pen and paper.'

Are there other genres you want to try?

Oh, I want to do a western. I keep doing spaghetti westerns in other genres except an actual spaghetti western. Even my World War II movies actually seem closer to spaghetti westerns. I'm even thinking of releasing one of them, or maybe all of them, with the subtitle *Once Upon a Time in Nazi-Occupied France*. I also want to do more anime. There's already a 10-minute anime sequence in *Kill Bill*. I want to do further Bride stories, or maybe tell the origin of Bill. Harvey Weinstein suggested I do this big *Godfather*-like saga, mixing the *Kill Bill* movies with anime to do this gigantic *Godfather* saga version of the story.

Is *Inglorious Bastards* going to be your next project?

I'm not sure. It'll probably be, but I might just write something. Do a couple of things like after-dinner mints between bigger movies.

Do you have any plans to revive Travolta's career again?

[laughs] Oh, I don't know. He just needs to... I haven't seen *Basic* yet. He's not the hottest guy in town right now, but he hasn't fallen off the radar. He can still get a movie made.

Is there someone else whose career you're looking to jump-start?

I don't think like that. People think I do, but I don't. I'm just trying to cast the best actors for my movies. I cast actors I want to work with. I don't give a damn who's hot and who's not.

Are you going to hit up Adam Sandler for a cameo, since you did *Little Nicky*?

I've actually written a terrific role for Adam in *Inglorious Bastards*.

Who else is going to be in it? Maybe Madsen?

Yeah, I'm writing a role for him. I'm bringing a lot of guys back. I'm positive Tim Roth will be in it. Adam Sandler. Sam Jackson. I was joking the other day that I need to make one of those *Airport* disaster movies. Put everyone who's ever been in one of my movies in it. Travolta could be the pilot, Pam Grier the stewardess, Robert Forster, Michael Madsen, Tim Roth, Harvey Keitel, Bridget Fonda. It'd be *Airport 2005*!

Do you keep any souvenirs or anything from your movies?

All the time!

Like what?

I have Michael's straight razor, and I have the ear somewhere. I keep all that crap. There's this bar that you see in *Kill Bill* that Go Go hangs out at, and I loved it so much I went to the production designer and said, "You've gotta build this shit in my house!"

What was the last movie you saw that kicked your ass?

I've seen some good stuff. One of my favorite movies of the last five years, hands down, is *Battle Royale*, this Japanese movie. That's one of the best movies ever made as far as I'm concerned. The first *Matrix*. *Fight Club*. I thought *28 Days Later* was terrific. *Terminator 3* is my favorite of this year. I also loved, loved *Unbreakable*. I wanted M. Night Shama-lama-ding-dong to make a sequel to that.

You and Bruce Willis both. Would you ever do a kids' flick like your buddy Robert Rodriguez?

I've always wanted to do one. Kids are the greatest audience—they'll see a movie, like, 20 or 30 times. Someone said to me once, "Well, Quent, you kind of do adult movies that affect adults the way kids' movies affect kids."

Anything else you want to try?

Here's something for *Maxim*. I'd really like to do a kick-ass sexploitation flick. There's usually not much sex in my movies, because I'm too much of a gentleman to ask an actress to take her top off. But if I were to write a real sex film, the actresses would have to be down with it. Like those great trampy actresses from Italy and Germany in the '70s who were just like, "Roll the camera, motherfucker, here we go!" That'd be so great. M

A troubling urine sample

iings we changed in this picture? Get the answers at vw.com/jetta.

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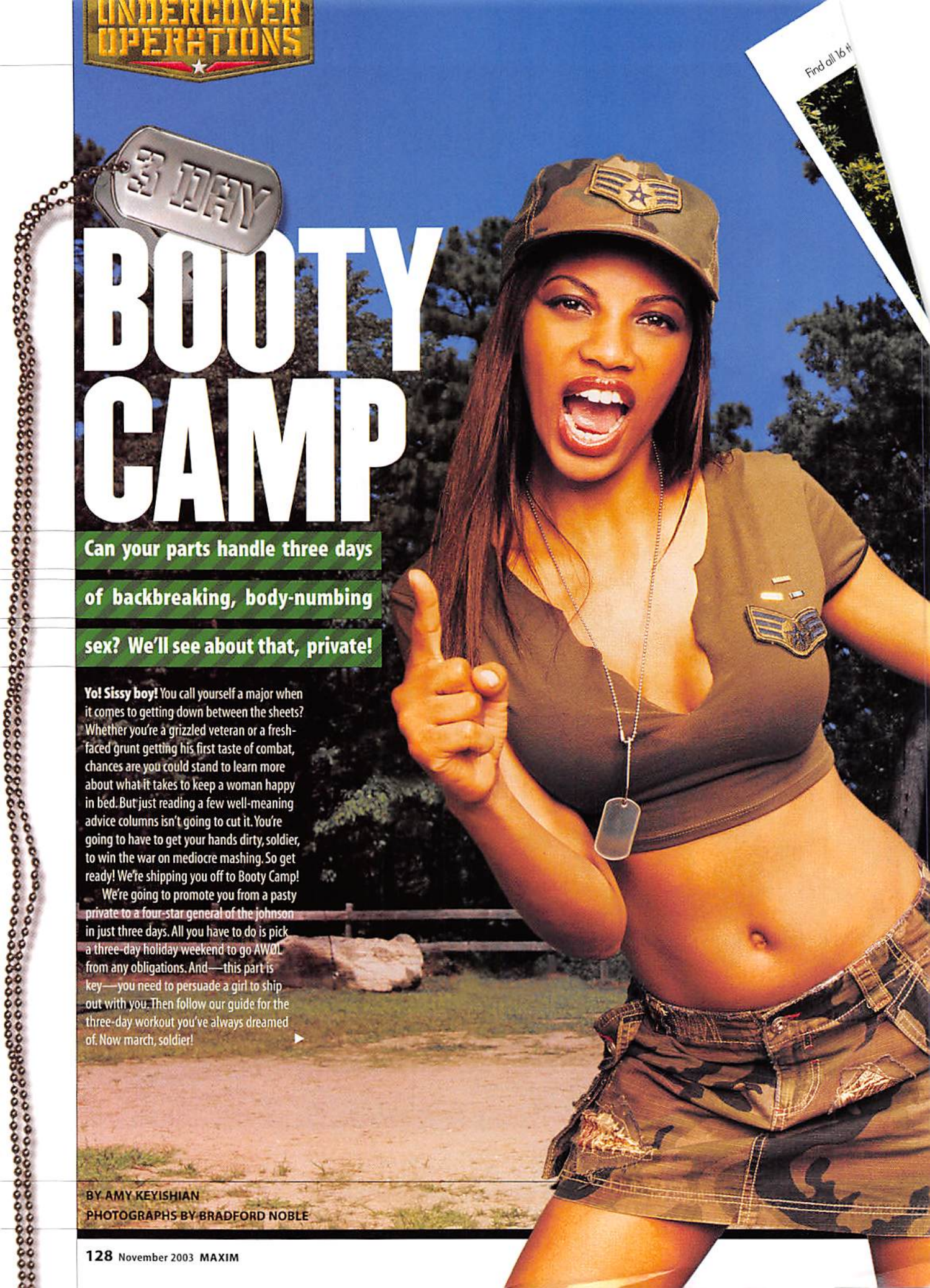


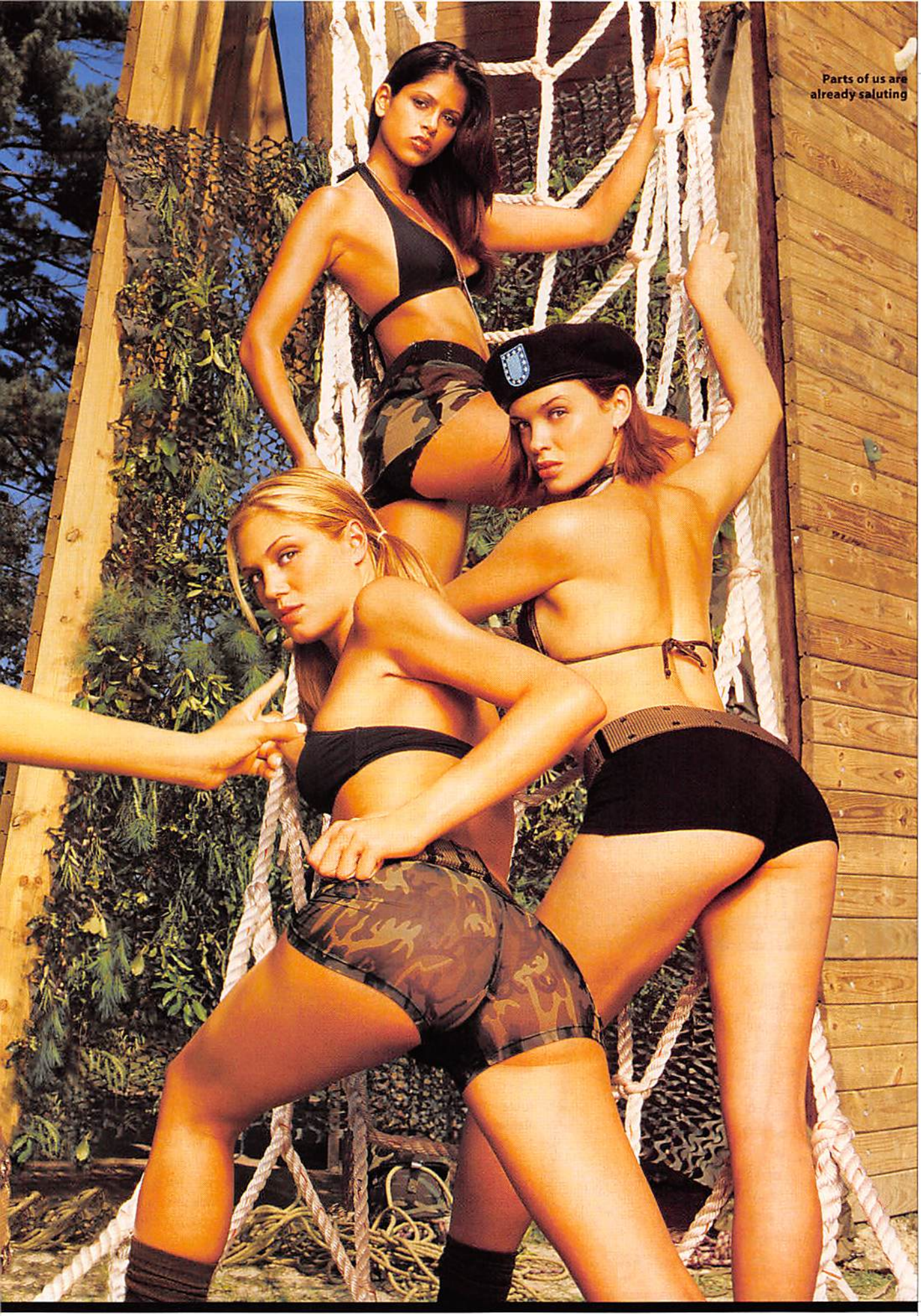
BOOTY CAMP

Can your parts handle three days of backbreaking, body-numbing sex? We'll see about that, private!

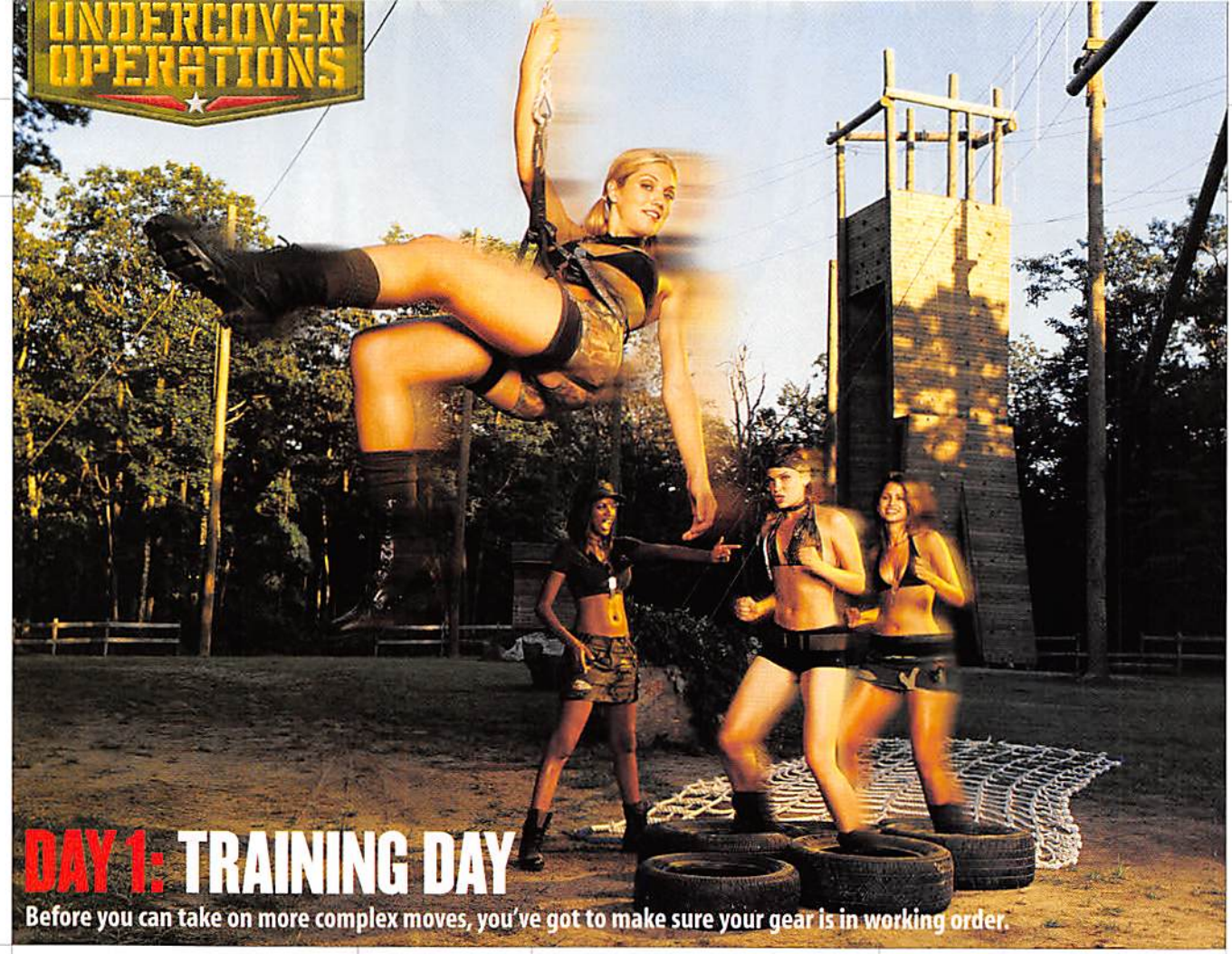
Yo! Sissy boy! You call yourself a major when it comes to getting down between the sheets? Whether you're a grizzled veteran or a fresh-faced grunt getting his first taste of combat, chances are you could stand to learn more about what it takes to keep a woman happy in bed. But just reading a few well-meaning advice columns isn't going to cut it. You're going to have to get your hands dirty, soldier, to win the war on mediocre mashing. So get ready! We're shipping you off to Booty Camp!

We're going to promote you from a pasty private to a four-star general of the johnson in just three days. All you have to do is pick a three-day holiday weekend to go AWOL from any obligations. And—this part is key—you need to persuade a girl to ship out with you. Then follow our guide for the three-day workout you've always dreamed of. Now march, soldier! ▶

BY AMY KEYISHIAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADFORD NOBLE


Parts of us are already saluting

UNDERCOVER OPERATIONS



DAY 1: TRAINING DAY

Before you can take on more complex moves, you've got to make sure your gear is in working order.

Day one of booty camp will help you acquire basic skills and break you in for the intense, physical multiorgasmic conditions to come.

At the foot of yo' mama's bed

Field maneuver one:
Hand-to-hand combat

Mission: To practice advanced weapon handling and love gun reloading with a partner.

Deployment: Your first goal is to test the tubing. Position yourselves to be within touching and viewing distance of each other. "I like it when a guy lies next to me so our whole bodies are touching and holds my hip with one hand while rubbing my button with the other," reports Maureen, 22. "It makes it easy for me to do the same to him." Circle in slowly, starting with the inner thigh perimeter, then the outer lips, teasing the delicate area directly encircling the clitoris, then making subtle sallies into the red-alert region. Let her guide your hand if you want extra direction. Follow her nonverbal cues until she surrenders. Then it's your turn.

Field maneuver two: Formation 69

Mission: Loosen your jaw after rations by switching to oral maneuvers.

Deployment: It's a sad fact that when partners take turns satisfying each other orally, the energy level of whoever gets off first may flag. That's why we suggest adopting the 69 position for this mission. "A blow job is not my first choice on the sex menu," says Samantha, 27. "But if I'm getting while I'm giving, my desire to please gets upped. And here's a secret: When I orgasm I tend to practically devour his ding dong." At your end, deploy tongue in a teasing manner, encircling the target zone. Head in for the kill only when the terrain has been made truly welcoming and her desire is abundantly clear.

Field maneuver three:
Psychological operations

Mission: To ensure continued access to desired territory by perfecting your female-pleasing (and orgasm-producing) skill sets.

Deployment: Return to the smooch-heavy make-out sessions of your youth. Your emphasis should be on cuddling, stroking, and subtle handling of her outlying erogenous zones (caressing nipples, blowing in ears, nibbling neck nape). Avail yourself of techniques that indicate emotional intensity, no matter how cheesy they seem. "It's sexy when a guy looks me deep in the eyes when we're making out. I feel like we're bonding emotionally while we're connecting physically," says Margot, 24. Other strategies include stroking her face and hair, kissing her forehead, and telling her how hot she is. This should lead smoothly to tomorrow's mission. ▶

ENGAGE TARGET!

If you want to shoot like a soldier, talk like one.

TERMS OF ENGAGEMENT

TRENCH WARFARE: Sloggin' around on an oral mission.

CEASE-FIRE: She says yes, then changes her mind. May occasion cold decontamination shower.

FLANK ATTACK: A sudden, unexpected charge on her rear position. Be sure to holster your weapon first.

HIGH-PAYOFF TARGET: A girl out of your league who has already shot down your friends.

TERMS OF ENGAGEMENT

HORIZONTAL SITUATION DISPLAY: Just make sure she doesn't see the little red light on the camcorder.

AMPHIBIOUS RAID: A surprise in the shower, preferably when she has shampoo in her eyes. It's a good idea to get one of those no-slip mats.

FRIENDLY FIRE: Strafing with the love gun; this is also known as the money shot.

—*John Walsh*

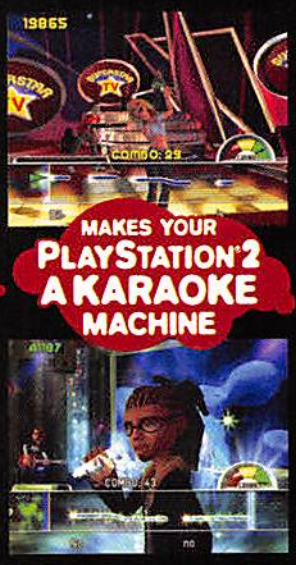
Removed from the appendix

THE THRILL OF SINGING MEETS THE AGONY OF DEFEAT.

Karaoke Revolution™

When it comes to singing, you may already be a winner. Find out with the first karaoke video game that actually judges your vocal talents. Karaoke Revolution™ turns you into a star and your PlayStation®2 into an interactive karaoke machine, complete with scoring, training and a built-in audience.

Sing along with 35 hit songs, including chart-toppers popularized by **Michelle Branch, R.E.M., Avril Lavigne, Nickelback, Barenaked Ladies** and more. It's the ultimate party game with multiplayer for up to 8 of your friends, so step up to the mic and discover how well you carry a tune. And just how much fun agony can be.



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Ladies, ladies—you can *both* be squad leader

DAY 2: FULL-FRONTAL ASSAULT

Spend the first part of the day on your partner's pleasure, then prepare for payback.

For total sexual satisfaction, fulfill your foreplay duties. By sundown, she'll be putty.

Field maneuver one:
Site-specific sex-ercises
Mission: Master the techniques specific to your girlfriend's hot zones by lunchtime.
Deployment: First, identify the clitoris. Use your fingers (and her noises) to explore the camouflaged area at the front of her foxhole.

We should've kept this quiet, but we blew it

Now engage, using the "riding high" position. Shift your body higher up on hers so the base of your missile is directly in contact with the doorbell you just found. Employ a gentle rocking motion that will keep you in the position. "In normal intercourse, the clitoris just gets its head banged," says Lou Paget, author of *The Big O*. "In this position, the clitoris receives the constant stimulation that most women need in order to orgasm." Godspeed, soldier.

Now march...like a choo-choo!

Field maneuver two: Rapid return fire
Mission: Slip in a noon quickie. Make that 1200.
Deployment: This is a dirty mission that does the job with a minimum of fuss. Try it in the kitchen, living room, or garage. "Quickies make me feel naughty enough to give me a different kind of thrill," says Sandra, 29. To intensify the heat, remain clothed, pushing aside garments as necessary. Proceed with invasion as if you'd paid $20 for the privilege.

Field maneuver three:
Changing of the guard
Mission: To perform a complicated switch of positions, without unhitching of equipment.
Deployment: For this maneuver, we went to person first class Lisa Sussman, author of *Sex Positions*. Move your co-combatant into the first position, Bunker Hill: her hands and knees on the floor, facing down, butt in the air. Perform your entry. To transition, have her slide to the floor. Remain on top, grasping her hips. Then roll backward so she's on top and straddling you, her knees on the floor. This is your second position, General's Gal. Next, support her with your hands as she turns her body around to face you. Once she's there she can lie back as you shove yourself forward (gripping hips again and moving quickly so momentum carries you both) and end up in the missionary position: Home Front. You are now truly a sergeant of sex. At ease. ▶

ENEMIES AT THE DATE

Don't let opposition forces bust your bunker—safeguard your lust headquarters by taking preemptive defensive measures.

To ditch him: Duck the inevitable call about your TPS reports by mentioning you've enrolled in a job-training retreat—no cell phones allowed!

To ditch her: Say you're entertaining clients all weekend and hope you won't get distracted. She may even keep the rest of the family off your back.

To ditch 'em: Moan that you must drive your stupid mom up to the stupid bingo tourney. They'll bust your balls...until they hear how you *really* spent the time.

To ditch it: Call your girlfriend's girlfriend; she'll be happy to Fido-sit if she thinks she's helping you treat her friend to a romance-filled weekend.

To ditch her: You wouldn't want her sister walking in on you two and joining in, so... Ah, who are we kidding? Send her an engraved invite.—*Marcy Smith*

Hair and makeup by Bryan Lynde for RJ Bennett; styling, Denise Grieco; props, Dominque Baynes for Halley Resources. Photographs (snapshots), Jonathan Ranle; photographs (still life), Robert Glasgow

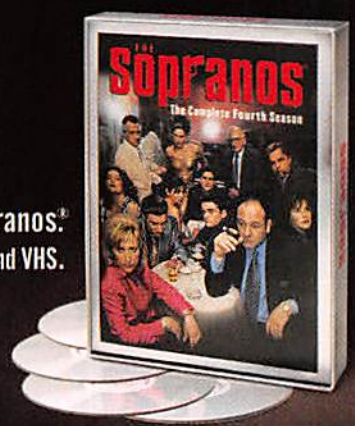
BRAD GREY TELEVISION

HBO VIDEO

SOMETIMES IT TAKES THERAPY

TO PUT THE PAST BEHIND YOU.

OTHER TIMES, IT TAKES A 20-GALLON TRASH BAG AND A COUPLE OF CINDER BLOCKS.



Own The Complete Fourth Season of The Sopranos.
The latest thirteen episodes of the critically acclaimed series from HBO® now on DVD and VHS.

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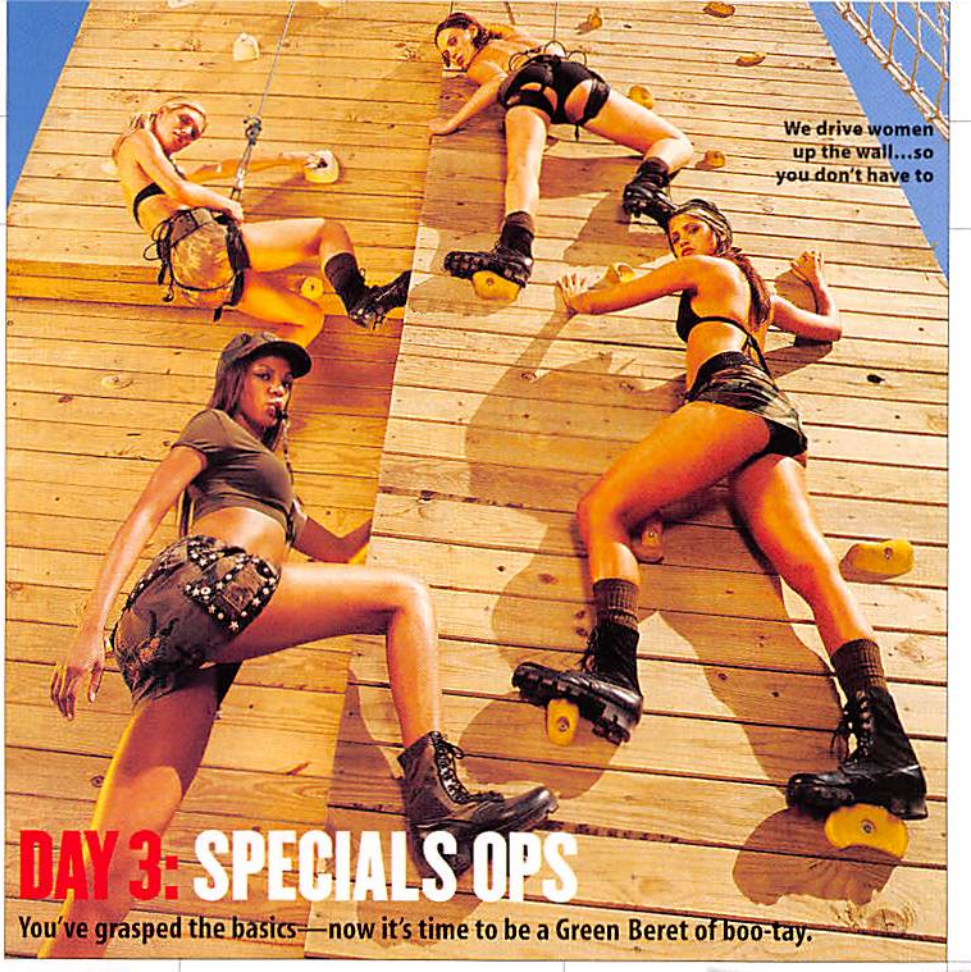

We drive women up the wall...so you don't have to

DAY 3: SPECIALS OPS

You've grasped the basics—now it's time to be a Green Beret of boo-tay.

ARM YOURSELF!

Weapons of mass seduction.

1. CHOCOLATE
Disarm her with a peace offering/aphrodisiac. With any luck, you'll go straight to her hips. *($21 for 1/2 lb., nirvanachocolates.com)*

2. K-Y BRAND WARMING LIQUID
This lube heats up on contact, guiding your heat-seeking missile directly to its target. *($10, k-y.com)*

3. PORN
Feed your bunkmate's appetite with the classic *Insatiable*. *($20, goodvibes.com)*

4. TROJAN TWISTED PLEASURE CONDOMS
This protective gear has an air pocket that stimulates both of your most sensitive private parts. *($9.99, onlycondoms.com)*

5. OYSTERS
Oysters are wet, plump, and a little bit dirty. Remind you of high school? *(your fish store)*

6. FEVER EDIBLE MASSAGE OIL
Work your mouth and hands all over the targeted territory. *($8, nawtythings.com)*

7. HER BEST FRIEND
Send in a covert ops specialist. Allow ample time for them to strip down to their skivvies and engage in a tickle fight. Move in for the kill. *(priceless)—Maria Fontoura*

This space dissed us, so we popped a cap in it

Now that you've mastered basic training, you can try some advanced techniques that may seem crazy at first. It's like adding a dash of cayenne to your sex rations.

Field maneuver one: Power-pump positioning

Mission: To do it in a way that requires maximum effort on her part—none on yours.
Deployment: Initiate sex, focusing on her pleasure so she'll be ready for anything. Then lie on your back and have her squat over you with her feet, not knees, on the bed and your journalist embedded in her territory. "This is uncomfortable," says Naomi, 28. "I always feel like a demented monkey when I'm doing it. But it makes my guy pop." A set of hands under her buttocks may help. After being so exposed—and satisfied, as this position is prime for getting her off—she may come up with a few new things of her own.

Field maneuver two: POWs

Mission: To restrain and be restrained.
Deployment: It may be alarming to show up with a pair of handcuffs, so try using your hands to hold her wrists against the mattress when you're on top. If she's amenable to that, slide her arms up straight over her head and use one hand to hold both wrists, leaving the other free. Plan B: When doggy-styling, give her ass a light but firm slap with your full hand. Starting out light will increase the skin's sensitivity without causing pain. "Guys need to understand this stuff is welcome," says Bea, 26. "There's nothing as sexy as a guy whom you trust but who has a secret dominating side." If she requests a repeat engagement, proceed to use neckties to restrain and a wide, flat spatula to spank.

Field maneuver three: Holding your fire

Mission: To delay your love gun's load for more pleasurable detonation.
Strategy: Tantric methods can prove invaluable because the longer you can last, *(a)* the more she likes it and *(b)* the better it feels in the end. Since you've probably already tried picturing your mom, try this: Find the spot between the starfish and the scrotum. Few men realize it's uniquely placed to halt the forward swell of your wave. Poke there, hard, using your three longest fingers when you feel an onrush of ya-hoo. Do that enough times and you'll be plastering her against the wall when you finally let yourself go. At that point, finish whenever you like then send out for pizza and beer. You've earned your stripes, soldier. M

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See more recruits getting drilled at **maximonline.com.**

Shot on location in the Catskills at Camp Summit during the Fall '03 Singles Week

who are you?
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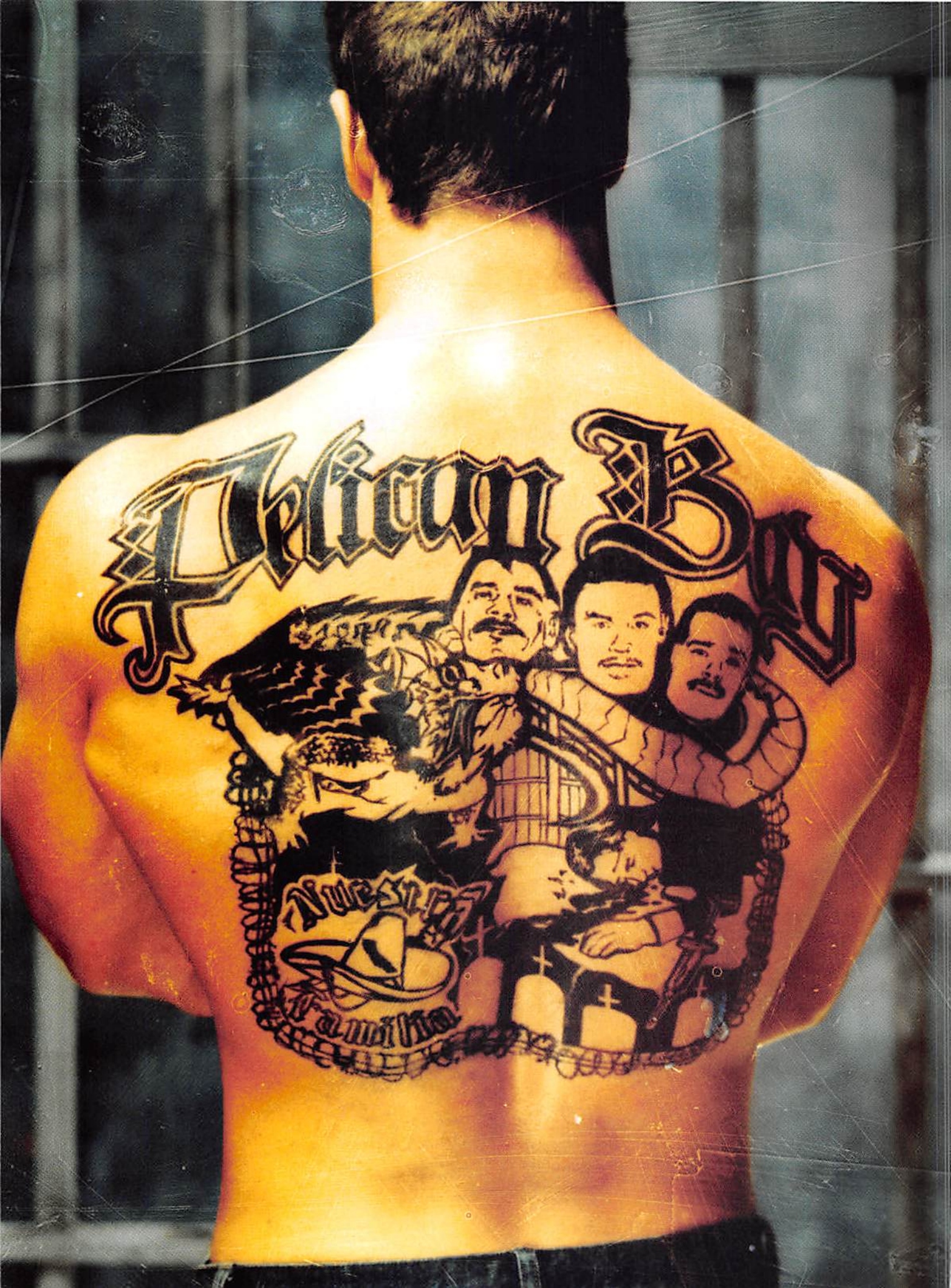
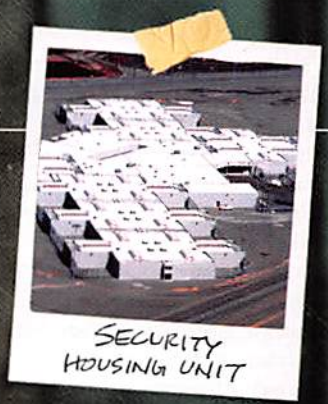

Pelican Bay
Nuestra
Familia

BLACK WIDOW'S WEB



Operation Black Widow attempted to stop one of America's most ruthless gangs from ruling the streets from behind bars. But how do you defeat a criminal enterprise that thrives on prison itself? BY JUSTIN BERTON PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAY PATRICK MCBRIDE

Late in the afternoon on May 20, 2001, Daniel "Lizard" Hernandez stepped out of his green Dodge Durango and met with one of his street soldiers in Salinas, California. Lizard was a lieutenant in Nuestra Familia, the notoriously brutal prison gang. Recently released from Pelican Bay State Prison, he now commanded the gang's street regiments, and all killings had to go through him. His young associate had a victim in mind: Raymond Sanchez.

Lizard listened patiently as his underling laid out his case. Although Sanchez claimed he was an allied *norteño*—any Hispanic gang member from north of Fresno—the drug dealer wasn't paying his gang taxes. Worse, Sanchez had disrespected turf boundaries by pushing heroin inside Salinas' tiny Chinatown. The soldier complained he'd chased Sanchez down Chinatown's streets with a gun, but still the fool wouldn't budge.

Finally, Lizard spoke. "I don't want any bloodshed," he said. "We got more on the table than just a fight for powder. You can't smoke everybody that sells dope."

But the soldier persisted. Sanchez had boasted he was "the new king in town" and threatened to cap anyone who disagreed. If NF didn't stand up to him, they'd look like bitches and lose money.

"All right," Lizard allowed. "If something comes at us, you can't help it... Just don't go out looking for it."

The next night something came up. Sanchez showed his face inside Cap's Saloon, a dive bar for bailouts and parolees only two doors down from a police precinct. He ordered a drink and sat alone on a stool, listening to the Mexican oldies that blared from the jukebox.

Nuestra Familia was surging from a few hundred members into a supergang topping 1,000.

At the other end of the bar, a budding norteño named Armando Frias, 19, took notice. He knew a green light on Sanchez was in the works. The teenager sneaked outside to call an NF captain.

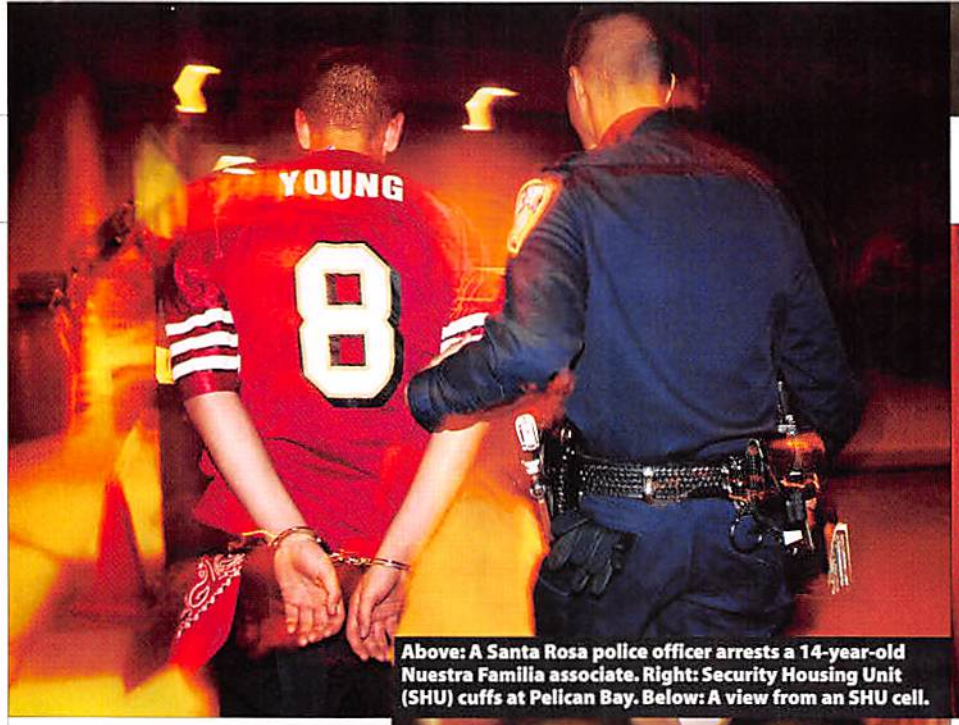
"The no-good is here," he reported.

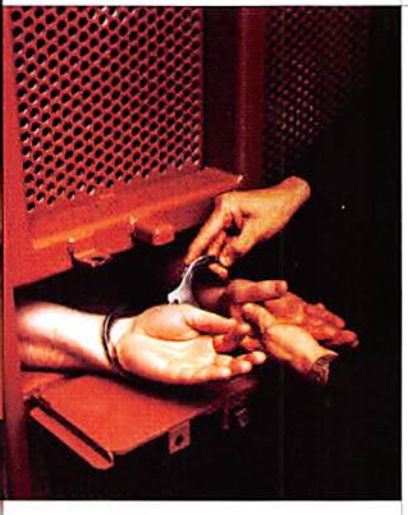
Frias waited 20 minutes in the parking lot for a courier, who slipped him a pistol. Then he walked back into Cap's and minutes later shot Sanchez in the neck. Sanchez flopped facedown on the wooden bar. The teenager bolted toward the front door, shooting up Sanchez' incoming friend on his way out.

Frias and his NF associates loaded into a getaway car and sped toward Oklahoma. But it was a waste of gas.

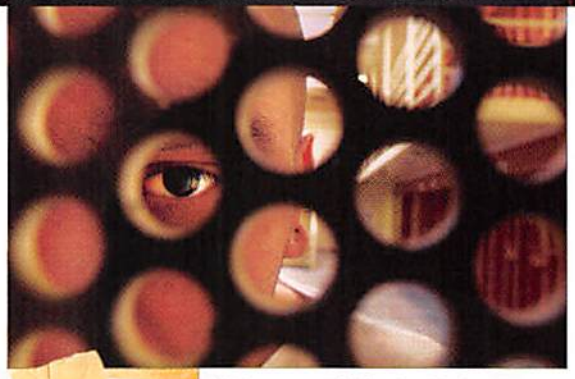
The cops had been following their plans all along. ▶

None of the men depicted in the tattoo have been convicted of crimes associated with Operation Black Widow.





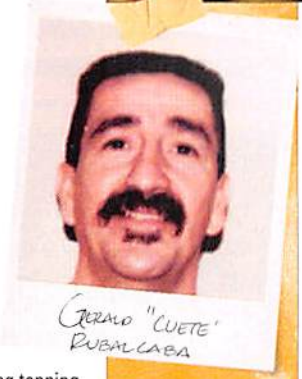
Above: A Santa Rosa police officer arrests a 14-year-old Nuestra Familia associate. Right: Security Housing Unit (SHU) cuffs at Pelican Bay. Below: A view from an SHU cell.



THE BLOOMING FLOWER

Meanwhile, 450 miles to the north, near the Oregon border, business chugged along as usual inside Nuestra Familia headquarters, also known as Pelican Bay State Prison. Built in the late 1980s exclusively to control the state's 2,500 most violent inmates, half of the high-tech compound is reserved for the brightly lit Security Housing Unit, or SHU. Inside the SHU, "the worst of the worst"—including the three generals of Nuestra Familia—spend 23 hours a day triple-locked inside neat pods of bone-white antiseptic cells.

Law enforcement agents say that from inside these spartan confines a handful of Nuestra Familia generals and captains miraculously orchestrated a criminal network over an area the size of Wyoming. According to government agents, 10 years after the Bay's opening in 1989, the NF had surged from a few hundred members into a supergang topping 1,000, a growth so astonishing that guards nicknamed it the Blooming Flower.



"With the prison population growing so fast, they had their pick," says Jared Lewis, a former gang investigator and NF expert. "They pulled in young guys by the bushel."

The escalation of NF represents the unwanted flipside to the prison explosion in America, and California in particular: What's bred inside later grows on the outside. Once paroled, young norteños set up street regiments clad in flaming red San Francisco 49ers bomber jackets and UNLV Runnin' Rebels caps. The NF hierarchy controls drug flow in over a dozen Northern California cities and moves hundreds of thousands in cash—all while its leaders are in lockdown.

Cuete, who was serving 15 to life for second-degree murder, was the most feared *vato* in the pod.

With a mantra of "blood in, blood out," nobody walks away from the gang. Law enforcement agents believe NF soldiers have carried out as many as 300 murders on brothers turned traitors.

The Flower had to be stanched. In 1998 the FBI and local authorities triggered Operation Black Widow, the largest and most expensive investigation into a U.S. prison gang to date. After a $5 million, three-year investment, the fruits of the operation will be laid out inside a security-heavy San Francisco courtroom this month, when the first trials begin for 12 people charged with more than 200 counts. At stake is the government's ability to control a gang that has expanded via the very system meant to deter it: incarceration. To achieve that goal, some say the FBI knowingly allowed murders, like that of Raymond Sanchez, to take place.

"There's blood on the government's hands," says Marc Zilversmit, an attorney who defended an NF member. "They sat by and watched these guys pick each other off."

BLOOD IN

Daniel Hernandez rose with the gang. He came up *sureño,* a bony, sensitive teenager from Long Beach, where his homeboys considered him anything but hard-core.

"Danny wasn't known for being so tough when he first got pulled," recalls an investigator who worked on Operation Black Widow. "He'd fight if he had to, but he never drew blood or caused any serious injuries. He was more of a thinker's man."

But Hernandez wasn't soft, either; he got pinched for ripping off car stereos and was convicted of assault with a deadly weapon. Later he was shipped north to San Quentin, where he bumped into his cousin, who told him the law: *Carnal,* you're a dead man here if you ain't norteño.

According to investigators, it was Art "Big Smiley" Ramirez, an obese and jovial NF captain, who eventually pulled Danny into Nuestra Raza, the NF's recruiting league. Danny learned how to transform his toothbrush into a shank and fling tiny, kitelike letters, or *wilas,* into other cells with elastic from his waistband. Smiley also handed his new recruit books on Latino history and an Aztec dictionary so Danny could answer the gang's "21 Questions."

At the NF leadership's ordering, Danny brawled with sureños and no-goods at Quentin, until he earned a ticket to Pelican Bay, where he was dropped into general population. There he introduced himself to Gerald "Cuete" (Spanish for "pistol") Rubalcaba, reportedly the highest-ranking captain on the floor.

Cuete, serving 15 to life for second-degree murder, was the most feared *vato* in the pod. He was from a farming town in Tulare County and wore tinted Ray Ban–style glasses and strutted along in a shoulders-back, chin-up mosey. He was lean, charismatic, and calculating. He told Danny he was a former Marine, and he knew the rewards of a disciplined unit. He'd sealed his entry into NF more than a decade earlier at Susanville's California

Correctional Center, where officials say he killed a snitch. Snitches went blood out, Cuete reminded Danny.

Soon the NF leadership offered its new pledge a way in: attack his cellmate, Johnny Fernandez. Danny didn't hesitate. "I did it because I was ordered to," he'd later recall.

On February 27, 1995, Danny sneaked up on Fernandez and pummeled him into a crimson mess. Prison guards yanked Danny from his dripping-wet cell and stuffed him into one of the boxes in the SHU. Fifteen months later he returned to the general population—jail-pale and flabby from lack of sun and exercise.

"Congratulations," Cuete told the newest member of Nuestra Familia. He nicknamed Danny "Axilih"—the Aztec word for "lizard."

THE WEB IS SPUN

Two years after Lizard settled into Pelican Bay, another gang member in his 20s was freed. He boarded a Greyhound bus to Sonoma County and was picked up by the Santa Rosa Police three months later. Fearing he'd be sent back to Pelican Bay, he agreed to meet with George Collord, a meticulous police detective in his mid-40s. When the parolee spelled out the entire power structure of Nuestra Familia, Collord realized how NF leaders were behind nearly a dozen local killings. Even better, the kid had names: Cuete, Lizard, Pinky, Brown Bob. He said they were not only powerful inside the Bay, but revered—spoken of as if they were gods—on the outside.

"George didn't know it then," a fellow detective later said, "but Operation Black Widow had just been born. And they owed everything to that one kid. Without him they had nothing."

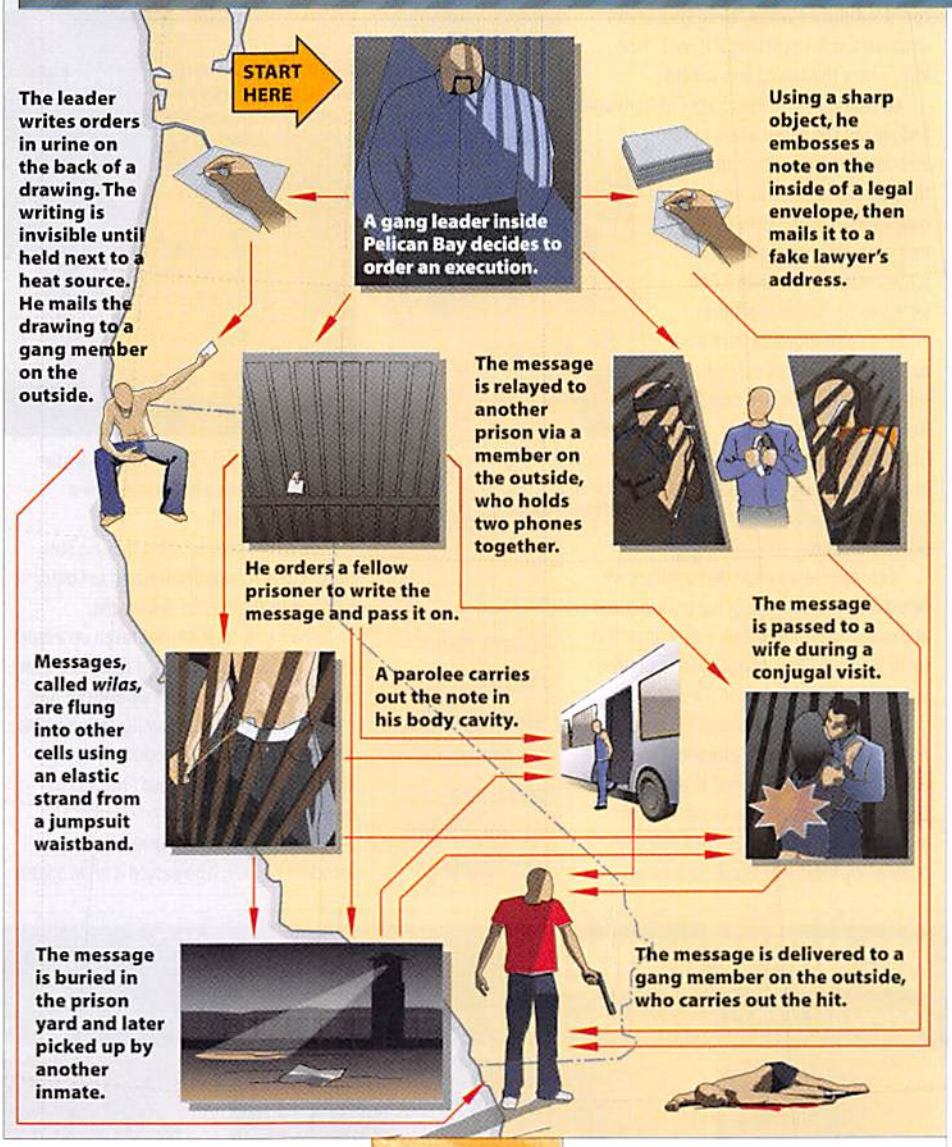
Collord made a flurry of phone calls. Suddenly, cops in nearby places like Stockton, Tracy, and Salinas were sending him dusty manila folders marked "homicide."

A few months later the kid told Collord that NF's high command had put out a hit on an NF captain named Michael "Mikio" Castillo in Salinas for skimping $9,000 on his gang tax payments. Investigators contacted Castillo in jail, but he refused their help. Five days after his release, investigators found Castillo's heavily tattooed body in a parking lot with two shots to the back of the head.

Collord's mounds of manila folders became pillars of white boxes. The detective moved his operation into a basement a few blocks away, where he pinned up mug shots of gang leaders and drew diagrams connecting their hometowns and regiment commanders. The California Department of Corrections sent him photos and surveillance tapes taken from Pelican Bay, and the FBI sent him money, computers, phones, and—most important—agents. The law enforcement web would eventually involve 30 government agencies and stretch from the Oregon border all the way to Fresno.

DEATH ON DELIVERY

Neither rain nor sleet nor prison could prevent NF orders from reaching the streets.


START HERE
A gang leader inside Pelican Bay decides to order an execution.
The leader writes orders in urine on the back of a drawing. The writing is invisible until held next to a heat source. He mails the drawing to a gang member on the outside.
Using a sharp object, he embosses a note on the inside of a legal envelope, then mails it to a fake lawyer's address.
The message is relayed to another prison via a member on the outside, who holds two phones together.
He orders a fellow prisoner to write the message and pass it on.
Messages, called wilas, are flung into other cells using an elastic strand from a jumpsuit waistband.
A parolee carries out the note in his body cavity.
The message is passed to a wife during a conjugal visit.
The message is buried in the prison yard and later picked up by another inmate.
The message is delivered to a gang member on the outside, who carries out the hit.

THE PISTOL'S PROTÉGÉ

Cuete elevated Lizard to lieutenant and anointed him his personal secretary, since he did not write wilas. So Lizard allegedly took his boss' dictation. As the highest-ranking captain outside the SHU, Cuete directed all prison correspondence and acted as a human safe for sensitive NF documents. One day he told his protégé, he'd hand it all over to Lizard.

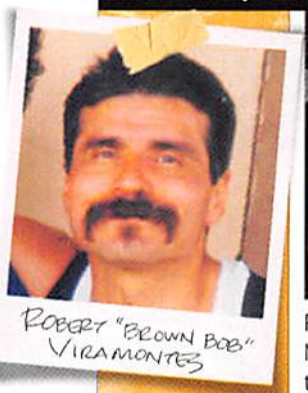
When the parolee spelled out the NF's power structure, it shed light on nearly a dozen local killings.

"Cuete took a shine to Lizard because Lizard was a stickler for detail," the OBW investigator says. "Lizard took the NF way very seriously. He always offered to learn more and do more for the organization. He was as bright and loyal as they came."

Holguin's troops flipped Cuete's cell regularly. The only off-limits items were "legal documents," so Cuete had associates mail in stationery with bogus legal headings, which he later filled out and posted to P.O. boxes. He also refined a written code based on the Aztec language; it was so elaborate even his personal letters were safe.

Under Cuete's tutelage, Lizard began ▶

Above: Inmates work out in the concrete-lined SHU exercise yard. Below right: A message smuggled into Pelican Bay in the rectal cavity of a Nuestra Familia gang member.



writing to a woman in Idaho named Kalyn Santiago, who had her nickname, Crazy Girl, tattooed over her right knee. In each letter Lizard's salutation activated the key to the coded letter. If he wrote, "Hello love!" every sixth word was important. If it read, "Hey love," every third word was worthy.

According to the Feds, Crazy Girl translated and passed the letters along to NF associates on the outside and to the generals in the SHU, who issued hits and directives. Over four years Lizard and other NF scribes mailed more than 3,000 letters to 50 outside mailboxes.

Cuete also showed Lizard a new way NF made money outside: selling CDs. Paroled captain Robert "Huerito" (Blondie) Gratton was using drug money to produce a gangsta-rap CD called *G.U.N. Generation of United Norteños—XIV Till Eternity.*

"Everywhere we went that summer, we heard G.U.N. blaring out of norteño cars and at parties," says Tim Helton, a gang investigator in Modesto. "It was hard to miss. Gratton was driving around town in a red Corvette."

In early 1998, according to FBI documents, Cuete was finally promoted to acting general after General Joseph "Pinky" Hernandez was moved to a county jail to await trial. According to Lizard, Cuete's first order of business was to call for a hit on Robert "Brown Bob" Viramontes, a former NF general. It was a ballsy move for a temporary general.

Brown Bob's murder showed even ex-generals were subject to the "blood out" policy.

"He hasn't been tending to gang business," Cuete reportedly declared to Lizard, who wrote Viramontes' death wila.

Brown Bob, then 44, had taken up a quiet life in the San Jose suburb of Campbell with his wife and two sons. The old general had covered up the Nuestra Familia tattoo on his back with a large Aztec goddess. The wila also reported that B.B. wasn't helping NF bangers on the outside.

Lizard's wila eventually reached an associate outside, who passed it on to Santos "Bad Boy" Burnias, a recently paroled soldier in the San Jose regiment. He said he'd do the job once he heard Brown Bob had worked with Mothers Against Gangs.

"He's been poisoning young minds," a friend of Bad Boy's goaded.

BLOOD OUT

Brown Bob was watering his rosebushes one spring evening in 1999, waiting for his wife, Esperanza, to call him in for dinner. He'd taken a job as a night janitor and spent his weekends pampering his Chevy pickup, nicknamed Lucille. Still chiseled like a freight train and covered in bad jailhouse ink, Viramontes had also taken up gardening, tending to his beloved rosebushes daily. The only thing that bothered him was the gang investigators who stopped by to let him know he was on a hit list: No shit, Viramontes would say.

But this day Viramontes got caught with his back to the streets. Around 6:45 P.M., a Ford Explorer carrying two torpedoes—young hitmen—pulled up to the curb on Palo Santo Drive. They came out shooting.

Viramontes ran for the open garage. But with one bullet to the back, shooter David "Dreamer" Escamilla knocked his target to his knees. The former general crawled along the garage floor, leaving a swath of blood in his wake. The second shooter, Bad Boy, fired lead into Viramontes' legs, arms, and chest.

Then Dreamer casually walked toward Viramontes and fired once more: The bullet grazed Viramontes' left cheek, spitting blood back onto Dreamer's shooting hand.

The young NF soldiers hustled back to the waiting Explorer.

Esperanza ran from the kitchen to the garage, finding her husband limp and wet in his own blood, still gasping for air. "What have you motherfuckers done?" she screamed.

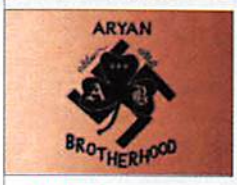
CATCH-22

Brown Bob's murder showed that even former generals were subject to the "blood out" policy. Cuete allegedly loaded up the hit list, making some NFers worry he'd overstepped his bounds. Others, like Lizard, simply understood the score. "This murder," he recalled, "was a statement to all Nuestra Familia members that this new high command will not tolerate any member who disregards its authority or directions."

Lizard would soon be enforcing Cuete's street orders himself. After 15 years on and off in prison, he was scheduled to be paroled before Christmas 2000. The NF generals, now calling themselves the Organizing ▶

BIG HOUSE DIVIDED

They've got little to lose and time to kill. Meet America's most notorious prison gangs.



ARYAN BROTHERHOOD

Originally founded as "the Blue Bird Gang" in 1964 at San Quentin, this all-white gang is believed to have murdered more than 80 people—many of them black inmates. In 1996 the late dapper don John Gotti allegedly hired the Brotherhood to kill one of his rivals. (500 members)

TEXAS SYNDICATE

Mexican-Americans have gravitated to this gang since 1974, when it was established at Folsom State Prison to protect nonlocals from the California gangs. Like Nuestra Familia, this gang is rising, having broadened its membership to include Colombians, Cubans, and native Mexicans. (1,300-plus members)

MEXICAN MAFIA

Nuestra Familia's chief rival, the "EME" is best known as the gang portrayed in the film *American Me,* which brought death threats to star and director Edward James Olmos. The largest and most violent prison gang, the EME dates back to 1957, when it sprouted at an L.A. facility for youth offenders. (2,000 members)

BLACK GUERILLA FAMILY

Created in 1966 at San Quentin by a former Black Panther, the BGF is the most politicized prison gang (down with whitey, up with Marx). During the month of "Black" August, members are encouraged to slay law officers. The gang is a major ally of NF. (500 members)

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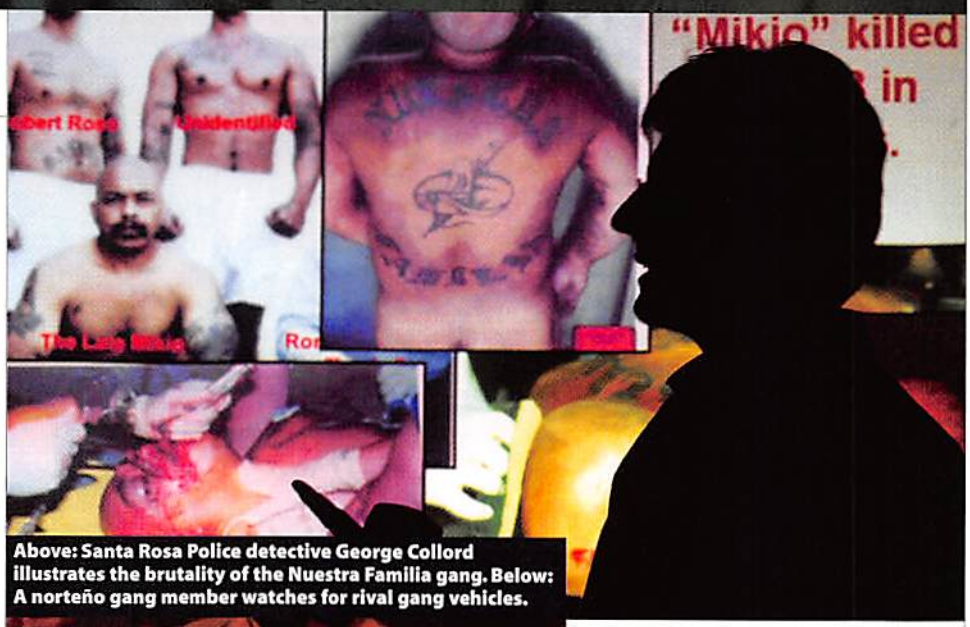


Above: Santa Rosa Police detective George Collord illustrates the brutality of the Nuestra Familia gang. Below: A norteño gang member watches for rival gang vehicles.

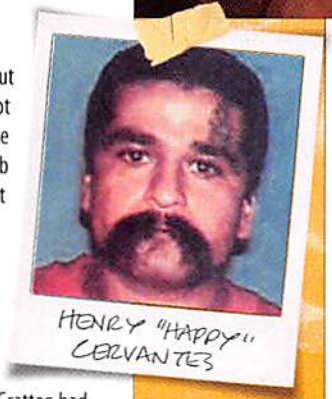
Governing Board (OGB), loaded up Lizard with wilas and contact numbers. In one filter they expressly named Lizard "street administrator," the highest-ranking norteño on the streets.

Before Lizard walked through the prison gates, he met with Louie Holguin, the Bay's pesky gang investigator, a former cop who enjoyed long weekend motorcycle rides through NorCal's wilderness. Every inmate knew his sharp face and the indefatigable patience behind it.

"If he didn't figure out your allegiance on the way in, he'd get to you on your way out," a former NF member says. "The deals he offered were simple: Fuck up on the outside and you're coming back in. Tell us what you know now and maybe you can stay out."

Holguin had been pestering Lizard for months with questions about NF. Each time Lizard had shrugged him off, but now the investigator had him nailed.

Holguin told Lizard about the bundles of paper evidence he had. The guys from Black Widow had ransacked Crazy Girl's apartment in Boise several months back and found a canon of Lizard's writings. They shipped the coded letters to Quantico, Virginia, where FBI cryptologists deciphered them. Holguin also quoted an uncoded note in Lizard's own handwriting. It read: "As you already know, I am committed to Nuestra Familia. We are an organized group both in and out of the prison system. We are not a prison gang, or any other type of gang. However, we are a mob involved in both legal and illicit businesses. Both business levels are despised by law enforcement just like any other crime *familias*."



The investigator wasn't done. Two years earlier Robert "Huerito" Gratton had flipped. Gratton had celled next to Cuete and, as a captain, had helped shepherd Lizard into NF. For his snitching Gratton had earned a spot in the witness relocation program. Holguin told Lizard he could get the same deal.

The pressure fell thick on Lizard. If he kept quiet he'd be back in Pelican Bay in a few weeks on conspiracy charges. The NF hierarchy would become paranoid. Also, NF's "hot list" had reached 50 names by now, and any misstep during his freedom—one tardy letter to Cuete that suggested he had left the NF behind—would send his boss into a frenzy, and pretty soon he'd have two torpedoes show up on *his* front lawn.

'I can get a gun and go do it,' Cervantes allegedly said of Cuete's order to kill two district attorneys.

Lizard made his decision, then headed for the gates.

FROM LIZARD TO GARGOYLE

At first life in the vast open lands of California's Central Valley was cushy for Lizard. The Feds code-named him Gargoyle and cut him checks for what would eventually amount to more than $52,000. He also scored a freebie 1998 green Dodge Durango from a *gente*—a norteño sympathetic to the cause. He cruised around Northern California, playing golf in Stockton, visiting friends and fellow norteños. But he also had a job to do.

On January 24, just a few weeks out of jail, Lizard called for a junta with his regiment leaders at a Motel 6 in Tracy, a small Central Valley farming town. As the five carnals arrived, they stripped to prove no wires, unaware that Collord and FBI agents were videotaping the meeting from the next room.

Henry "Happy" Cervantes arrived early to talk to Lizard alone. Built like a well-tattooed fire hydrant, he'd once taken a bullet, literally, for a carnal. He allegedly told Lizard he'd received a high-stakes filter from Cuete that said he wanted two district attorneys killed, a husband-and-wife team from San Jose named Kittie and Charles Constantinides. A few years earlier, they'd tagged Pinky Hernandez for ordering a murder; now Cuete allegedly wanted to offer their coffins as a "gift" to his fellow general. Happy had even staked out the courthouse. "I can get a gun and go do it," prosecutors say he swore on tape.

Lizard's FBI handlers had told him to dissuade violence at all costs. "We ain't gonna whack no prosecuting attorney," Lizard said. "Or better yet, two prosecuting attorneys."

"What if you get away with it?" Cervantes persisted on the tape. "All you have to do is find the motherfuckers, pull up on the side of them . . ."

"We are not going to whack no DAs!" Lizard boomed, ending the conversation.

Later the other carnals arrived with gifts. Anthony Morales brought 60 grams of *negra*, black tar heroin. Ramiro Garcia suggested to Lizard that the NF start cooking speed and boasted he was already clearing a few thousand dollars a week dealing it. Other NF rings were piping drugs through Modesto, Stockton, and Sacramento, no problems.

After four months on the outside, Lizard was growing tired of his FBI connection and becoming antsy for the criminal life. He told his FBI handler he was headed to Stockton for golf, then drove to San Jose and sold some NF meth for $3,600. Emboldened by success, he was sneaking away to make other deals and party. He drove down to the town of Lodi and spent a few days with Happy Cervantes and Robert "Wolfie" Hass. He blew through thousands in drug cash his underlings brought him, reporting none of it to the FBI. The investigators decided it was time to wrap things up.

On the morning of April 20, 2001, norteños from Pacifica to Pelican Bay were rudely awakened by surprise raids. ▶

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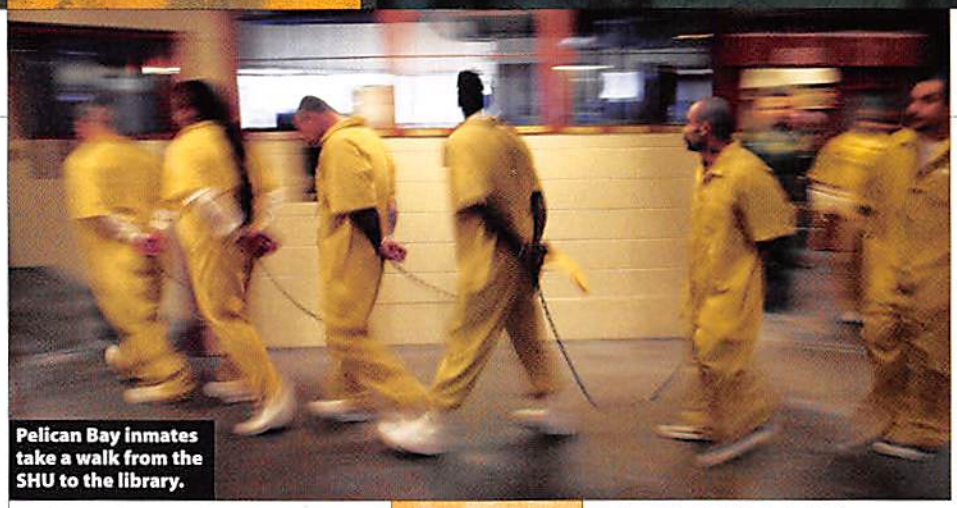

Pelican Bay inmates take a walk from the SHU to the library.

Holguin sped in a squad car to track down Happy Cervantes, the vato who allegedly offered to whack two San Jose prosecutors, and found him in a Burger King parking lot. Handcuffed in the back of the squad car, he told Holguin in a knowing tone, "Now they're gonna move on me." About a half-dozen other norteños were swept up in the raids.

Finding Cuete was much easier. When a phalanx of guards unlatched his cell door, the old captain in Ray Bans wasn't surprised to see them. As they plucked through his papers, confiscating letters whose codes they now owned, one guard took down the only photograph hanging on the wall above Cuete's desk: a picture of Lizard.

FAMILIA REUNION

At a recent hearing in San Francisco's Federal Building, Cuete and 14 other defendants were led into Judge Charles Breyer's courtroom shackled at the waist, hands, and feet. They were dressed in blood red prison jumpsuits and paired with their individual attorneys. They sat in a three-tiered bleacher constructed for the trial, the first time they'd shared a room in nearly a year. As they shifted in their seats, the sound of jingling chains continually echoed across the court's high ceilings.

'Their hit lists may go dormant, but they'll never go away. They'll figure out a way to carry on.'

Cuete's finely tailored attorney, Richard Mazer, told Judge Breyer he was overwhelmed by the number of documents he still had to sort through—over 50,000 in all—and he still hadn't received everything from Assistant U.S. Attorney Steven Gruel and his team. "How can I defend my client if I don't even know what the government knew and when they knew it?" Mazer asked.

He wasn't the only attorney who was at a loss. Marc Zilversmit had tried to get the case tossed, citing the government's "outrageous conduct" and its complicity in gang violence, including the murder of Raymond Sanchez, which took place a month after the main raids. "They watched this entire thing go down, and they didn't say a word," Zilversmit said. "That makes them liable."

According to court documents, the investigators hadn't warned Sanchez because they believed that Lizard's "no bloodshed" edict had warned off the young soldier. Zilversmit's motions were denied.

In the end the bulk of binders and videotapes collected from Detective Collord's secret basement in Santa Rosa led to indictments on 21 NF members, with a total of 15 murders, 80 conspiracies to murder, 100 assaults, 31 drug-related offenses, two drive-by shootings, and "other numerous crimes."

It's doubtful the indictments will slow down NF. According to gang experts like Jared Lewis, nothing short of an apocalypse will keep NF from continuing to bloom. The prison population is still growing, providing an ever-changing stock of front-line troops. "Their hit lists may go dormant during this trial," Lewis said, "but they'll never go away. They'll figure out another way to carry on."

Even Gruel understood Operation Black Widow could only temporarily slow NF. "We used to be three laps behind them," he said at the hearing. "Now we're two steps behind."

Already serving 15 to life, Gerald "Cuete" Rubalcaba was charged with ordering 14 more hits while inside the Bay, including the Brown Bob assassination. At the hearing the star defendant sat behind his trademark shades, stone-faced, jerking uncomfortably at his heavy chains every few minutes as the attorneys above him bickered.

If you listened closely, it was easy to believe he was testing a new code. M

GET FAMILIA WITH LA NUESTRA FAMILIA

How to move up the ranks of the most sophisticated prison gang in America.

May 2, 1997: This NF shooting victim took seven bullets in the stairway leading to his town house.

CATEGORY I

As a new recruit, or *pescado* (Spanish for "fish"), you must put in work hustling drugs or extorting money; don't talk to guards or diddle your fellow inmates. You'll be schooled in such subjects as sports, religion, and war tactics. Good hygiene, politeness, and proper speech are also emphasized. Ma would be proud.

CATEGORY II

Do your work, don't piss off your bosses, score at least one kill, and you might land a position as a maestro (teacher), a squad leader (head of soldiers), or an experienced soldier. At this level you'll monitor new recruits while learning various skills, such as code writing, first aid, and hiding drugs in various orifices.

CATEGORY III

Like giving orders? Become a lieutenant, a commander, or a member of the staff of the Regimental Security Department (members are placed in police stations to gather intelligence) and you can lord over the underlings. You will also receive training in compromising guards and booby trap making.

LA MESA

After years of contributing to the gang, you may achieve Organizing Government Body (OGB), or La Mesa, status. La Mesa consists of captains whose duties include making policy, approving new members, resolving rifts, and authorizing gang hits both inside and outside of the prison.

NUESTRO GENERAL

When a general has one year left on his sentence, he must step down and appoint his replacement. Make friends with the big guy and you may be his successor. Generals can declare war, sign peace treaties, appoint captains, and demote. You can also be impeached . . . or killed.

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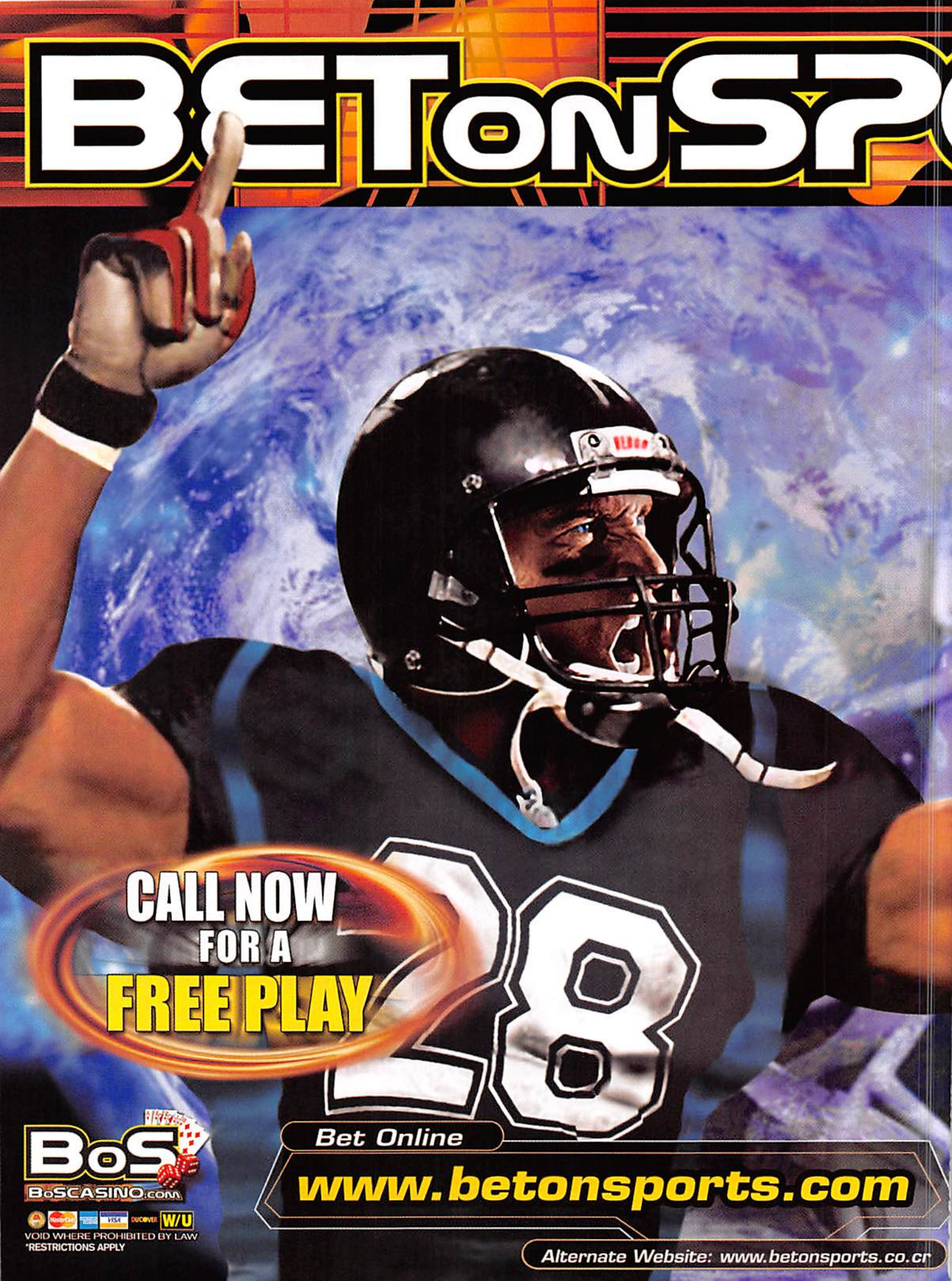
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All Blown Up

R&B's newest and sexiest sensation has already conquered the music world. But she still hasn't popped!

Her self-titled album blew up by landing the number one spot on the Billboard Top 200 *and* R&B charts; her single "Foolish" crooned to number one on the singles chart at the same time; and the accompanying *GoodFellas*-inspired music video quickly won over a lot of male fans. But the cute, sexy 23-year-old Long Island native's success didn't happen overnight. "People think I just hooked up with Ja Rule and made an album," says Ashanti. "But I've been working at this for nine and a half years." And she'll continue to work it. Ashanti may have arrived suddenly, but Murder Inc.'s resident hottie definitely plans on hanging around for a while. ▶

BY ERIC ALT PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

'You have to make me laugh— and be clean!'

You describe yourself as a humble person, but don't you have to have some swagger to be an R&B diva?
Lyrically, I try to come up with hot ideas so I can get the audience to feel me, you know? But at the same time, I'm never going to change who I am inside. I'm still that same humble girl from Long Island.

You had a rough start to your career. Did you ever consider calling it quits?
Yeah, I had two record deals go sour. I got a deal with Jive when I was 14, but that didn't work out. By the time I was 17, I had gotten another deal, with Noontime Records [a division of Epic], but that didn't pan out. I remember saying, "All right, if I don't have a record on the radio by January, I'm going back to school." My schedule had deteriorated to waking up at 4:30 in the afternoon, just in time for *Ricki Lake*, eating cereal, then getting in the car and finding a club to go to.

Her self-titled debut scorched the charts.

***Chapter II:* A babe, a beach, some ballads.**

So what's a nice girl like you doing at a label called Murder Inc.?
My intent was never to sign with them. By the time I met Irv [Gotti, the head of Murder Inc.], I had an album already done and went to him to put the last touches on it. I was thinking, *That'll be hot! We'll get Irv Gotti to do some hot joints!* When I first got there, he was like, "What are you doing here? This is Murder Inc. We got Ja Rule, Caddillac Tah . . . Do you see any other females around?" *[laughs]* But I kept coming around, and he started asking me to write stuff on the spot, and I ended up signing with them. But I really didn't plan on staying there!

Tell the truth—when no one's looking, these hard-core rap guys crochet sweaters and shop with their mothers-in-law, right?
All jokes aside, they are a bunch of teddy bears. A bunch of big teddy bears with big hearts. But if you press the wrong buttons—oh, boy. They're like the Transformers! But all in all, they're genuinely good guys.

Your name got pulled into a rap feud between Ja Rule and 50 Cent. What's the deal?
To me it's meaningless. It's unfortunate that there's so much negativity around, because we all should have learned a lesson from

Prop styling, Sean Patrick Anderson for JGK; styling, Karen Shapiro; Anastasia Koutsioukis; hair, Shereese Slat/Mazani; makeup, JJ for Bradley Curry using MAC and Ginger Live products; manicurist, Jacqueline Sexton for Warren Tricomi; nails, Nails by Sammy; Shot at Hudson Studios, N.Y.C.

Biggie and Tupac. But me, I'm a positive person. I can't control what other people do.

Does having your mom as your manager cramp your love life?

Well, I don't *have* a love life right now. But my mom's real cool. She knows what time it is. I'm 23 years old; I don't have a curfew.

No love life? No male groupies?

Guys will come up and be like, "Hi, I just wanna talk to you. I wanna prove that I ain't like these other dudes. I just wanna *conversate!*" But I don't get guys following me back to my hotel, banging on my door.

When you tour with Ja, though, some crazy shit must happen backstage...

One time we were leaving this hotel in Australia to go to the next town or something, and it's like eight in the morning. I see these girls walking down the hallway with no shirts on, carrying bottles of Hennessy and vodka, talking about, "Do you know where Ja's room is?" I was like, "Oh, my God!"

What do you like in a groupie, er, guy?

You definitely have to make me laugh. You have to have a real sense of family. And you have to be clean! You know how some guys smell like old clothes, like they've been in a hamper? They wanna hug up all on you, smelling like they've been playing ball all day. That doesn't work.

You've done small roles on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *American Dreams*. Do you plan on pursuing acting?

I kind of want to dabble in it a little bit. Irv and I are working on doing a remake of this '70s movie called *Sparkle*.

'Me, I'm a positive person. I can't control what other people do.'

That sounds a little too close to *Glitter*. Are you nervous?

Ha! *Sparkle* is completely, completely different! It's this story about three sisters trying to make it in the industry. It's very realistic. Joel Schumacher, who directed the original, is involved. But it's kind of on the back burner now. It took me so long to get into the music business, I want to focus on that for now. I feel like I got thrown into it pretty quickly, and it's sink or swim. And after all this time, there's no way I'm sinking! M

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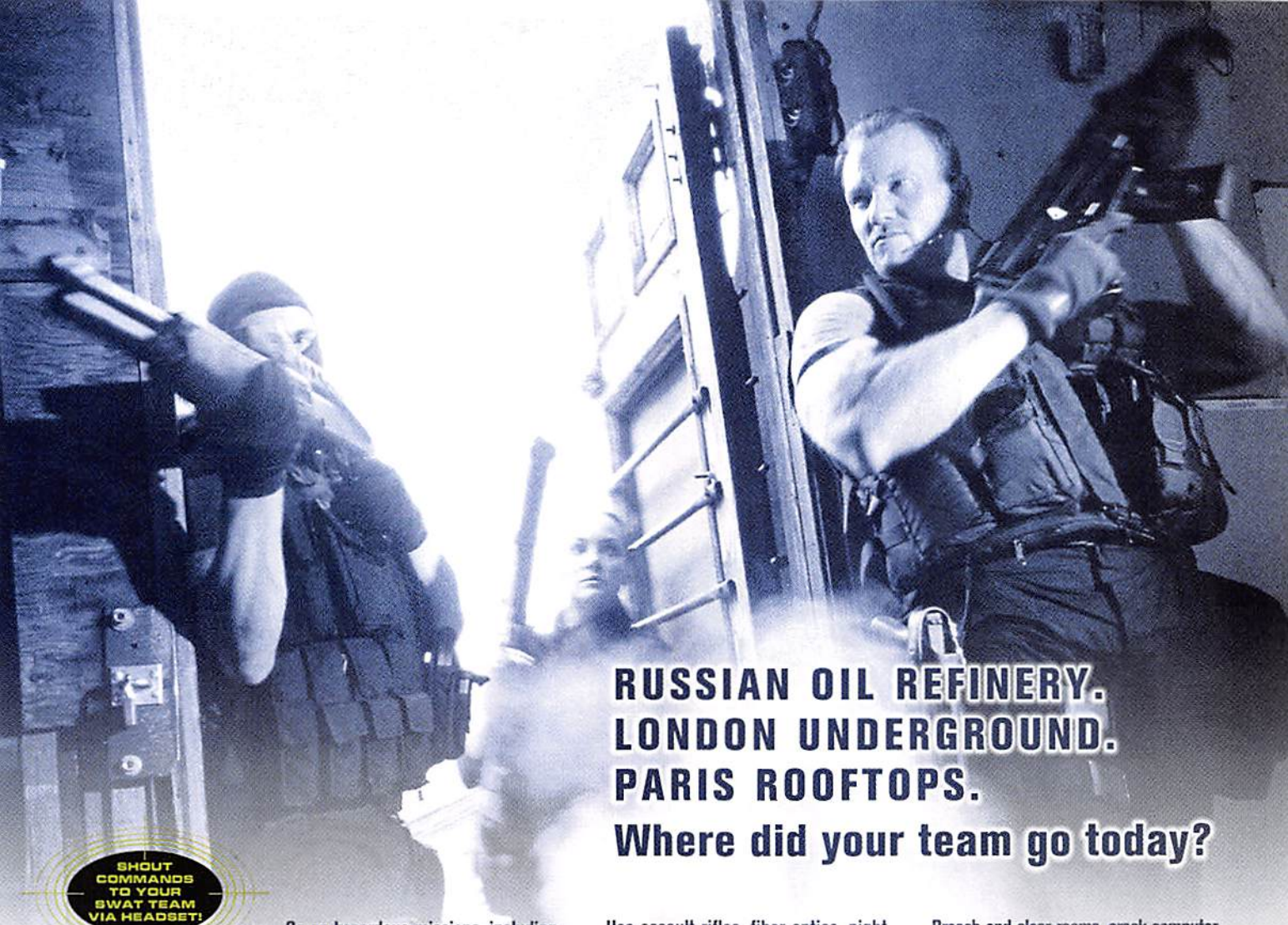
'I don't have a love life right now. But I don't have a curfew.'



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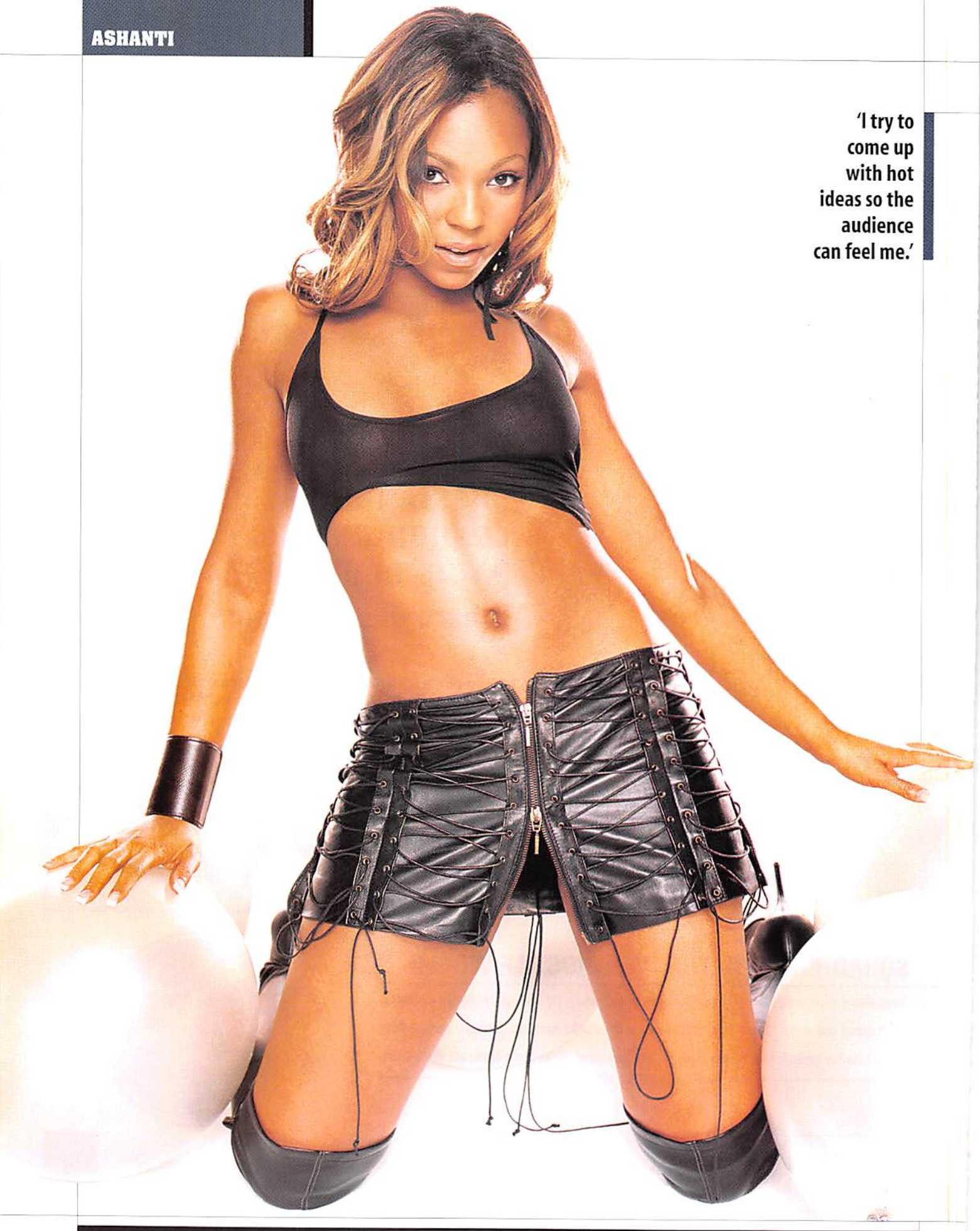

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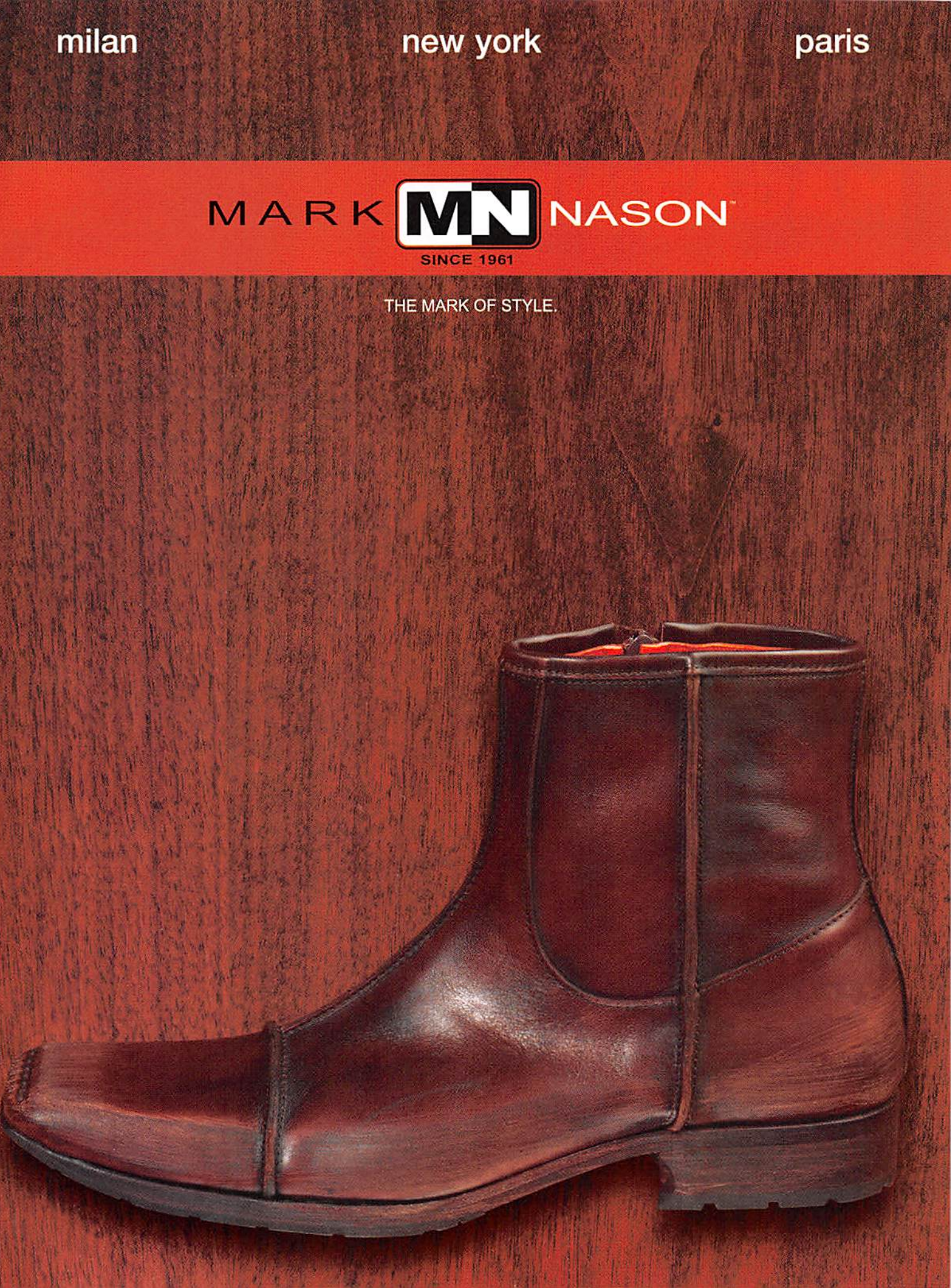

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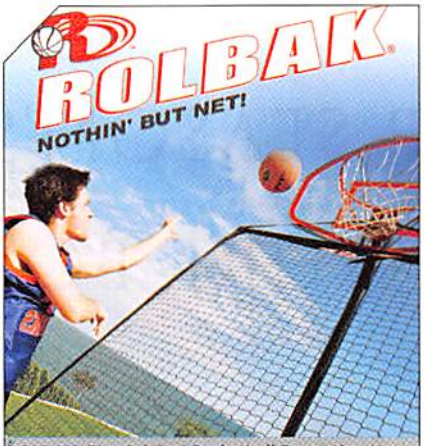

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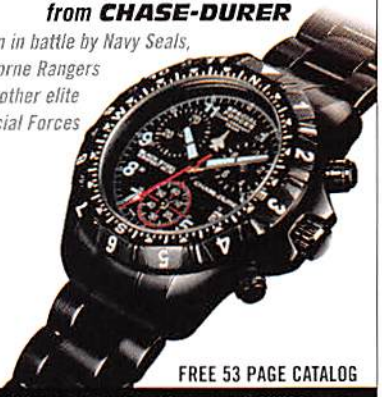

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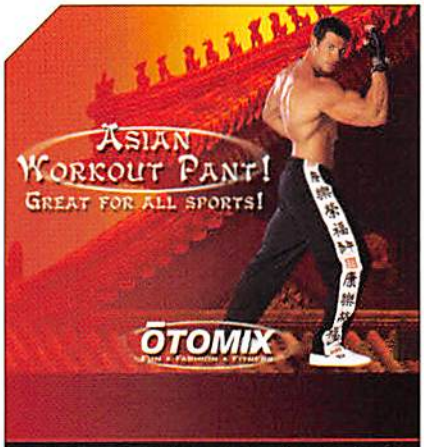

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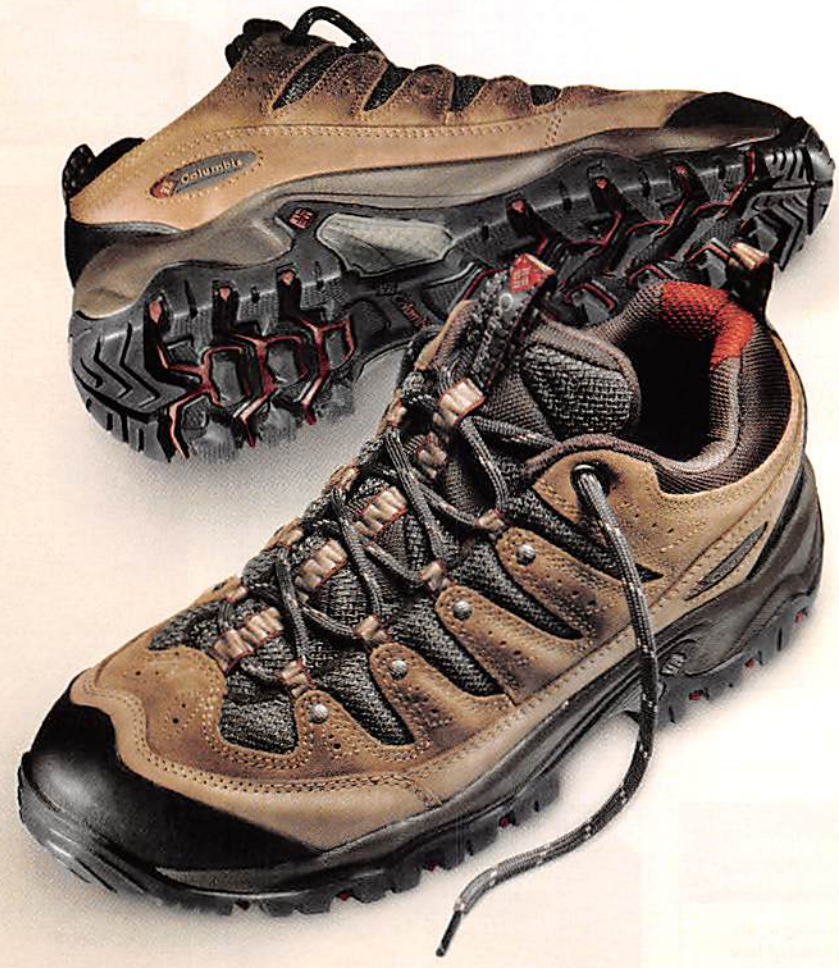
FLIPFLOP SEASON'S OVER, NATURE BOY.



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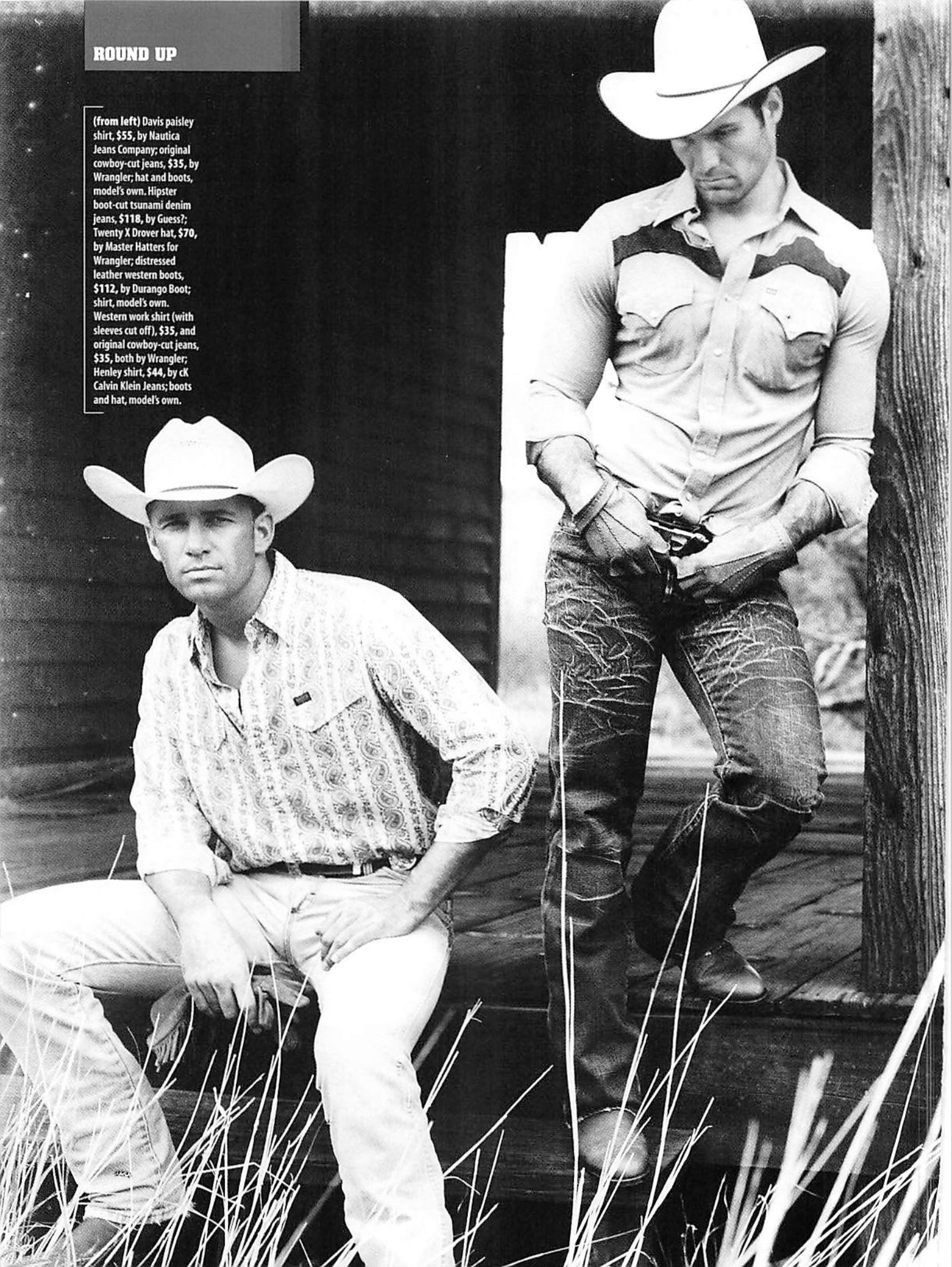
New Flame

Lure her to your lair and light her fire with a spritz of these sinful new fall fragrances. Or at least smell better, for chrissakes.

1. Cologne spray, 3.4 oz., $52, Spark for Men by Liz Claiborne
2. Eau de toilette, 4.2 oz., $59.50, Miracle Homme L'Aquatonic by Lancôme
3. Eau de toilette spray, 3.4 oz., $58, Black by Kenneth Cole New York
4. Eau de toilette spray, 3.4 oz., $48, Him by fcuk
5. Cologne spray, 3.4 oz., $48, by Tommy Jeans

For buying information, see page 176.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS STEIN

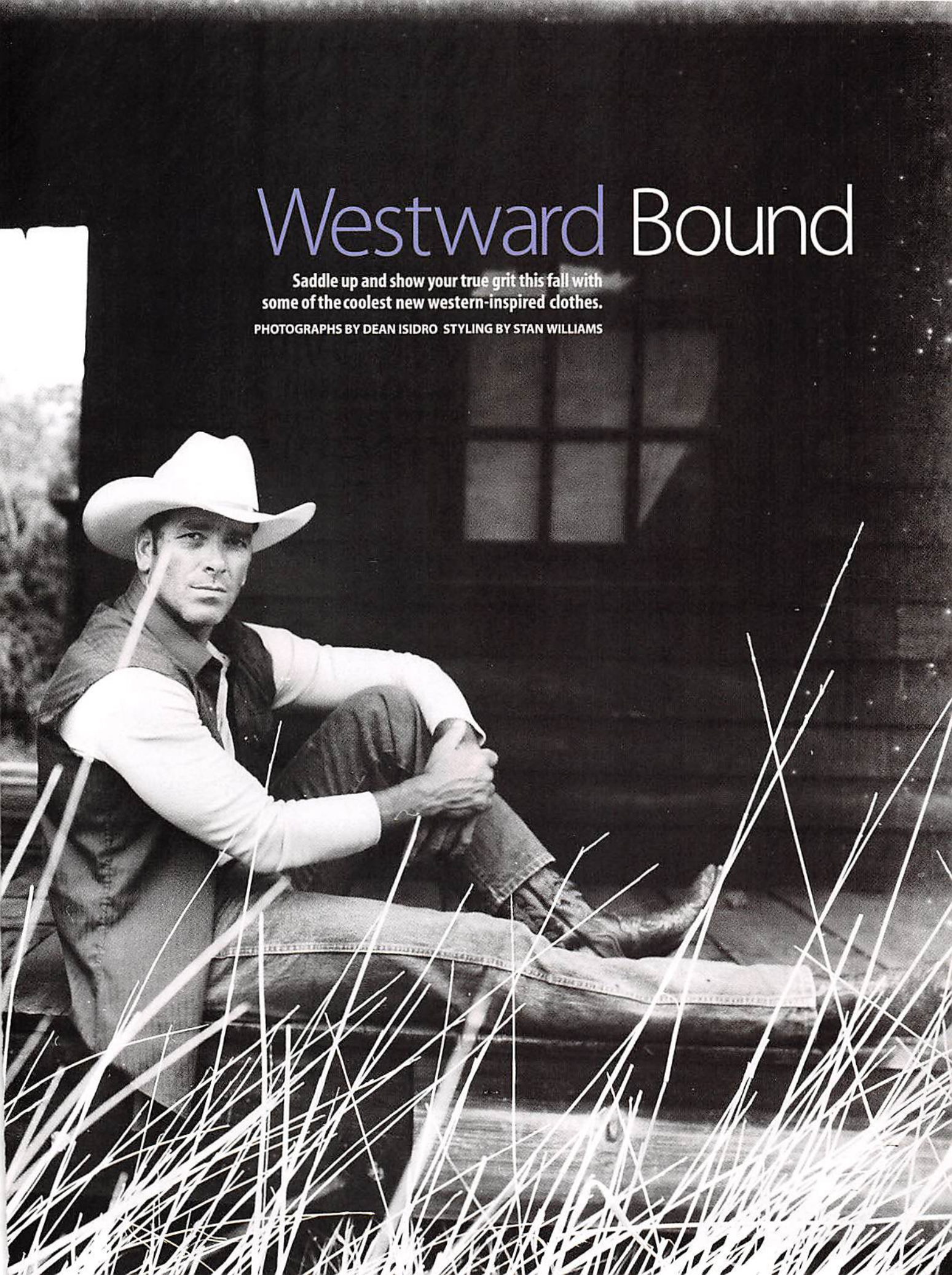


(from left) Davis paisley shirt, **$55,** by Nautica Jeans Company; original cowboy-cut jeans, **$35,** by Wrangler; hat and boots, model's own. Hipster boot-cut tsunami denim jeans, **$118,** by Guess?; Twenty X Drover hat, **$70,** by Master Hatters for Wrangler; distressed leather western boots, **$112,** by Durango Boot; shirt, model's own. Western work shirt (with sleeves cut off), **$35,** and original cowboy-cut jeans, **$35,** both by Wrangler; Henley shirt, **$44,** by cK Calvin Klein Jeans; boots and hat, model's own.

Westward Bound

Saddle up and show your true grit this fall with some of the coolest new western-inspired clothes.

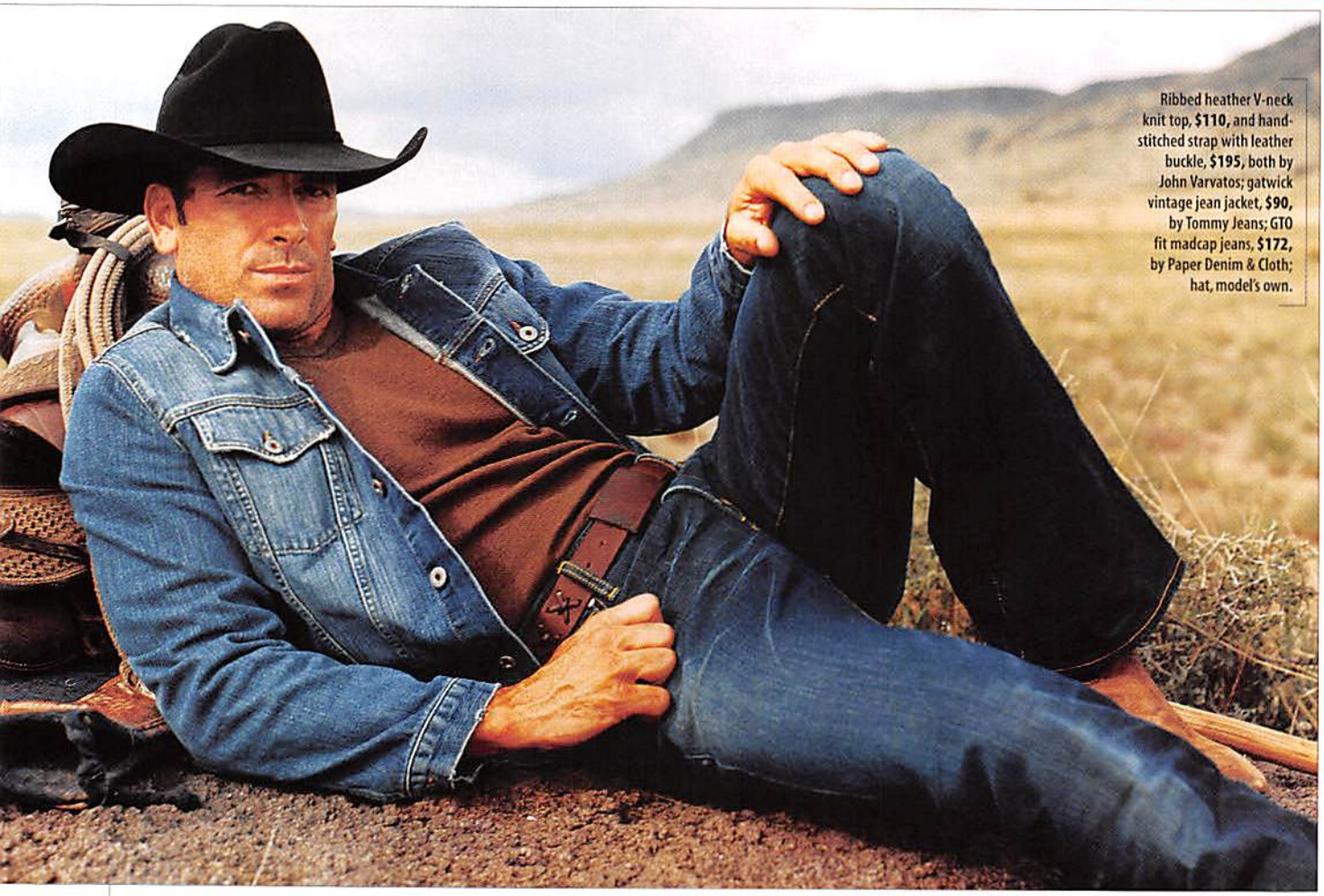
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEAN ISIDRO STYLING BY STAN WILLIAMS



(from left) Floral striped shirt, **$165,** and western boot-cut jeans, **$140,** both by Earl Jeans; belt and hat, model's own. Rodin Henley shirt, **$48,** and denim jacket, **$188,** both by Guess?; vintage denim jeans, **$98,** by cK Calvin Klein Jeans; Twenty X Drover hat, **$70,** by Master Hatters for Wrangler; distressed leather western boots, **$112,** by Durango Boot.

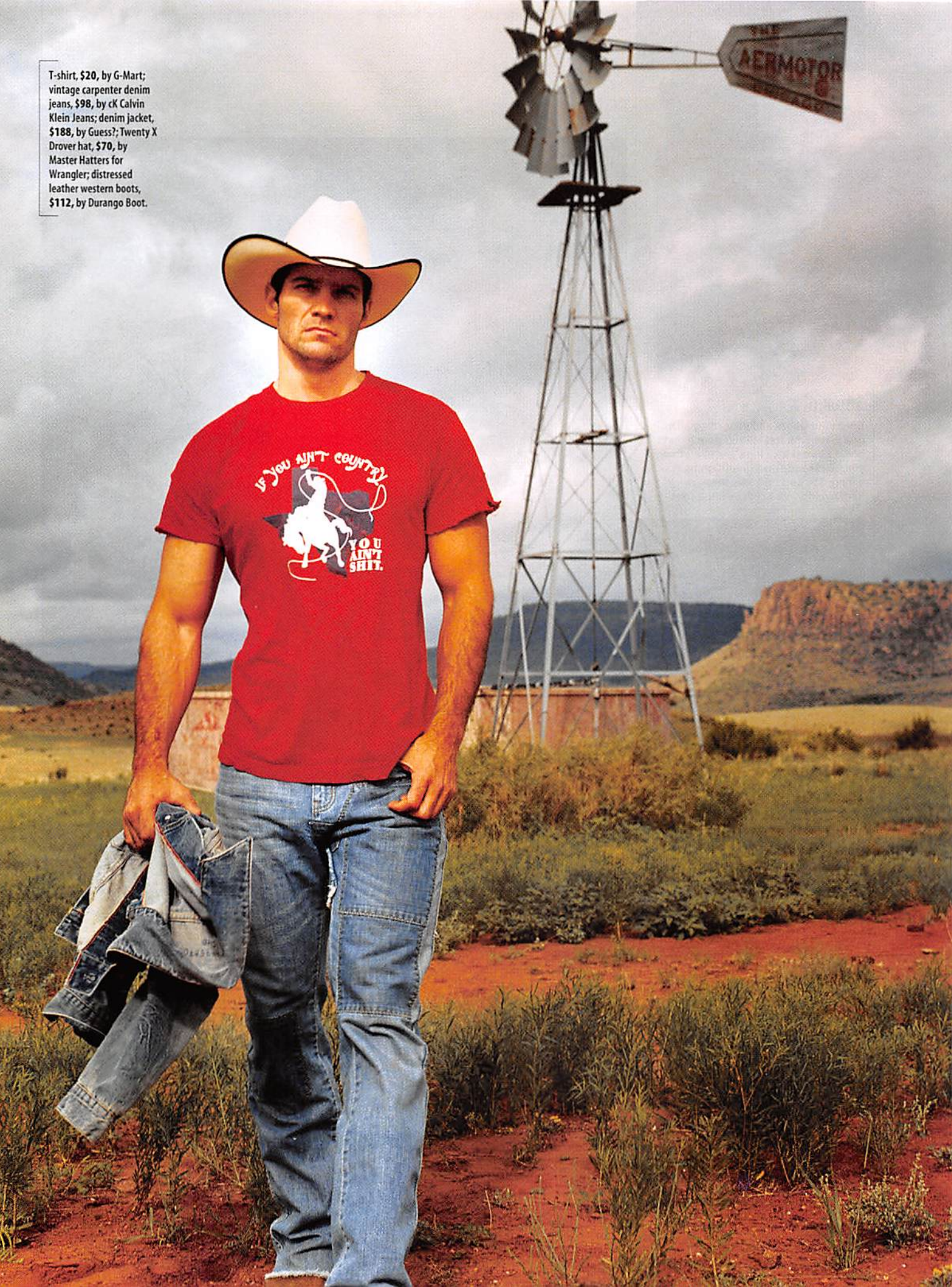
Burnt-lace love shirt, **$149,** by SEEMS; original cowboy-cut jeans, **$35,** by Wrangler; leather belt, **$120,** by Hollywood Trading Company; hat and boots, model's own.

Western shirt, **$68,** by Lucky Brand; 527 low, boot-cut jeans, **$65,** by Levi's; cowboy boots, **$299,** by Tony Lama; Twenty X Drover hat, **$70,** by Master Hatters for Wrangler; vintage Hermes scarf.



Ribbed heather V-neck knit top, **$110,** and hand-stitched strap with leather buckle, **$195,** both by John Varvatos; gatwick vintage jean jacket, **$90,** by Tommy Jeans; GTO fit madcap jeans, **$172,** by Paper Denim & Cloth; hat, model's own.

For buying information, see page 176.



T-shirt, **$20,** by G-Mart; vintage carpenter denim jeans, **$98,** by cK Calvin Klein Jeans; denim jacket, **$188,** by Guess?; Twenty X Drover hat, **$70,** by Master Hatters for Wrangler; distressed leather western boots, **$112,** by Durango Boot.

Smokin' ▲

Keep your booze and your stogy all in one place with this leather pouch that holds a two-ounce flask and everything you need to fire up a great Cohiba. It's a mere $30 and sold only through RedEnvelope. Visit redenvelope.com.

Denim Crazy ▲

It's a quasi-religious experience wearing these new jeans from Blue Cult. Jeans range from $160 to $180 at stores like Barneys New York and Saks Fifth Avenue, or visit bluecult.com.

STYLE GUIDE

Clothes and accessories so cool the other nerds won't recognize you.

Less Is More

Wear a masterpiece on your wrist with timepieces from Alessi, the Italian company known for its innovative product designs. Alessi watches range from $70 to $200 and are sold at the MoMA Design Store (momastore.org), or visit alessi.com.

Grand Slam ▶

Aramis, with the help of Andre Agassi, has created another smash this fall. Sold at fine department stores, Aramis Life will range from $15 for a deodorant stick to $57 for an eau de toilette, making you a hit on or off the court.

Back to School

Relive your college days with Russell Athletic's new Collegiate Legends collection of authentic football jerseys, featuring college greats like John Elway and Bo Jackson. Supplies are limited. Go to your local athletic or specialty store, or visit russellathletic.com.

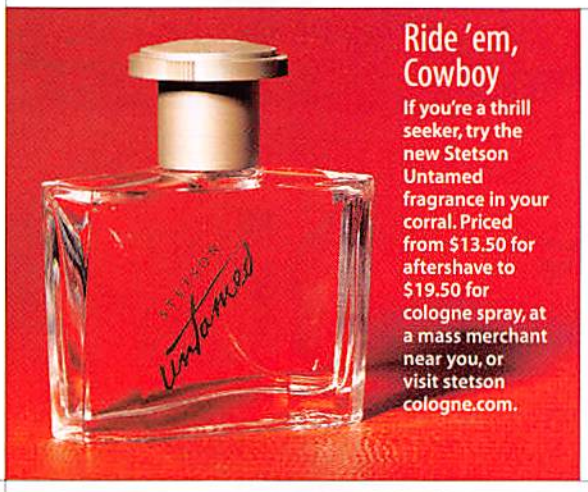
Photographs, Gadge (watches)

Scan, Man

Sick of hauling off your shoes each time you pass through airport security? Johnston & Murphy has launched a series of comfy dress dogs that'll have you at the gate in no time. The brand's Signature Series, $185, replaces the typical metal shank, which usually sets off the bells and whistles, with a composite shank that doesn't, leaving you more time to hit the airport bar. Buzz over to johnstonmurphy.com.

This Month's **Label**

The embellished denim and streetwear from this new Danish brand are sure to release your inner Sid Vicious. The in-your-face antifashion line sells for under $200 at stores like Bloomingdale's; Atrium, N.Y.C.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA.



Ride 'em, Cowboy

If you're a thrill seeker, try the new Stetson Untamed fragrance in your corral. Priced from $13.50 for aftershave to $19.50 for cologne spray, at a mass merchant near you, or visit stetsoncologne.com.

◀ Shift Gears

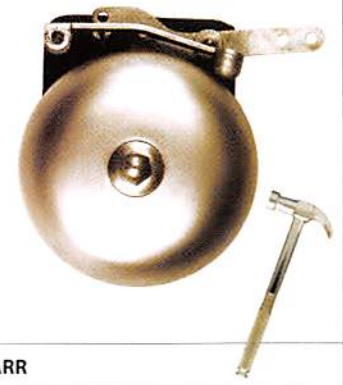
Fila is gunning its engines to create a line of apparel for Ducati, the Italian maker of motorbikes. While it dresses riders on Ducati's official racing teams, Fila will also create a collection that even you can wear. Race over to Fila Sport.Lite Stores, or visit fila.com or ducati.com.

Name Your **Price**

Slip on a pair of ultracool snowboarding gloves from Burton, Quiksilver, or Prada Sport and you'll have the toastiest paws on the bunny hill.

In the Ring

Score a jumbo body slam in these cool wrestling-inspired shoes.



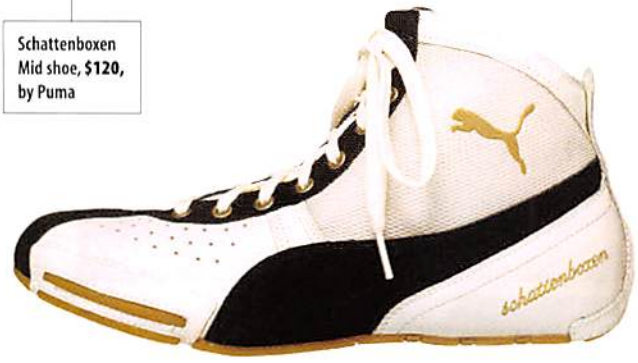
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIES + STARR

Muon shoe, **$100,** by Tsubo

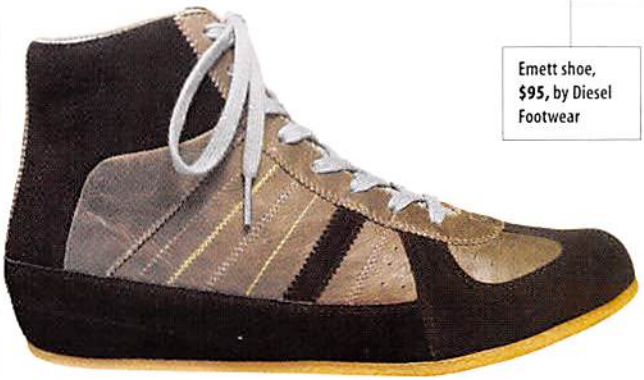
Pelotas Mistol shoe, **$170,** by Camper

Suede boot, **$100,** by Reebok

Wrestling '81, **$85,** by Asics Tiger



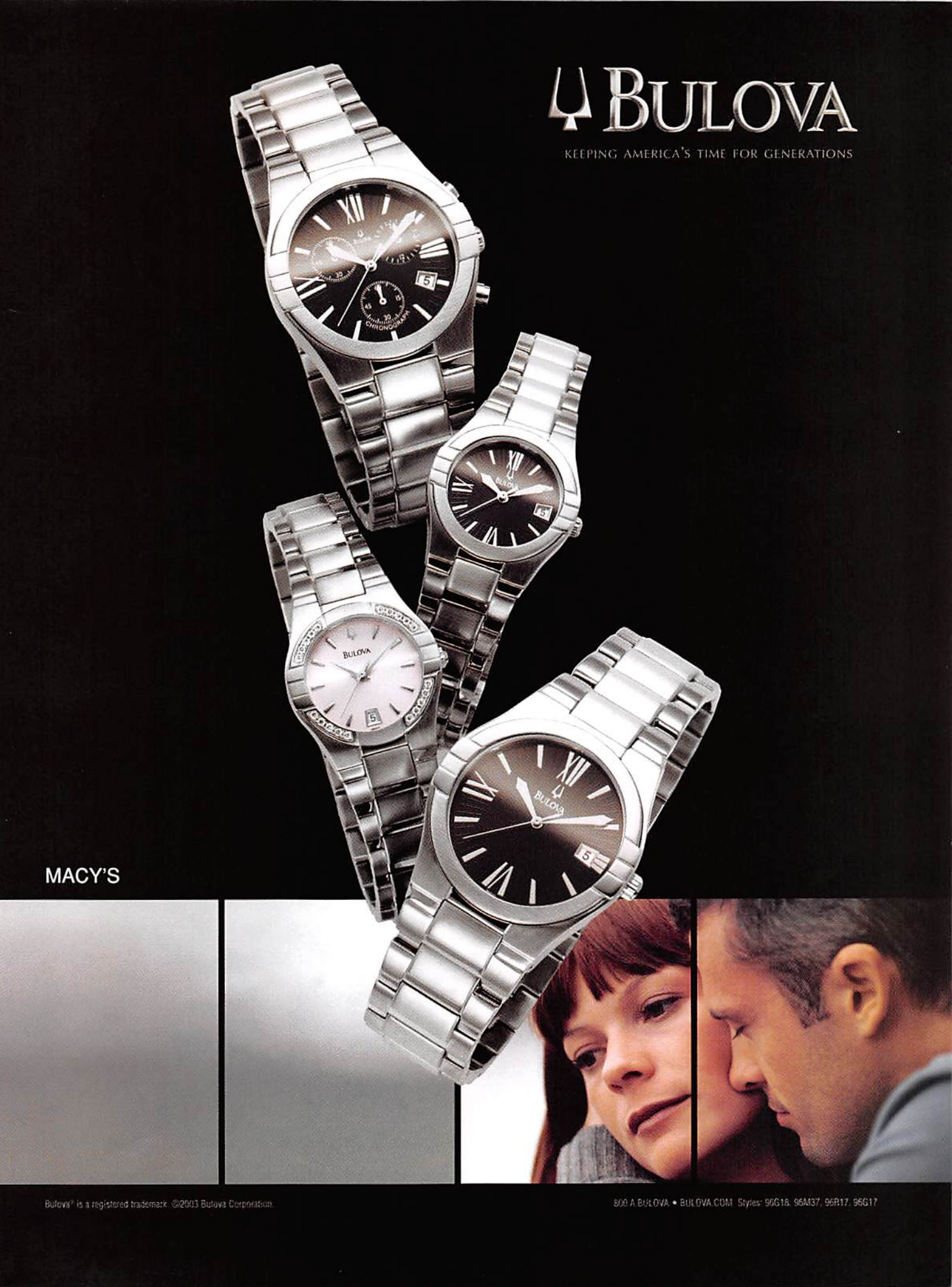
Schattenboxen Mid shoe, **$120,** by Puma



Emett shoe, **$95,** by Diesel Footwear

Skyhawk Hi sneaker, **$75,** by Pro-Keds

Compiled by Maria Ruocco. For buying information, see page 176.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TOP GEAR

VICIOUS CYCLE

It's midget-size, but this Petite Prix bike tears up the track. So strap on your leathers—we feel a road rash comin' on!

No, we didn't jack Verne Troyer's ride. Designed by renowned Italian machinist Pier Franco Zanetti, the new ZPF Flyer pocketbike stands a puny 15 inches high and weighs in at about 40 pounds—but don't be fooled! This little monster accelerates from 0 to 40 mph in an anus-tightening 4.5 seconds. A compact 46.6 cc air-cooled two-stroke engine powers the machine through knee-scraping turns, while a sleek stainless-steel chassis and shiny 6.5-inch aluminum alloy wheels keep you from looking like a dweeb when you're idling. The cycle's top speed after heavy gear modifications: a zippy 60 mph! *(pocketbike.com, starting at $1,400)*

Photograph, Jim Fiscus

GRAB BAG

The kids all laughed when you got the paper route. But look what you can buy!

BY JOHN WALSH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHINICHI MARUYAMA

KAMELEON REMOTE $60

Now you have only one remote to lose. (And if you do, you're screwed!) Replacing up to six clickers, this versatile touch-screen model displays only the buttons you need, depending on what devices are turned on. Unlike lesser universal remotes, the clever Kameleon learns all your components' special codes. *(radioshack.com)*

PHILIPS HOME DEFIBRILLATOR $2,295

Ever wanted to yell, "Clear!" and jolt a stiff a foot off the ground? The world's first home defib unit delivers a shocking 150 joules of energy into a 50-ohm load. Long-lasting batteries mean it won't fail...when Grandpa's heart does. *(heartstarthome.com)*

SIDEWINDER PHONE CHARGER $25

Your cell battery died, but you're far from powerless. Connect this palm-size charger to your mobile and crank it for two minutes to get six minutes of talk time. Sidewinders work with most new phones, even this Motorola limited edition i95cl. *(sidewindercharger.com)*

TANITA BF-578 SCALE $100

Step onto this high-tech scale and it'll calculate not only your weight but your obscene body-fat percentage too. And with its built-in memory, you can keep track of pounds over a period of weeks or months to determine the exact moment you became a total lardass. *(tanita.com)*

BOERI STEEZ HELMET $110

Cradle that spongy noggin of yours in this rugged Italian-designed snowboarding hard shell. Sealable vents regulate temperature while removable earflaps make room for that other critical piece of equipment, your headphones. And its customizable recess pads can accommodate even your weirdly shaped Neanderthal skull! *(boeriusa.com)*

CP-300 PHOTO PRINTER $280

Never entrust your "party" pix to the creepy one-hour-photo guy, unless you want the world to know about your dealings in microphilia. Print 'em yourself on this pocket-size marvel from Canon, a 30-ounce mobile mini-lab that can spit out 300 dpi prints (4"x6") of your digital Elph snaps in less than two minutes. Gosh, it's so pleasingly small. *(usa.canon.com)*

TUBBS APPROACH SNOWSHOES $160

Have your favorite runs been packed flat by douchetards on rented sticks? Head to the back country on these ultralight four-pound snowshoes and stake out new turf. Split-claw crampons dig deep in the steepest ascents, and the customizable bindings fit over any Burton boots. *(tubbssnowshoes.com)*

Sweet. Now it's only a 20-minute walk to the ocean.

LIVE AND LET DIVE

It's wet and inviting. But don't go down unprepared.

BY JOHN WALSH PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK VERONSKY

Tonight he sleeps with the people

1 PROTON ICE OCTOPUS
Want a sucky? The Ice, the lightest, smallest regulator available, creates a vortex in the mouthpiece, ensuring smooth air. A nickel-chrome casing means no cracking under pressure. **($529, mares.com)**

2 DARWIN WRIST MOUNT
Any dive computer can tell you how long it's safe to stay underwater. But only this piece of evolved tech can wirelessly transmit dive data to your PC. **($329, divedacor.com)**

3 PULSE 8X
Those damn old folks with their metal detectors—they've already found all the valuable stuff on land. Try this submersible model and grab your own booty! **($1,595, jwfishers.com)**

4 MIKADO KNIFE
For prying baubles from a dead salt's skull, use this corrosion-resistant 4.5-inch case-hardened stainless-steel blade. It's available with the push of a button, thanks to a quick-release sheath. **($40, divedacor.com)**

5 TIGER FINS
Used by Navy SEALs, these unique pivoting fins are computer-designed to maximize the force of your kicks, propelling you farther with less effort, leaving you more energy for mermaid chasing. **($129, divedacor.com)**

6 MORPHOS BCD
You'll be the envy of every dive geek from here to Atlantis with this new buoyancy-control device from Mares. It has six new patents in its design, including a supercomfortable support structure and an ingenious system that allows it to fold in on itself and become its own carrier bag. **($599, mares.com)**

7 AQUAGRAPH
Gotta love a dive watch that keeps tickin' at depths that would kill a seal. This baby's case—cut from a single steel block—works at 500 meters. The diamond-polished hands are visible even in the belly of a whale. **($2,500, tagheuer.com)**

8 STEALTH SPEAR GUN
You're fully strapped and always packed with either of these pneumatic spear guns. In a field dominated by cumbersome rubber-band launchers, Stealth achieves air supremacy with the most powerful piston on the market. The slim muzzle also lets you shoot into tight cracks you wouldn't normally be able to penetrate. That's not a joke, sicko. **($220, sporasub.com)**

Set design/props, Eyal Baruch; grooming, Wendy Brown

Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Hot Spot

the inside story on Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

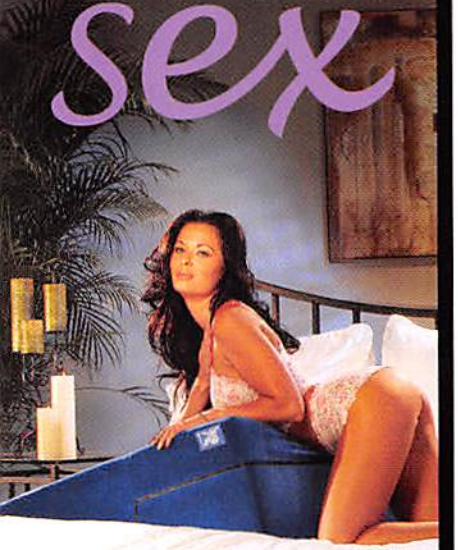
The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-ogoplex or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

great
new angles on
sex



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BUYING GUIDE

NEW FLAME
Page 159: (clockwise, from left) Spark for Man by Liz Claiborne, $52, at department stores. Miracle Homme L'Aquatonic by Lancôme, $59.50, at department stores; or visit lancome.com. Him by FCUK, $48, at French Connection. Tommy Jeans, $48, at department stores. Black by Kenneth Cole New York, $58, at Kenneth Cole New York stores; department stores; or visit kennethcole.com.

WESTWARD BOUND
Page 160–161: (from left to right) Shirt, $55, by Nautica Jeans Company, at Nautica store, N.Y.C.; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nauticajeans.com. Jeans, $35, by Wrangler, at western wear stores; or call 888-784-8571; or visit wrangler.com. Jeans, $118, by Guess?, at Guess? stores; or call 800-39-Guess; or visit guess.com. Hat, $70, by Master Hatters for Wrangler, at western wear stores; or call 800-926-4287. Boots, $112, by Durango Boot, call 800-251-3388; or visit durangoboot.com. Shirt, $35, and jeans, $35, both by Wrangler, at western wear stores; or call 888-784-8571; or visit wrangler.com. Shirt, $44, by cK Calvin Klein Jeans, at Macy's; and Bloomingdale's.
Page 162: (from left to right) Shirt, $165, by Earl Jeans, at Earl Jean stores, N.Y.C. and Florida. Jeans, $140, by Earl Jeans, at Earl Jeans stores, N.Y.C. and L.A. Shirt, $48, and jacket, $188, both by Guess?, at Guess? stores; or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Jeans, $98, by cK Calvin Klein Jeans, at Macy's; and Bloomingdale's. Hat, $70, by Master Hatters for Wrangler, at western wear stores; or call 800-926-4287. Boots, $112, by Durango Boot, call 800-251-3388; or visit durangoboot.com.
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IN THE RING
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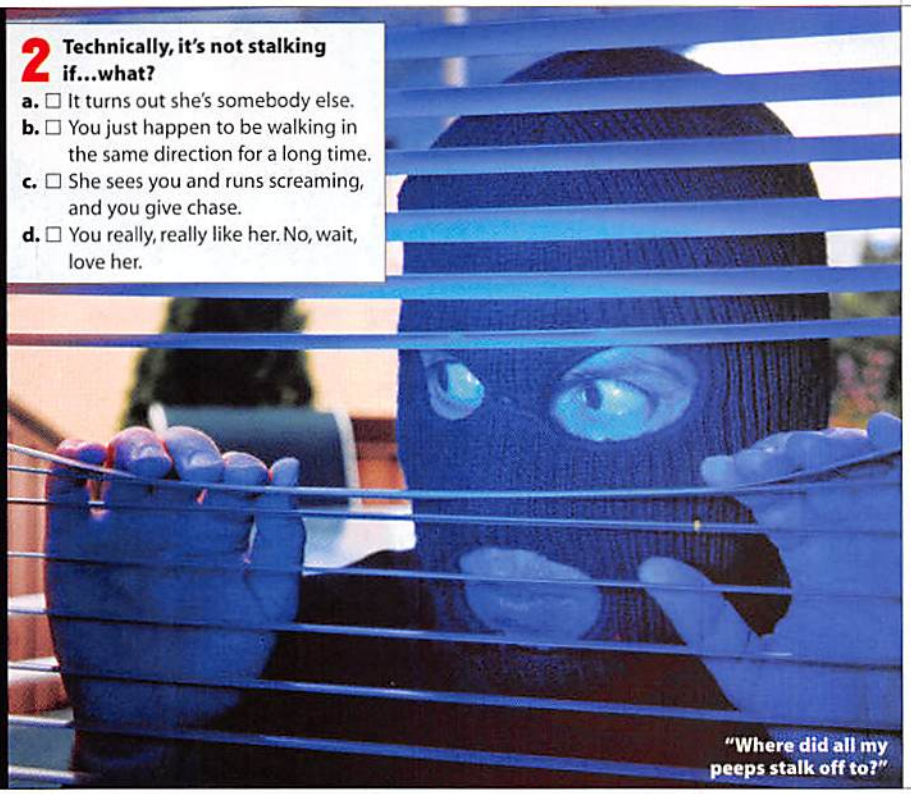
1 **What is porn superstar Jenna Jameson trying to bring to your attention?**

a. ■ The darnedest looking mole
b. ■ Her anatomically correct action figure
c. ■ An experiment in forced perspective

2 **Technically, it's not stalking if...what?**

a. ☐ It turns out she's somebody else.
b. ☐ You just happen to be walking in the same direction for a long time.
c. ☐ She sees you and runs screaming, and you give chase.
d. ☐ You really, really like her. No, wait, love her.



"Where did all my peeps stalk off to?"

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Find out right now! Answers can be found at **maximonline.com**, or just be lazy and read 'em here next month.

3 **Match these actresses to their infamously lamebrained quotes.**

1

2

3

a. ☐ "If you're killed, you've lost a very important part of your life."
b. ☐ "I'm gonna have a very successful Internet company, and I'm gonna have $100 million in the bank!"
c. ☐ "My name is Richard Gere, and I am a lesbian."

4. **Which two tourist traps are for real?**

a. ☐ World's Second Largest Fire Hydrant
b. ☐ Spatula City
c. ☐ Tomb of the Unknown Boy Scout

5. **What's the coolest thing about your job?**

a. ☐ Fast Net connection is great for downloading pix to my porn library
b. ☐ Interns are helpful in researching titles for my porn library
c. ☐ Huge categorized porn library
d. ☐ Complimentary Cup-a-Noodles

6. **Which of these bar bozos would you like to escort through the pub window first?**

a. ☐ The asshole drunk who keeps muscling his way to the bar and shouting "Yo!"
b. ☐ The professional douchebag wearing the smirk and wireless cell phone headset
c. ☐ The unbathed terrorist who keeps downing shots of goat milk and firing his AK-47

7. **What once cost a mere $12?**

a. ☐ The priciest ticket to Super Bowl I
b. ☐ Dinner for the whole family at White Castle

8. **What's the most punishing high school read of all time?**

a. ☐ Cliff Notes of *Silas Marner*
b. ☐ Cliff Notes of *Ethan Frome*
c. ☐ Cliff Notes of *The Good Earth*

9. **On a date, what is the most discreet way to tweak valve?**

a. ☐ Speak German *very* loudly
b. ☐ Create a ruckus by tripping the hapless busboy
c. ☐ Say, "Man, the smell of deviled eggs wafting in from the kitchen sure is making me hungry!"

"Don't worry. It's just a white boy."

10 **Chocolate Thunder is a nickname for what, holmes?**

a. ☐ Former NBA superstar Daryl Dawkins
b. ☐ Your mom's boyfriend
c. ☐ An upcoming sequel to *Shaft*
d. ☐ What happens to you on burrito night

11. **Cher and Spam have what in common?**

a. ☐ They're both bad hams
b. ☐ They're both hermetically sealed
c. ☐ They're both enjoyed by American sailors everywhere

12. **When is national Loosen Up Day?**

a. ☐ November 14
b. ☐ Shut the fuck up!

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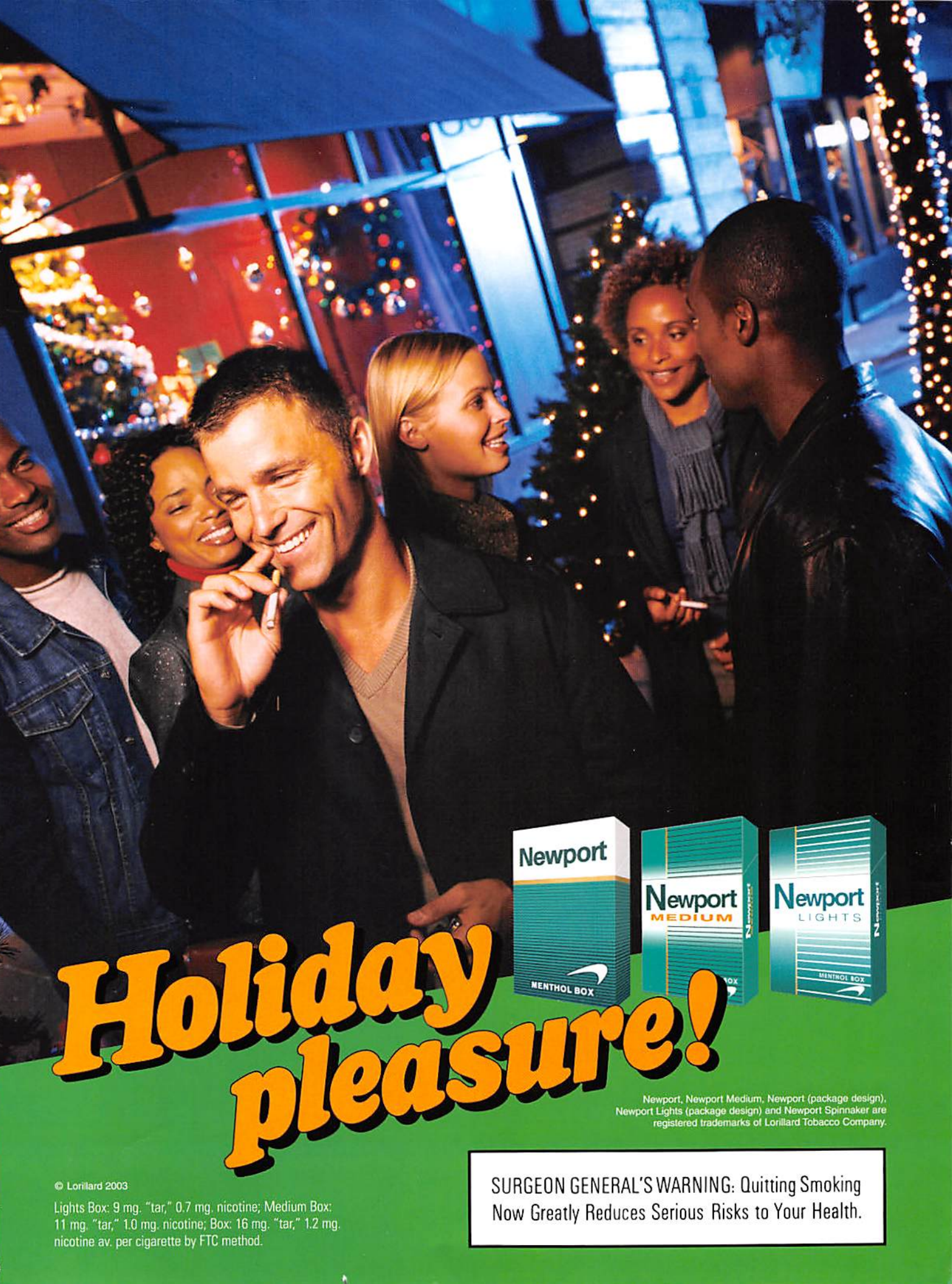
Last month's answers: 1. a 2. a 3. 1-b, 2-c, 3-a 4. a 5. c 6. c 7. c 8. b 9. c 10. d



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